

Wit and Mirth
O R,
P I L L S

T O P U R G E

Melancholy :

B E I N G

A Choice Collection of the best Merry
BALLADS, and above a Hundred of
the best SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their
proper TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument.
Many of the SONGS being new Sett.

Vol. V.

To which is also added, A Collection of
Excellent P O E M S.

L O N D O N: Printed by *William Pearson*, and Sold
by *John Young*, Musical Instrument Seller at the
Dolphin and Crown in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1714.
Price Bound, 2s. 6d.

—
—
To

Gen

T

not
ing
son

on

C

or

bei

by

on

ou

tho

ma

ne

am

up

vi

u

Re

To all the Honest and Merry
Souls in City or Country.

Gentlemen,

THis I entirely Dedicate to those who
are honest Votaries to Bacchus, (but
not a word of Women;) you know, in Drink-
ing, there needs a Pipe, to purge the trouble-
some Thoughts which intrude sometimes up-
on pleasant Tempers, and I now present you
(I mean for your Money) a PILL which
not only dilates the Spleen, but, by a Glass,
being thus repeated to the merry God, and
by repeating it twice a week, it will quicken
our Spirits, drive you forward to your just
business and raise you above the sordid
thoughts of too much Care. I wish it
may have these effects, which, next to Mo-
ney, I'm sure it was intended for; But I
am afraid you will find your interest much
superiour to mine, which if you do, there
will be a double duty upon you; First to
satisfie your Physician, and afterwards to
Recommend him to the rest of the World.

The Stationer on the BOOK.

T Here's no Purge 'gainst *Melancholy*,
But with *Bacchus* to be jolly;
All else are but Dregs of folly.

Paracelsus wanted skill,
When he sought to cure that Ill;
No *Pectorals* like the *Poet's Quill*.

Here are *Pills* of every sort,
For the *Country, City, Court*,
Compounded and made up of sport.

If 'gainst *sleep* and *Fumes* impure,
Thou, thy *Senses* would'st secure,
Take this, *Coffee's* not half so sure.

Wanest thou *Stomach* to thy *Meat*,
And would'st fain restore the heat?
This does it more than *Chocolate*.

Cures the *Spleen*, Revives the *Blood*,
Puts thee in a merry *Mood*,
Who can deny such *Physick* good?

Nothing like to harmless *Mirth*,
'Tis a *Cordial* on earth,
That gives *Society* a birth.

Then be wise, and buy, not borrow,
Keep an *Ounce* still for to morrow,
Better than a *Pound* of *Sorrow*.

H. P.

A Table of the SONGS and POEMS in this Book.

A	Page:
A T Winchester <i>was a Wedding,</i>	22
<i>As it fell on a Holy-day,</i>	25
<i>Adzooks ches went the other day,</i>	55
<i>As I walk'd forth one Summers day,</i>	61
<i>Awake my Lute,</i>	69
<i>A Beggar got a Beadle,</i>	79
<i>All You that lov'd our Queen alive,</i>	93
<i>As I sat at my Spinning-wheel,</i>	113
<i>A Beggar, a Beggar,</i>	117
<i>As sad Amyntor in a Meadow lay,</i>	176
<i>As I walk'd in the Woods,</i>	184
<i>A Pox of the Fooling,</i>	198
<i>A Curse on all Cares,</i>	205
<i>A Pox of dull,</i>	207
<i>As May in all,</i>	211
<i>A Gentle Breeze,</i>	221
<i>A Soldier and a Sailor,</i>	227
<i>Adieu to the Pleasures,</i>	190
<i>Ab Phillis why are you less tender,</i>	271
<i>Ab Jenny gin your Eyes,</i>	280
<i>At London che'we bin,</i>	286
<i>All hands up aloft,</i>	324
<i>As I went o'er yon misty Moor,</i>	326
B	
B Right <i>was the Morning,</i>	132
<i>Beneath a Mirtle shade,</i>	185
<i>Bonny Lad,</i>	243

The Table.

<i>Bonny Lads and Damsels,</i>	254
<i>Believe me Jenny,</i>	206
<i>Bonny Lass gin thou art mine,</i>	278

C

C ome buy my new Ballad,	7
<i>Come listen a while,</i>	10
<i>Come Jug my Honey,</i>	89
<i>Chloris now thou art,</i>	172
<i>Calm was the Ev'ning,</i>	178
<i>Chloe found Amyntas,</i>	232
<i>Come sweet Lass,</i>	244
<i>Come if you dare,</i>	313

D

D amon why will you,	97
<i>De'el take the War,</i>	246
<i>Dear Pinckaninny if</i>	305

F

F rom France, from Spain,	35
<i>Forth from the Dark,</i>	39
<i>Four and Twenty Fiddlers,</i>	77
<i>From Twelve years old,</i>	91
<i>Frier Bacon walks again,</i>	108
<i>Fairest work of,</i>	217
<i>Fairest Jenny,</i>	240

G

G reat Jove once,	241
<i>Great Alexander's Horse,</i>	309

H

H Ark the thundring,	44
<i>How happy's the mortal,</i>	144

He

The Table.

<i>He that a Tinker,</i>	67
<i>How vile are the Sordid,</i>	99
<i>Ho Boy, ha Boy,</i>	107
<i>He that intends to,</i>	124
<i>He that is a clear,</i>	147
<i>Have you e'er seen,</i>	175
<i>How unhappy a,</i>	182
<i>Hail to the Myrtle shade,</i>	197
<i>He that is resolv'd to,</i>	203
<i>How lovely's a Woman,</i>	216
<i>How long must Woman,</i>	259
<i>Here's a Health to Jolly,</i>	292
<i>Her Eyes are like the,</i>	300
<i>How Blest are Shepherds,</i>	314
<i>Hark the Cock Crow'd,</i>	327

I <i>F I live to grow old,</i>	16
<i>If I live to be old,</i>	19
<i>I am a Lusty Lively Lad,</i>	57
<i>I love thee for thy,</i>	62
<i>I love a Lass,</i>	65
<i>In the merry Month of May,</i>	68
<i>I had a Chloris,</i>	71
<i>If Music be the Food of Love,</i>	96
<i>I went to the Alehouse,</i>	119
<i>In faith 'tis true,</i>	129
<i>I'll tell you a Story,</i>	140
<i>I tell thee Dick where,</i>	150
<i>I'll Sing you a Sonnet,</i>	156
<i>In a humour I was late,</i>	162
<i>I saw the Lass whom dear,</i>	255

If

The Table.

<i>If you will Love me,</i>	228
<i>Jockey was a dawdy Lad,</i>	251
<i>Jenny, my blithest Maid,</i>	270
<i>I often for my Jenny strove,</i>	284
<i>In January last,</i>	277
<i>Jockey was a brisk,</i>	297
<i>If Love's a sweet Passion,</i>	312

L

L <i>Et Wine turn a Spark,</i>	12
<i>Lay that sullen Garland,</i>	63
<i>Leave off fond Hermit,</i>	106
<i>Like a Ring without a Finger,</i>	110
<i>Lament, Lament,</i>	154
<i>Love thee! Good sooth,</i>	173
<i>Let us drink and be merry,</i>	191
<i>Let's Love and,</i>	193
<i>Let the daring,</i>	294
<i>Lads and Lasses,</i>	260
<i>Let's Consecrate a mighty Bowl,</i>	330

M

M <i>Artin said to his man,</i>	47
<i>My Masters and Friends,</i>	160
<i>Metbinks the Poor Town,</i>	187
<i>My life and my death,</i>	210
<i>Man was for the Woman made,</i>	235
<i>My dear Cock adoodle,</i>	257
<i>Make your Honours Miss,</i>	301

N

N <i>ow that love's Holiday is come,</i>	120
<i>Now Listen a while,</i>	164
<i>Now God above that made all things,</i>	265
	Old

The Table.

O

O ld Stories tell how Hercules,	1
Of all the Trades that ever I see,	28
Of all the Recreations which,	145
O the time that is past,	188
Ob! Mother, Roger,	214
Ob! fie what mean I, foolish Maid,	261
Ods hartly wounds, Ize not to Plowing,	295
Of noble Race was Shinking,	311
O Raree show, O brave show,	333

P

P hillis at first seem'd much afraid,	86
Poor Cælia once was very fair,	171
Pastora's Beauty when unblown,	196
Pretty Armida will be kind,	224

Q uoth John to Joan wilt thou have me.	135
---	-----

R

R Anging the plain on,	200
Rise Bonny Kate the Sun's got up high,	263
Royal and Fair great Willy's dear Blessing,	302

S

S IR John got him,	26
Since Love hath in thine,	66
Since Rowing of late is as fatal as War,	100
Sawney was tall and of noble Race,	133
Sir Eglamore, that valiant,	316
Some men they do delight in,	159
Sabina, in the dead of night,	219
Sawney is a Bonny,	237
Stubborn Church-Division,	239

Since

The Table.

<i>Since there's so small,</i>	256
<i>Sit thee down by me,</i>	275
<i>Sing, Sing whilst we trip it,</i>	320

T <i>Here's many Clinchin,</i>	32
<i>The Sun has loos'd his,</i>	75
<i>The sleeping Thames one morn,</i>	81
<i>To Horse, brave boys of New-market,</i>	88
<i>The four and Twentieth day of,</i>	103
<i>Tom and Will were,</i>	130
<i>The Sages of old,</i>	168
<i>Tho' Sylvia's Eyes,</i>	169
<i>Thus all our lives long we'er</i>	179
<i>The night her blackest sable,</i>	202
<i>'Twas within a Furlong of Edinborough,</i>	234
<i>Take not a Womans anger ill,</i>	236
<i>The bonny Grey ey'd Morn,</i>	248
<i>'Twas when the sheep,</i>	249
<i>The Sun was just Setting the,</i>	252
<i>Tho' Jockey Sud me long be,</i>	264
<i>'Tis a pitiful thing that now adays,</i>	267
<i>Tell me, ye Gods,</i>	272
<i>The bright Laurinda,</i>	279
<i>There was a forvial Beggar,</i>	281
<i>Tell me Jenny, tell me roundly,</i>	283
<i>Tell me no more, no more I am,</i>	285
<i>Then Beautious Nymph,</i>	287
<i>There was a bonny Blade</i>	293
<i>'Twas early one Morning,</i>	304
<i>The Danger is over,</i>	318

The Table.

Tobacco is an Indian Weed,	315
To kifs, to kifs, is Pretty,	328
The Story of King Arthur,	337
'Twas in the Month of May Jo,	339

V

U Ndone! undone the,	37
Virgins if e'er at length,	73
Upon a Sunshine Summers,	115

W

W Hen my hairs they grow,	17
When the kine had,	20
Will you give me leave,	41
We be Soldiers three,	46
Who liveth so merry,	49
Willy prithee go to bed,	51
Why should we boast of,	136
Where ever I am,	181
Weep all ye Nymphs,	212
Why is your faithful,	220
When Money has done,	222
Why does Willy,	245
When first Amyntas su'd,	274
Waa is me what mun,	288
With an Old Song made,	282
Well fare Trumpets, Drums,	307
Will and George both,	319
What ungrateful Devil,	322

When

The Table.

<i>When Phillida with Jockey,</i>	335
<i>When Sylvia in bathing,</i>	332

Y

Y onder comes a courteous,	53
You understand no tender,	98
You talk of New England,	139
Ye happy Swains whose,	208
Your Gamelter,	215
You love and yet when,	229
Ye Nymphs and Sylvian Gods,	230
Young I am and yet unskill'd,	238
You mad Caps of England who,	298
You Lasses and Lads take leave,	321
You Ladies who are young,	336

P O E M S.

	Page
<i>The FRYER and the MAID,</i>	346
<i>The Virtue of SACK,</i>	348
<i>A combat of Cocks,</i>	350
<i>On a Fart in the Parliament House,</i>	353
<i>The GENEVA Ballad,</i>	355

Pills.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

*A true Relation of the dreadful Combat between
More of More-Hall, and the Dragon of
Wantley.*



OLD Stories tell how *Hercules*
A Dragon slew at *Lern*,
With seven Heads and fourteen Eyes
To see and well discern ;
But he had a Club
This Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye :
But *More of More-Hall*,
With nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

B

This

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
 Each one upon each Shoulder,
 With a sting in his Tayl,
 As long as a Flayl;
 Which made him bolder and bolder:
 He had long Claws,
 And in his Jaws,
 Four and forty Teeth of Iron,
 With a Hide as Tough as any Buff,
 Which did him round Inviron.

Have you not hear'd that the *Trojan* Horse,
 Held Seventy Men in his Belly?
 This Dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell ye,
 Devour did he,
 Poor Children Three,
 That could not with him grapple;
 And at one Sup,
 He eat them up,
 As one should eat an Apple.

All sort of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
 Some say he'd eat up Trees,
 And that the Forrest sure he would
 Devour up by degrees.

For Houses and Churches,
 Were to him Gorse and Burches:
 He eat all and left none behind,
 But some Stones, dear Jack,
 Which he could not crack,
 Which on the Hills you will find;

In *Yorkshire* near fair *Rotheram*,
 The place I know it well,
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell;
 But there is a Hedge,
 Just on the Hill Edge,

And

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

And Mathew's Houſe hard by it :
Oh there and then,
Was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chuſe but ſpy it.

Some ſay this Dragon was a Witch,
Some ſay he was the Devil ;
For from his Noſe a ſmoke aroſe,
And with it burning Snivel,
Which he caſt off,
When he did Cough,
In a Well that he did ſtand by,
Which made it look,
Juſt like a Brook,
Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
Of whom all Towns did Ring ;
For he could wreſtle, play at Quarter-Staff,
Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,
Call Son of Whore,
Do any kind of thing ;
By the Tail, and the Main.
With his Hands twain,
He ſwong a Horſe till he was dead,
And that which was ſtranger,
He for very Anger,
Eat him all up but his Head.

Theſe Children as I told being eat,
Men, Women, Girls, and Boys,
Sighing and Sobbing, came to his Lodging,
And made a hideous Noiſe.

Oh ſave us all,
More of More-Hall,
Thou pearlſs Knight of theſe Woods ;
Do but ſlay this Dragon,
We won't leave us a Rag on,
We'll give thee all our Goods.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Tut Tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,
 But I want, I want insooth,
 A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,
 And smiles about the Mouth :
 Hair as black as a sloe,
 Both above and below,
 With a blush her cheeks adorning ;
 To 'noynt me o'er night,
 E're I go to fight,
 And to dress me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage
 To hew this Dragon down ;
 But first he went New Armour to
 Bespeak at *Sheffield* Town,
 With spikes all about,
 Not within, but without
 Of Steel so sharp and strong,
 Both behind and before,
 Arms, Legs, all o'er,
 Some five or six Inches long.

Had you but seen him in this Dress,
 How fierce he look'd and big,
 You would have thought him for to be
 An *Ægyptian* Porcu-Pig :
 He frighted all,
 Cats, Dogs, and all ;
 Each Cow, each Horse, and each Hog,
 For fear did flee,
 For they took him to be
 Some strange outlandish Hedg-hog:

To see this Fight, all People there
 Got upon Trees and Houses,
 On Churches some, and Chimneys too ;
 But they put on their Trowzes,
 Not to spoil their Hose,
 As soon as he rose,

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

5

To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale,
Six pots of Ale,
And a Quart of *Aqua-vitæ*.

It is not Strength that always wins,
For Wit doth Strength excel,
Which made our cunning Champion
Creep down into a Well,
Where he did think,
This Dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth;
And as he stooped low,
He rose up and cry'd boe,
And hit him in the Mouth.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, pox take you come out,
Thou that disturb'st me in my Drink,
And then he turn'd and shit at him,
Good lack how he did stink!
Besprew thy Soul,
Thy Body is foul,
Thy Dung smells not like Balsam:
Thou Son of a Whore,
Thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy Dyet it is unwholsom.

Our Politick Knight on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the Dragon such a doubt
He knew not what to think!
By Cock, quoth he,
Say you so, do you see,
And then at him he let flie;
With Hand and with Foot,
And so they went to't,
And the Word it was, Hey boys hey.

Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't understand,
 Then to't they fell at all,
 Like to wild Bears, so fierce, I may
 Compare great things with small:
 Two Days and a Night,
 With this Dragon did fight,
 Our Champion on the Ground;
 Tho' their Strength it was great,
 Yet their Skill it was neat,
 They never had one Wound.

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,
 The Dragon gave him such a knock,
 Which made him to Reel,
 And strait way he thought
 To lift him as high as a Rock;
 And thence let him fall,
 But *More of More-Hall*,
 Like a valiant Son of Mars;
 As he came like a Louf,
 So he turned him about,
 And hit him a kick on the Arse!

Oh! quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,
 And turned six times together,
 Sobbing, and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his Throat of Leather,
 Oh! thou Rascal,
 More of More-Hall,
 Would I had seen you never,
 With the thing at thy Foot,
 Thou hast prickt my Arse-Gut
 Oh! I am quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd,
 Alack, alack, for Grief,
 Had you but mist that Place, you could
 Have done me no Mischief:
 Then his Head he shak'd,
 Trembled, and Quak'd,

And

And down he laid and cry'd :
First on one Knee,
Then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kick'd, shit and dy'd.

The CLOAKS KNAVERY.



COME buy my new Ballad,
I have't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear Please every Palate :
Then mark what ensu'th,
I swear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth :
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly Printed, and newly come forth.
*'Twas made of a Cloak, that fell out with a Gown,
That cramp't all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.*

Pills to purge Melancholy.

I'll tell you in brief,
 A story of Grief,
 Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:
 It tore Common-Prayers;
 Imprison'd Lord-Mayors,
 In one day it voted down Prelates and Prayers;
 It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,
 And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
 That cramped all the Kingdom and cripp'd the Crown.*

It was a Black Cloke,
 In good time he it spoke,
 That kill'd many thousands but never struck stroke:
 With hatchet and Rope,
 The forlorn Hope.
 Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
 It set all the Sects in the City to work,
 And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
 Those fierce Demi-Gorgons;
 It brought in the Bagpipes and pull'd down the Organs,
 The Pulpits did smoak,
 The Churches did choak;
 And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:
 It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read;
 It set *Publick Faith* up, and pull'd down the Creed.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious impostor
 Such fury did foster,
 It left us no penny nor no *Pater Noster*:
 It threw to the Groud
 Ten commandments down,
 And set up twice twenty times ten of its own:
 It routed the King, and Villians elected,
 To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind People's Eyes,
This Cloak was so wise,
It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reasons of State,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whistles.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In pulpits it moved
And was much approved,
For crying out—*Fight the Lord's battels beloved:*
It bobtayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Miter to reach at the Crown,
And into the Field it an Army did bring
To aim at the Council, but shot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States,
Whose politick pates,
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:
To Father and mother,
To sister and Brother,
It gave a commission to kill one another:
It took up mens Horses at very low rates,
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable Deed,
It made the best mirror of Majesty bleed:
Tho' Cloak did not do't,
He set it on Foot,
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
For never had come such a bloody Disaster,
If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his Master,
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

Tho' some of them went hence
 By sorrowful Sentence,
 This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance,
 But he and his Men,
 Twenty thousand times ten
 Are plotting to do their tricks over again :
 But let this proud Cloak to Authority sloop,
 Or *DUN* will provide him a Button and Loop :
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.

Let's pray, that the King,
And his Parliament,
In sacred and secular Things may consent ;
So Righteously firm,
And Religiously free ;
That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be.
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us,
Then Peace, Truth and Plenty our Kingdom will crown,
And all Popish Plots and their Plotters shall down.

Blanket-Fair, or the History of Temple-street.
Being a Relation of the merry Pranks play'd on
the River of Thames during the great Frost !
Tune Hackington's pound.

Come listen a while (tho' the Weather be cold)
 In your Pockets and Plackets your hands you may
 I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare, (hold
 Of a River turn'd into a Bartholemew-Fair ;
 Since old Christmas last
 There has been such a Frost ;
 That the Thames has by half the whole Nation been crost.
 Oh Scullers I pity your fate of extreams,
 Each Land-man is now become free of the Thames.

'Tis some *Lapland Acquaintance* of *Conjurer Oates*
 That has ty'd up your hands and imprison'd your *Boats*;
 You know he was ever a *Friend* to the *Crew*
 Of all those that to admiral *James* have been true,
 Where *Sculls* did once *Row*
 Men walk to and fro,
 But e'er four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be so.
 Should your hopes of a *Thaw* by this weather be crost,
 Your *Fortune* will soon be as hard as the *Frost*.

In *Roast-Beef* and *Brandy* much money is spent,
 And *Boorbs* made of *Blankets* that pay no ground-rent;
 With old fashion'd *Chimneys* the *Rooms* are secur'd
 And the *Houses* from danger of *Fire* are ensur'd.
 The chief place you meet
 Is call'd *Temple street*,

If you do not believe me, then you may go and see't:
 From the *Temple* the *Students* do thither resort,
 Who were always great *Patrons* of *Revels* and *Sport*.

The *Citizen* comes with his *Daughter* or *Wife*,
 And swears he ne'er saw such a sight in his *Life*:
 The *Prentices* starv'd at home for want of *Coals*
 To catch them a *beat* do flock thither in *shoals*,
 While the *Country Squire*
 Does stand and admire,
 At the wondrous conjunction of *Water* and *Fire*.
 Strait comes an arch *Wag* a young *Son* of a *Whore*,
 And lays the *Squires* head where his *heels* were before:

The *Rotterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting *Scates*,
 To pleasure the *crow'd* shews his *tricks* and his *feats*,
 Who like a *Rope-Danser* (for his sharp *Steels*)
 His *Brains* and *Activity* lie in his *Heels*.

Here all things like fate
 Are in slippery state,
 From the sole of the *Foot* to the *Crown* of the *Pate*.
 While the *Rabble* in *Sledges* run giddily round,
 And nought but a circle of folly is found.

Here *Damsels* are handled like *Nymphs* in the *Bath*,
 By *Gentlemen-Ushers* with *Legs* like a *Lath*;
 They slide to a *Tune*, and cry give me your *Hand*,
 When the tottering *Fops* are scarce able to stand.

Then with fear and with care

They arrive at the *Fair*.

Where *Wenches* sell *Glasses* and crackt *Earthen-ware*;
 To shew that the *World* and the pleasures it brings,
 Are made up of brittle and slippery things.

A *Spark* of the *Bar* with his *Cane* and his *Muff*,
 One day went to treat his new rigg'd *Kitchen-stuff*,
 Let slip from her *Gallant*, the gay *Damsel* try'd
 (As oft she had done in the *Country*) to slide:

In the way lay a *stump*,

That with a damn'd *Thump*,

She broke both her *Shoe-strings* and crippl'd her *Rump*.
 The heat of her *Buttocks* made such a great *thaw*,
 She had like to have drowned the *Man* of the *Law*.

All you that are warm both in *Body* and *Purse*,
 I give you this *warning* for better or worse,
 Be not there in *Moon-shine*, pray take my advice,
 For slippery things have been done on the *Ice*:

Maid, there have been said

To lose *Maiden-bead*,

And *Sparks* from full *Pockets* gone empty to *Bed*
 If their *Brains* and their *Bodies* had not been too warm,
 It is forty to one they had come to less harm,

*The praise of the Dairy-Maid, with a lick at the
 Cream Pot, or a fading Rose. To the fore-
 going Tune.*

LET *Wine* turn a *Spark* and *Ale* huff like a *Hector*,
 Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and *Jove* his rich *Nectar*.
 Neither *Cider* nor *Sherry*,
Metheglin nor *Perrey*,

Shall

Shall more make me *Drunk*, which the vulgar call *merry*:
These *Drinks* o'er my *Fancy* no more shall prevail,
But I'll take a full sop at the merry *Milk-pail*.

In praise of a *Dairy* I purpose to sing;
But all things in order first, *God save the King*,
And the *Queen* I may say,
That ev'ry *May-day*

Has many fair *Dairy-Maids*, all fine and gay.
Assist me, fair *Damsels*, to finish this *Theme*,
And inspire my *fancy* with *Strawberries* and *Cream*.

The first of fair *Dairy-Maids* if you'll believe,
Was *Adam's* own *Wife*, your *Great-granmother Eve*,
She milk'd many a *Cow*,
As well she knew how,
Tho' *Butter* was then not so cheap as 'tis now;
She hoarded no *Butter* nor *Cheese* on a *Shelf*,
For the *Butter* and *Cheese* in those days made it self.

In that age or time there was no damn'd *Money*,
Yet the *Children* of *Israel* fed upon *Milk* and *Honey*:
No *Queen* you could see
Of the highest *Degree*,

But would milk the *Brown Cow* with the meanest she.
Their *Lambs* gave them *Cloathing*, their *Cows* gave them
In a plentiful *Peace* all their *Joys* were compleat. (*Meat*,

But now of the making of *Cheese* we shall treat,
That *Nurser* of *Subjects*, bold *Britains* chief *Meat*.
When they first begin it,
To see how the *Remedy*

Begets the first *Curd*, you wou'd wonder what's in it.
Then from the blow *Whey*, when they put the *Curds* by,
They look just like *Amber* or *Clouds* in the *Sky*.
Your *Turkey Sherbet* and *Arabian Tea*
Is *Dish-water* stuff to a *Dish* of new *Whey*;
For it cools *Head* and *Brains*,
Ill vapours it drains,

And tho' your *Guts* rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your *Brains*.
Court-Ladies i'th' morning will drink a whole *Pottle*,
 And send out their *Pages* with *Tankard* and *Bottle*.

Thou *Daughter* of *Milk*, and *Mother* of *Butter*,
 Sweet *Cream* thy due praises how shall I now utter?

For when at the best,

A thing's well express'd,

We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Jest*:

Had I been a *Mouse*, I believe in my *Soul*

I had long since been drowned in a *Cream* bowl.

The *Elixir* of *Milk*, the *Dutch-men's* delight,
 By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light;

But oh, the soft stream

That remains of the *Cream*!

Old *Morpheus* ne'er tasted so sweet in a dream:

It removes all *Obstructions* depresses the *Spleen*,

And makes an old *Bawd* like a *Wench* of fifteen.

Amongst the rare *Virtues* that *Milk* does produce,
 A thousand more *Dainties* are daily in use;

For a *Pudding* I'll tell ye,

E'er it goes in the *Belly*,

Must have both good *Milk* and the *Cream* and the *Jelly*:

For a dainty fine *Pudding* without *Cream* or *Milk*,

Is like a *Citizen's* Wife without *Satten* or *Silk*.

In the *Virtue* of *Milk* there's more to be muster'd,
 The charming delights of *Cheese-Cakes* and *Custard*;

For at *Tottenham-Court*

You can have no sport,

Unless you give *Custards* and good *Cheese-Cakes* for't:

And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to laugh;

Unless he hath got a great *Custard* to quaff.

Both *Pancakes* and *Fritters* of *Milk* have good store,

But a *Devonshire* *White-pot* requires much more.

No state you can think,

Tho' you study and wink,

From the luffy *Sack-posset* to poor *Posset-drink*,
But *Milk's* the Ingredient, tho' *Sack's* ne'er the worse;
For 'tis *Sack* makes the Man, tho' *Milk* makes the Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A rich *clouted Cream* or a *Goose-berry-Fool*;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her *Husband* a *Fool*, and yet pleas'd him full well.
Give thanks to the *Dairy* then every Lad,
That from good natur'd *Women* such *Fools* may be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cows Teat in her hand,
How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand,
Then with a pleasure I rub,
Yet impatient I scrub,
When I think of the Blessing of a *Syllabub*:
Oh *Dairy-maids*, *Milk-maids*, such bliss ne'er oppose,
If e'er you'll be happy; I speak under the *Rose*.

This *Rose* was a Maiden once of your profession,
Till the *Rake* and the *Spade* had taken possession;
At length it was said,
That one Mr. *Ed——mond*
Did both dig and sow in her *Parsly-Bed*;
But the *Fool* for his labour deserves not a *Rusk*,
For grafting a *Thistle* upon a *Rosebush*.

Now *Milk-maids* take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all;
Mind well your *Milk-pan*,
And ne'er touch a man,
And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he can.
I am your well-wisher, than listen to my word,
And give no more milk than the *Cow* can afford.

The Old Man's Wish.

IF I live to grow old (for I find I go down)
 Let this be my Fate, In a fair Country town,
 Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate,
 And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate :
 May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away ;
 Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

In a Country Town, by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an easie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.

May I govern my Passion, &c.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more,
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before:
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
And clean (tho' coarse Linnen) at every Meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on *Sundays*, and stout humming Liquor,
And remnants of *Latin* to welcome the Vicar;
With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the Kings Health in as oft as I Dine.

May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short and it freezes and Snows,
May I have a Coal-fire as high as my Nose;
A Fire (which once stirr'd up with a Prong)
Will keep the Room temperate all the night long.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day;
'And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone and left not behind him his Fellow:

*For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.*

The Old Womans Wish. Tune The Old Mans Wish.

WHen my hairs they grow hoary, and my cheeks
they look pale, (fail,
When my fore-head hath wrinkles, and my eye-sight doth

Let

Let my words both and Actions be free from all harm,
And have my Old Husband to keep my back warm.

*The Pleasures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,
Our life's but a Vapour, our Bodies but Clay;
Oh! let me live well, though I live but one day.*

With a Sermon on Sunday, and Bible of good Print,
With a Pot o're the Fire, and good *Viſuals* in't;
With *Ale, Beer, and Brandy*, both *Winter and Summer*,
To drink to my Gossips and be pledg'd by my cummer.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With *Pigs* and with *Poultry*, with some *Money* in store,
To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the Poor:
With a bottle of *Canary*, to drink without sin,
And to comfort my Daughter, when that she lies In.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed soft and easie, to rest on at night,
With a Maid in the morning to rise when 'tis light;
To do her work neatly, to obey my desire,
To make the House clean, and to blow up the Fire.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Coals, and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair,
With a thick *Hood* and *Mantle*, when I ride on my Mare;
Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foes,
With a pair of *Glass Eyes*, to clap on my Nose.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,
For honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay:
When young she was chearful, no *Stold* nor no *Whore*,
She helped her Neighbours, and gave to the Poor:
Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her age did decay,
Tho' her life was a Vapour, that vanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy until the last day.

The Old Woman's Wish to the same Tune.

IF I live to be old, which I never will own,
 Let this be my Fortune in Country or Town;
 Let me have a warm *Bit*, with two more in store,
 And a Lusty young Fellow to rub me before.

*May I give to my Passion an absolute sway,
 Till with mumping and grunting my Breath's worn away,
 Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.*

In a dry Chimny Nook with a *Rug* and warm cloaths,
 A swinging Coal-fire still under my Nose:
 With a large Elbow-chair to sit at the Fire,
 And a Crutch, or a Staff, to the Bed to retire.

May I give to my Passion, &c.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, with Custard and Plums,
 When my Teeth are all out, for to ease my old Gums;
 With a dram of the Bottle, each day a fresh quart,
 Reserv'd in a corner to cheer up my heart.

May I give to my Passion, &c.

With a Neighbour or two to tell me a tale,
 And to sing *Chevy-chase* o're a Pot of good Ale,
 A *Snuff-Box*, and short Pipe saug under the Range,
 And a clean Flannel shift as oft as I change.

May I give to my Passion, &c.

Without *Palsy* or *Gout*, may I die in my Chair,
 And when dead, may my *Great Great Grand-child* declare,
 She's gone who so long had cheated the Devil,
 And the World is well rid of a troublefom evil.

*That gave to her Passion an absolute sway,
 Till with mumping and granting her breath wore away,
 Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.*

Tom and Doll, or the Modest Maids Delight.



When the Kine had giv'n a pail full,
 And the Sheep came bleating home;
Doll who knew it would be healthful,
 Went a walking with young *Tom* :
 Hand in hand Sir,
 O're the Land Sir,
 As they walked to and fro ;
Tom made jolly Love to *Dolly*,
 But was answer'd, No, no, no, no, no, &c.

Faith says *Tom* the time is fitting,
 We shall never get the like ;
 You can never get from Knitting,
 Whilst I'm Digging in the Dike :

Now

Now we're gone too,
And alone too,
No one by to see or know:
Come, come, *Dolly* prithee shall I?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
In what snares you'd make us fall,
You'll get nothing but the folly,
But I shall get the Devil and all;
Tom with sobs,
And some dry Bobs,
Cry'd, *you're a fool to argue so;*
Come, come, *Dolly*, shall I? shall I?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to *Love's* a Friend confest,
By the hand he often shook her,
And drank brimmers to the best, &c.
Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm;
Till after a brisk Pint or two,
To what he said the silly Maid,
Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
In the Country or the Town,
And began to grow so mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down;
Tom came to her,
For to woe her
Thinking this the time to try:
Something past so kind at last,
Her no was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

Closely then they join'd their Faces,
Lovers you know what I mean,
Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
Love was now too far got in;

Pills to purge Melancholy.

Both now lying,
 Panting dying,
 Calms succeed the stormy Joy,
 Tom would fain renew't again,
 And she consents with I, I, I, I, I, &c.

*The Winchester Wedding; or Ralph of Redding,
 and Black Befs of the Green.*



AT Winchester was a Wedding,
 The like was never seen;
 Twixt lusty Ralph of Redding,
 And bonny black Befs of the Green:
 The Fidlers were Crouding before,
 Each Lais was as fine as a Queen,

There

There was
 For all
 Briak Robin
 She look
 And Rudd
 And Re

With Tom
 He help
 And swore
 In forty
 Kit have
 And ler
 But Fenny
 For look
 Thus mer
 They p
 With Fob
 The fai

The Bride
 Afraid
 And ushe
 With A
 The Lads
 For eac
 But Willy
 For he
 Then Phi
 And tur
 But Jenk
 The be

And now
 Into the
 The Fidle
 And J
 But Marg
 A Lais

There was a hundred and more,
For all the Country came in:
Brisk Robin led *Rose* so fair,
She look't like a Lilly o'th Vale,
And *Ruddy-fac'd Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
He helpt her over the stile,
And swore there was none so pretty,
In forty and forty long mile.
Kit have a Green-gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his hand to rise,
But *Fenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blew under the Eyes:
Thus merrily chatting all,
They pass'd to the *Bride-house* along,
With *Johnny* and pretty-fac'd *Nanny*,
The fairest of all the throng.

The *Bride-groom* came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With *Bak'd*, and *Roasted* and *Boyl'd*,
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his side,
But *Willy* was Melancholy,
For he had a mind to the Bride.
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer-glass on his thumb,
But *Fenkin* was reckon'd for drinking
The best in *Christendom*.

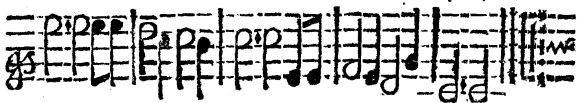
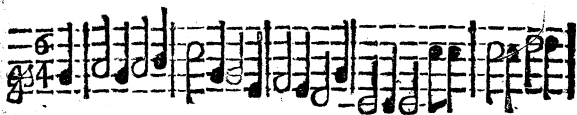
And now they had Din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the *Hall*,
The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,
And *Feremy* led up the *Brawl*:
But *Margery* kept a quarter,
A Lass that was proud of her pelf,

'Cause *Arthur* had stollen her Garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself:
 She struggl'd and, blusht, and frown'd,
 And ready with anger to cry,
 'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
 Had slip'd his hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
 The Bride away was led,
 The Bridegroom got Drunk and was knocking
 For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
 But *Robin* that found him silly,
 Most friendly took him aside,
 The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
 Was playing at *Hoopers-hide*;
 And now the warm *Game* begins,
 The *Critical minute* was come
 And Chatting and Billing, and Kissing,
 Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
 And blith as a Bird in the Spring,
 And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
 And wedded her with a *Rusk-King*:
Suke that danc'd with the *Cushion*,
 An hour from the room had been gone,
 And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,
 That some other Dance had been done;
 And thus of fifty fair Maids,
 That came to the Wedding with Men.
 Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
 That so did return again.

John Dory, made upon his Expedition into France.



AS it fell on a Holy-day,
As it fell on a Haly-day,
And upon a Holy-tide a,
And upon a Holy-tide a.

And when *John Dory* to *Paris* was come,
A little before the Gate a ;
John Dory was fitted, the Porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The first Man that *John Dory* did meet,
Was good King *John* of *France* a ;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance a.

A Pardon, a Pardon, my Leige and my King,
For my merry Men and for me a ;
And all the Clurls in merry *England*,
I'll bring them all bound to thee a.

And *Nichol* was then a Cornish Man,
A little besied *Bohide* a ;
And he Mann'd forth a good black Bark,
With Fifty good Qars on a side a.

Run up my Boy, unto the main-top,
 And look what thou canst spy a;
 Who ho! who ho! a goodly Ship I do see,
 I trow it be *John Dory* a.

They hoist their Sails both top and top,
 The Mizen and all was try'd a;
 And every Man stood to his Lot,
 What ever should betide a.

The roaring Cannons then were ply'd,
 And Dub-a-dub went the Drum a;
 The sounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,
 To courage all and some a.

The grapling Hooks were brought at length,
 The brown bill and the Sword a,
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
 Was clap'd fast under board a.

*A Second Part of John Dory, to the same Tune,
 upon Sir John S— Expedition into Scotland,
 1639.*

Sir *John* got him an ambling Nag,
 To *Scotland* for to ride a;
 With a hundred Horse more than his own,
 To guard him on each side a.

No arrant Knight e're went to fight,
 With half so gay a *Serado*;
 Had you seen but his Look, you'd a sworn on a Book,
 He'd conquer'd a whole *Armado*.

The Ladies run all to the windows to see,
So noble and gallant a sight a;
And as he rode by, they began to cry,
Sir *John* why will you go to fight a,

But he like a cruel Knight rode on,
His Heart would not relent a;
For till he came there he shew'd no fear,
Why then should he repent a.

The King (God blefs) had singular hopes,
Of him and all his Troop a;
The Bord'ers as they meet him o'th' way,
For Joy did hollow and hoop a.

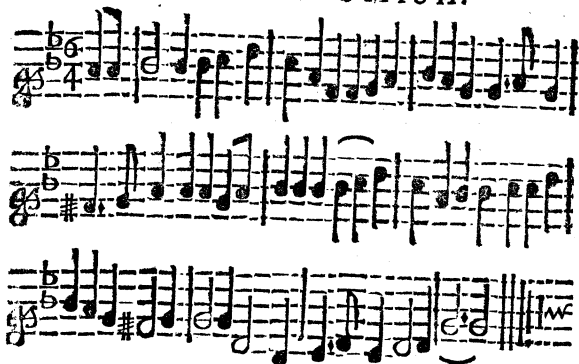
None lik'd him so well as his own Colonel,
Who took him for *John Du-wart* a;
But when there were shews of Gunning and Blows,
Sir *John* was nothing so pert a.

For when the *Scotch* Army came in fight,
All Men were prepared to fight a;
He run to his Tent, and as'kd what they mean,
And swore he must needs go shite a.

His Colonel sent for him back again,
To quarter him in the Van a;
But Sir *John* did swear he came not there,
To be kill'd the very first man a.

To cure his fear he was sent i'th' Rear,
Some ten miles back and more a;
Where he fell to play, at Tray-trip for Hay,
And ne'er saw the Enemy more a.

The BLACK-SMITH.



OF all the trades that ever I see,
 There's none to a *Black-smith* compared may be,
 With so many several Tools works he,
Which no body can deny.

The first that ever Thunder-bolt made,
 Was a *Cyclops* of the *Black-smith's* trade,
 As in a learned Author is said,
Which no body, &c.

When Thund'ring like we strike about,
 The Fire like lightning flashes out,
 Which suddenly with water we d'out,
Which no body, &c.

The fairest Goddess in the Skies,
 To marry with *Vulcan* did advise,
 And he was a *Black-smith* grave and wise,
Which no body, &c.

Vulcan he to do her right,
 Did build her a Town by day and by night,
 And gave it a name which was *Hammer-smith* hight;
Which no body, &c. *Vul-*

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Estate he would appoint her,
And leave her *Seacoal-lane* for a Joynter.
Which no body can deny.

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a fort you'd with no stronger,
Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which no body, &c.

Smithfield he did cleanse from dirt,
And sure there was reason for't,
For there he meant she should keep her court,
Which no body, &c.

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the *Black-smith* rectifi'd,
To the honour of *Edmond Iron-side*;
Which no body, &c.

Vulcan after made a train,
Wherein the God of War was ta'en,
Which ever since hath been call'd *Paul's chain*;
Which no body, &c.

The common Proverb as it is read,
That a man must hit the nail on the head,
Without the *Black-smith* cannot be said;
Which no body, &c.

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the *Black-smiths* lot,
That a man must strike while the *Iron* is hot;
Which no body, &c.

Another comes in most proper and fit,
The *Black-smith's* Justice is seen in it,
When you give a man roast-meat, and beat him with the
Which no body, &c. (spit.

Another comes in our *Black-smiths* way,
 When things are safe as old Wives say,
 We have them under Lock and Key,
Which no body, &c.

Another that's in the *Black-smith's* books,
 And only to him for remedy looks,
 Is when a man is quite off the hooks,
Which no body, &c.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
 And therefore lets do the *Black-smith* no wrong,
 When a man's held hard to 'it buckle and thong;
Which no body, &c.

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,
 Wherein the *Black-smith* may challenge half,
 When a Reason's as plain as a Pike-staff,
Which no body, &c.

Tho' your Lawyers travel both near and far,
 And by long pleading a good Cause may mar,
 Yet your *Black-smith* takes more pains at the Bar,
Which no body, &c.

Tho' your Scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,
 By his counterfeit deeds and thereby doth ill,
 Yet your *Black-smith* may forge what he will;
Which no body, &c.

Tho' your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
 And laugh at their Creditors and their catch-poles,
 Yet your *Black-smith* can fetch them over the coles;
Which no body, &c.

Tho' Jockey in the stable be never so neat,
 To look to his Nag, and prescribe him his meat,
 Yet your *Black-smith* knows better how to give him a heat,
Which no body, &c.

If any Taylor have the itch,
The *Black-smith's* water as black as pitch,
Will make his hands go thro' fitch;
Which no body, &c.

There's never a slut if filth o'er smutch her,
But owes to the *Black-smith* for her leacher,
For without a pair of tongs, there's no man would touch
Which no body, &c. (her;

Your Roaring boys who every one quails,
Fights, domineers, swaggers and rails,
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his Nails,
Which no body, &c.

If any Scholar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring this matter about,
The *Black-smith* can hammer it out;
Which no body, &c.

Now if to know him you would desire,
You must not scorn but rank him higher,
For what he gets is out of the Fire;
Which no body, &c.

Now here's a good health to *Black-smiths* all,
And let it go round as round as a ball,
We'll drink it all off tho' it cost us a fall;
Which no body, &c.

The BREWER. To the Tune of the Blacksmiths.

THere's many Clinching verse is made,
In honour of the *Black-smith's* trade,
But more of the *Brewer* may be said;
which no body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The *Black-smith* cannot be compleat,
Unless the *Brewer* do give him a heat;
which no body can deny.

When Smug unto the Forge doth come,
Unless the *Brewer* doth Liquor him home,
He'll never strike my pot and thy pot, *Tom*;
which no body can deny.

Of all professions in the town,
The *Brewers* trade hath gain'd renown,
His liquor reaches up to the crown;
which no body can deny.

Many new Lord, from him there did spring,
Of all the trades, he still was their King,
For the *Brewer* had the world in a sling;
which no body can deny.

He scorneth all laws, and Marshal stops,
But whips an army as round as tops,
And cuts off his foes as thick as hops;
which no body can deny.

He dives for riches down to the bottom,
And crys my masters when he has got 'em,
Let every Tub stand upon his own bottom,
which no body can deny.

In warlike acts he scorns to stoop,
For when his army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a hoop;
which no body can deny.

The Jewish Scot that scorns to Eat,
The flesh of Swine and Brewers beat,
'Twas the sight of his Hogs-head made 'em retreat,
which no body can deny.

Poor *Fockey* and his basket hilt,
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,
And their bodies like barrels did run a tilt,
which no body can deny.

Tho' *Jemmy* gave the first assault,
The Brewer at last made him to halt,
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt;
which no body can deny.

They cry'd that Anti-christ came to settle,
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,
For his Nose and copper were both of one Metal.
which no body can deny.

Some Christian Kings began to quake,
And said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make;
We'll let him alone, as he brew'd let him bake;
which no body can deny.

He hath a strong and very stout heart,
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,
But the Devil put a spoke in his Cart;
which no body can deny.

If any intended to do him disgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He always did carry his furnace in his face;
which no body can deny.

But yet by the way you must understand,
He kept his foes so under command,
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand;
which no body can deny.

He was a stout Brewer of whom we may brag;
But now he is hurried away with a hag,
He brews in a bottle and bakes in a bag;
which no body can deny.

And now may all stout Soldiers say,
Farewel the glory of the day,
For the Brewer himself is turn'd to clay;
which no body can deny.

Thus fell the brave Brewer the bold son of slaughter,
We need not to fear what shall follow after,
For he dealt all his time in fire and water,
which no body can deny.

And if his successor had had but his might,
Then we had not been in a pitiful plight,
But he was found many grains too light;
which no body can deny.

Let's leave off singing and drink off our bub,
We'll call up a reckoning, and every man club,
For I think I have told you a tale of a tub;
which no body can deny.

The Infallible Doctor.



From France from Spain from Rome I come,
 And from all Parts of Christendom,
 For to cure all strange Diseases,
 Come take Physick he that pleases:
 Come ye broken Maids that scatter,
 And can never hold your Water,
 I can teach you it to keep;
 And other things are very meet,
 As, groaning backward in your sleep.

Come an ugly dirty whore,
 That is at least Threescore or more,
 Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,
 As if you'd fear to pass her by;
 I can make her plump and young,
 Lusty lively and also strong,
 Honest, Active, fit to wed,
 And can recall her Maiden-head:
 All this is done as soon as said.

If any man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life,
With scolding, yoleing, in the house,
As tho' the Devil was turn'd loose;
Let him but repair to me,
I can cure her presently:

With one Pi'll I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that evil,
Or send her head-long to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palsy, and the Gout,
Pains within, and Aches without,
There is no disease but I
Can find a present remedy:
Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
Are the easiest Wounds I cure:

Nay more than that I will maintain,
Break your Neck. I'll set it again,
Or ask you nothing for my pain.

Or if any man has not,
The heart to fight against the *Scot*,
I'll put him in one if he be willing,
Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing;
Or any that has been dead,
Seven long years and buried;

I can him to life restore,
And make him as sound as he was before,
Else let him never trust me more.

If any man desire to live,
A thousand ages let him give,
Me a thousand pounds, and I,
Will warrant him Life unless he dye;
Nay more I'll teach him a better trick,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be sick:

But if I no money see,
And he with diseases troubled be,
Then he may thank himf If not me.

A SONG made on the Down-fall, or pulling
down of Charing-Cross, An. Dom. 1642.



U Ndone ! undone ! the Lawyers are,
They wander a bout the Town,
And cannot find the way to *Westminster*,
Now *Charing-Cross* is down :
At the end of the *Strand*, they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a los ;
And chafing say, that's not the way,
They must go by *Charing-Cross*.

The Parliament to Vote it down,
Conceived very fitting ;
For fear it should fall, and kill 'em all,
I'th House as they were sitting ;
They were inform'd't had such a Plot,
Which made 'em so hard hearted,
To give exprefs command, it should be
Taken down and Carted.

Men talk of Plots, this might been worse,
For any thing I know,
Than that *Tomkins* and *Chalenour*,
Was hang'd for long ago :
But as our Parliament from that,
Themselves strangely defended ;
So still they do discover Plots,
Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman nor Child,
Will say I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word,
Against the Parliament :
T' had letters about it some say,
Or else it had been freed ;
Fore-God I'll take my Oath that it,
Could neither write nor read.

The Committee said, Verily,
To Popery 'twas bent,
For ought I know, it might be so,
For to the Church it never went :
What with Excise and other los,.
The Kingdom doth begin,
To think you'll leave 'em neer a Cross,
Without Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council should,
Of it have taken pity,
Cause good old Cross, it always stood,
So strongly to the City :
Since Crosses you so much disdain,
Faith if I was as you,
For fear the King should Rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too.

TOM a BEDLAM.

Forth from the dark and dismal Cell,
And from the deep abyſs of Hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppreſs my ſoul;
Hark how the angry furies howl,
Pluto laughs and Proſerpine is glad,
To ſee poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Thro' the World I wander night and day,
To find my ſraggling ſenſes,
In an angry mood I met old Time,
With his Pentateuch of Tenſes.

When me he ſpies, away he flies,
For Time will ſtay for no Man;
In vain with cries, I rend the ſkies,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I lie,
Help! O help! or elſe I die;
Hark I hear Apollo's Team,
The Carman gins to whistle;
Chaste Diana bends her bow,
And the Boar begins to bristle.

Come Vulcan with tools and tackles,
And knock off my troubleſome ſhackles,
Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To find my loſt ſenſes again.

Laſt night I heard the Dog-ſtar bark,
Mars met Venus in the dark;

Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron bar,
And furiously ran at the God of War.

Mars with his weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had the gout,
For his broad horns hung so in his light,
That he could not see to aim aright.

Mercury the nimble post of Heaven,
Stay'd to see the quarrel,
Gorrel belly *Bacchus* giantly bestrid,
A strong-beer barret.

To me he drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider;
He drank whole Buts, till he burst his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little drink for Charity:
Hark; I hear *Aëon's* hounds,
The Hunts-man Whoops and Hallows,
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the chase doth follow.

The man in the moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carret,
But a Cup of old *Malago* Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his back.

A SONG *made on the Power of Women. To
the Tune of the Black-Smith.*

Will you give me leave, and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye,
It shall do more good, than ten of *John Dory*;
Which no body can deny.

'Tis no Story of *Robin-hood*, nor of his Bow-men,
I mean to demonstrate the power of Women,
It is a subject that's very common;
Which no body, &c.

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,
And in spite of Criticks, give you my narration,
For Women now are all in fashion,
Which no body, &c.

Then Pray give me advice, as much as you may,
For of all things that ever bore sway,
A Woman beareth the Bell away;
Which no body, &c.

The greatest Courage that ever rul'd,
Was baffled by fortune, tho' ne'er so well school'd,
But this of the Women can never be cool'd;
Which no body, &c.

I wonder from whence this power did spring;
Or who the Devil, first set up this thing,
That spares neither Peasant, Prince, nor King;
Which no body, &c.

Their Scepter doth rule from *Cæsar* to *Rustick*,
From *hauical Kite*, to soldier so lustick,
In fine, it rules all, tho' ne'er so robustick;
Which no body, &c.

For where is he that writes himself Man,
That ever saw Beauty in *Betty* or *Nan*,
But his eyes turn'd pimp and his heart trapan?
Which no body, &c.

I fain would know one of *Adam's* Race,
Tho' ne'er so holy a Brother of Grace,
If he met a loose sifter but he would embrace;
Which no body, &c.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,
Whose Desires were hot tho' their Natures cold,
But in this kind of pleasure they commonly rould,
Which no body, &c.

First *Aristotle* that jolly old fellow,
Wrote much of *Venus*, but little of *Bellow*,
Which shew'd he lov'd a Wench that was mellow,
Which no body, &c.

From whence do you think he derived Study,
Produc'd all his problems a Subject so muddy,
'Twas playing with her at Cuddle my Cuddy;
Which no body, &c.

The next in order is *Socrates* grave,
Tho' triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge yet gave,
His heart to *Aspatia*, and became her slave;
Which no body, &c.

Demosthenes to *Corinth* he took a Voyage,
We shall scarce know the like on't in thy Age or my Age,
And all was for a *Modicum* Pyeage,
Which no body, &c.

The Proverb in him a whit did not fail,
For he had those things which make men prevail,
A Sweet Tooth and a liquorish tayl,
Which no body, &c.

Lycurgus and *Solon* were both Law-makers,
And no Men I'm sure are such wiseacres,
To Think that themselves would not be partakers,
Which no body, &c.

An Edit^t they made with Approbation,
If the Husband found fault with his Wives consolation,
He might take another for Procreation;
Which no body, &c.

If the Wife found coming in short,
The same Law did right her upon her report,
Whereby you may know they were Lovers o'th' Spott;
Which no body, &c.

And now let us view the State of a King,
Who is thought to have the World in a string,
By a Woman is captivated; poor thing!
Which no body, &c.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all,
And wept because the world was so small,
In the Queen of *Amazon's* pit did fall;
Which no body, &c.

Antonius and *Nero* and *Caligula*,
Were Rome's Tormentors by night and by day,
Yet Women beat them at their own play,
Which no body, &c.

A SONG on the Victory over the Turks.



Hark the thundring *Cannons* roar,
 Ecchoing from the *German* shore,
 And the joyful News comes o'er;
 The *Turks* are all confounded?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
 Charge your Horse thro' the grand half Moon,
 We'll Quarter give to none,
 Since *Starembourg* is wounded.

Close your ranks and each brave soul,
 Take a lusty flowing bowl,
 A grand carouse to the *Royal Pole*,
 The *Empires* brave defender;
 No Man leave his post by stealth,
 Plunder the *Grand Visier's* wealth,
 But drink a *Helmet* full to th' Health,
 Of the second *Alexander*.

Mahomet was a sober dog,
A Small-beer drowzy senseless Rogue,
The juice of the Grape so much in vogue,
To forbid to those adore him;
Had he but allow'd the Vine,
Given 'em leave to carouse in Wine,
The Turk had safely past the Rhine,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull Tea they fought in vain,
Hopeless Vict'ry to obtain,
Where sprightly Wine fills ev'ry Vein;
Success must needs attend him;
Our Brains (like our Cannons) warm,
With often firing feels no harm,
While the Sober sot flies the alarm,
No Laurel can befriend him.

Christians thus with conquest crown'd,
Conquest with the Glass goes round,
Weak Coffee can't keep its ground,
Against the force of Claret:
Whilst we give them thus the Foil,
And the Pagan Troops recoil,
The Valiant Poles divide the spoil,
And in brisk Nectar share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome;
But the most Christian Turks at home,
Watching the fate of Christendom,
But all his hopes are shallow;
Since the Poles have led the Dance,
Let English Caesar now advance,
And if he sends a Fleet to France,
He's a Whig that will not follow.

A SONG.



WE be Soldiers three,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 Lately come forth of the low Country,
 With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here good fellow I drink to thee,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 To all good Fellows where ever they be,
 With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie:
 Pays for the shot what ever it is,
 With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Charge it again boy, charge it again,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
 With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

A SONG.



Martin said to his Man,
Fie Man, fie,

O Martin said to his man,
Who's the fool now?

Martin said to his man, fill thou the cup,
and I the can;

Thou hast well drunken man,
who's the fool now.

I see a Sheep sheering corn,
fie man fie,

I see a Sheep sheering corn,
who's the fool now:

I see a Sheep sheering corn

And a Cuckold blew his Horn,
Thou hast well drunken man,
who's the fool now.

I see a man in the Moon,
Fie man, fie:

I see a man in the Moon,
Who's the fool now?

I see a man in the Moon,
Clowting of Saint *Peter's* shoon,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the fool now?

I see a hare chase a hound,
Fie man, fie:

I see a hare chase a hound,
Who's the fool now,

I see a hare chase a hound,
Twenty mile above the ground,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the fool now?

I see a goose ring a hog,
Fie man, fie,

I see a goose ring a hog,
Who's the fool now?

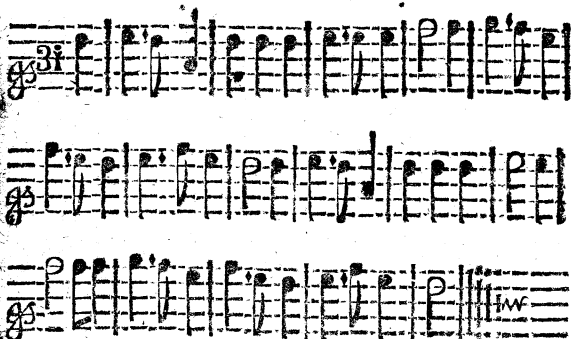
I see a goose ring a hog,
And a snail that did bite a dog,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the fool now?

I see a Mouse catch the cat,
Fie man, fie:

I see a mouse catch the cat,
Who's the fool now?

I see a mouse catch the cat,
And the cheese eat the rat,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the fool now?

A SONG.



WHo liveth so merry in all this land,
 As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand?
 And ever she singeth as I can guess,
 Will you buy any sand, any sand, mistress?

The Broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
 With carrying of Brooms from street to street;
 Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
 Than all the day long to do nothing but sing.

The Chimny-sweeper all the long day,
 He singeth and sweepeth the soot away;
 Yet when he comes home altho' he be weary,
 With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The Cobler he sits cobling till noon,
 And coblith his shooes till they be done;
 Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
 For he knows his work will soon decay.

The Merchant-man doth sail on the Seas,
And lie on the ship-board with little ease:
Always in doubt the Rock is near,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,
And when he comes home he serveth his fow;
He moileth and toileth all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The Serving-man waiteth from freet to freet,
With blowing his nails and beating his feet:
And serveth for forty shillings a year,
That 'tis impossible to make good cheer.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the poorest sort?
The poorest sort wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three.

And every man will spend his penny,
What makes such a shot among a great many?

A SONG.



Willy, prethee go to bed,
 For thou wilt have a drowfie head,
 To morrow we must a hunting,
 And betimes be stirring,
 With a hey trolly loly, loly, loly, &c.
 Hey ho tro lo, lo, lo, ly, ly, lo.

It is like to be fair weather,
 Couple up all thy hounds together :
 Couple *Folly*, with little *Folly*,
 Couple *Trole* with old *Trolly*;
 With a hey tro ly lo, lo ly,
 Tro ly lo, ly lo.

Couple *Finch* with black *Trole*,
 Couple *Chaunter* with *Jumble*;
 Let *Beauty* go at liberty,
 For she doth know her duty;
 With a hey, &c.

Let *Merry* go loose it makes no matter,
 For *Cleanly* some times she will clatter,
 And yet I'm sure she will not stray,
 But keep with us still all the day.
 With a hey, &c.

With *O* masters and wot you were,
 This other day I start a Hare?
 On what call hill upon the knole,
 And there she started before *Trole*.
 With a hey, &c.

And down she went the common dale,
 With all the hounds at her tail;
 With yeaffe, a yaffe, yeaffe yaffe,
 Hey *Trol*, hey *Chaunter*, hey *Fumble*.
 With a hey, &c.

See how *Chooper* chops it in,
 And so doth *Gallant* now begin;
 Look how *Trole* begins to tattle,
 Tarry a while, ye shall hear him prattle.
 With a hey, &c.

For *Beauty* begins to wag her tail,
 Of cleanly's help we shall not fail;
 And *Chaunter* opens very well,
 But *Merry* she doth bear the bell.
 With a hey, &c.

Go prick the Path, and down the lain,
 She useth still her old train,
 She is gone to what call wood,
 Where we are like to do no good.
 With hey tro ly lo, ly lo,
 tro ly lo, &c.

A SONG.



Yonder comes a courteous Knight,
 Lustily raking over the hay,
 He was well ware of a bonny loss,
 As she came wandering over the way,
 Then she sang down a down,
 Hey down derry; then she. &c.

*F*ove you speed, fair Lady, he said,
 Amongst the leaves that be so green;
 If I were a King, and wore a Crown,
 Full soon fair Lady, should thou be a Queen.
 Then she sang, down, &c.

Also *F*ove save you, fair Lady,
 Among the Roses that be so red;
 If I have not my will of you,
 Full soon fair Lady, shall I be dead.
 Then she sang, &c.

Then he lookt East, then he lookt West,
 He lookt North, so did he South:
 He could not find a privy place,
 For all lay in the Devils mouth.
 Then she sang, &c.

If you will carry me gentle Sir,
A maid unto my fathers hall;
Then you shall have your will of me,
Under purple and under Pall.
Then she sang, &c.

He set her upon a steed,
And himself upon another;
And all the day he rode her by,
As tho' they had been, sister and brother.
Then she sang, &c.

When she came to her fathers hall,
It was well walled round about;
She rode in at the wicket gate,
And shut the four ear'd fool without.
Then she sang, &c.

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,
Among the corn amidst the hay,
Where you might had your will of me,
For, in good faith sir, I ne'er said nay.
Then she sang, &c.

You had me also amid the field,
Among the rushes that were so brown;
Where you might had your will of me,
But you had not the face, to lay me down.
Then she sang, &c.

He pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
And whip'd the rust off with his sleeve;
And said; *Joves* curse come to his heart,
That any Woman would believe.
Then she sang, &c.

When you have your own true love,
A mile or twain out of the town,
Spare not for her gay cloathing,
But lay her body flat on the ground.
Then she sang, &c.

The Country-Man's Ramble through Bartholomew-Fair.



A Dzooks ches went the other day to *London Town*,
 In *Smithfield* such gazing,
 Zuch thrusting and squeezeing,
 Was never known :

A Zitty of Wood, some Volk do call it *Bartledom-Fair*,
 But ches zure nought but Kings and Queens live there.

In Gold and Zilver, Zilk and Velvet each was drest,
 A Lord in his Zattin,
 Was buffy prating,
 Amongst the rest :

But one in blew Jacket came, which some do *Andrew* call,
 Adfheart, talk'd woundy wittily to them all.

At last Cutzooks, he made such sport I laugh'd aloud,
 The Rogue, being fluster'd,
 He flung me a Custard,
 Amidst the Croud :

The Volk vella laughing at me; then the *Wezen* zaid,
 Bezure *Ralph*, give it to *Doll* the Dairy-maid.

I swallowed the affront, but stay'd no longer there;
 I thrust and I scrambled,
 Till further I rambled,
 into the Fair. *(were all at work,*
Where Trumpers and Bagpipes, Kettle-drums, Fiddlers,
And the Cooks zung, Here's your delicate Pig and Pork.

I look'd around, to see the Wonders of the Vair,
 Where Lads and Lasses,
 With Pudding-bag arses,
 So nimble were;
 Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about,
 Old Nick zure, was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundly pleas'd, I up and down the Vair did range,
 To zee the vine Varies,
Play all their Vagaries,
 I vow 'twas strange.

I ask'd them aloud, *What Country little Volk they were?*
 A cross brat answered me, *Che were Cuckold-shire.*

I thrust and shov'd along as well as e'er I cou'd,
 at last did I grovel,
 Into a dark Hovel,
 Where Drink was sold; *(ad theart,*
 They brought me Cans, which cost a penny apiece,
 I'm zure twelve ne're could vill a Country-quart.

Che went to draw her Purse, to pay them for their beer,
 The Devil a Penny,
 Was left of my Money,
 Che'll vow and zwear. *(doors:*
 They doft my Hat for a Groat, then tura'd me out of
 Adswounds, *Ralph*, did ever see zuch Rogues and Whores.

The Prodigals Resolution: or, my Father was born before me.



I Am a lusty Lively Lad,
 Now come to one and twenty,
 My Father left me all he had,
 Both Gold and Silver plenty:
 Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
 The Ladies shall adore me;
 I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this,
 My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a Thrifty Sir,
 Till Soul and Body sundred,
 Some say he was an Usurer,
 For thirty in the hundred,
 He scrapt and scratcht, the pincht and patcht,
 That in her body bore me;
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Daddy; has his duty done,
 In getting so much Treasure,
 I'll be as dutiful a Son,
 For spending it in pleasure;
 Five pound a quart shall cheer my heart,
 Such Nectar will restore me,
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Gran'um lived at *Washington*,
 My Gran'sir delv'd in *Ditches*,
 The Son of old *John Thrashington*,
 Whose Lanthorn Leather Breeches,
 Cry'd, whither go ye? whither go ye?
 Tho' Men do now adore me,
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
 Nor who was born before me.

My Gran'sir Riv'd, and Wiv'd, and thriv'd,
 Till he did Riches gather,
 And when he had much wealth achiev'd,
 Oh, then he got my Father,
 Of happy memory cry I,
 That e're his mother bore him,
 I ne'er had been worth one penny,
 Had I been born before him.

To Free-school, *Cambridge*, and *Grays-Inn*,
 My gray-coat, Gran'sir put him,
 Till to forget he did begin,
 The Leather Breech, that got him;
 One dealt in Straw, th' other in Law,
 The one did ditch and delve it,
 My Father store of Sattin wore,
 My Gran'sir beggars Velvet.

So I get wealth, what care I if
 My Gran'sir were a Sawyer,
 My Father prov'd to be a chief,
 And subtle, Learned Lawyer:

By Cooks Reports, and tricks in Courts,
He did with Treasure store me,
That I may say, Heavens bless the day,
My Father was born before me.

Some say of late a Merchant that
Had gotten store of Riches,
In's Dining-room hung up his hat,
His staff and leathern Breeches;
His stockings gartred up with ~~draw~~,
E'er providence did store him;
His son was Sheriff of London, cause
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Cloathing
At first did spring from Butter-milk,
Their Ancestors worth nothing;
Old *Adam* and our Grandam *Eve*,
By diging and by spinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give,
Their Radical beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,
Tho' selfish yet was slavish,
I'll spend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly lavish;
From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves he did
Litigiously receive it;
If so he did, Justice forbid,
But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis Court,
I'll prove a noble Fellow,
I'll court my Doxies, to the sport
Of o'brave Bunchinello:
I'll Drink and Drab, I'll Dice and Stab,
No Hector shall out-roar me;
If teachers tell me tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our Aged Counsellors would have
 Us live by Rule and Reason,
 'Cause they are marching to their Grave,
 And pleasure's out of season :
 I'll learn to Dance, the Mode of *France*,
 That Ladies may adore me ;
 My thrifty Dad, no Pleasure had,
 Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where *Venus* sport
 Doth Revel it in Plenty,
 I'll deal with all, both great and small;
 From Twelve to Five and Twenty ;
 In Play-houses, I'll spend my days,
 For they're hung round with Plackets,
 Ladies make Room, behold I come,
 Have at your knocking-Jackets.

A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.

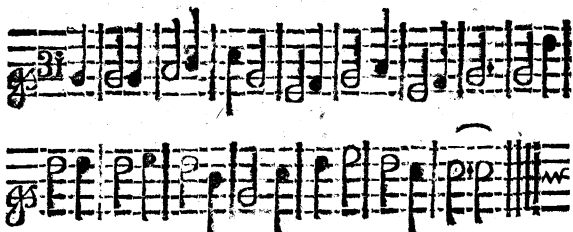


AS I walk'd forth one summers day,
To view the Meadows green and gay,
A pleasant Bower I espied,
Standing fast by a River side;
And in't a Maiden, I heard cry,
Alas! Alas! there's none e're lov'd as I.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk:
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-mans Thumb*, an Herb all blew;
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none ever lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest scents,
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands,
She wept, sigh'd, and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was ever lov'd like me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full,
Of such green things, as she could cull;
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed,
The Flowers were the Pillows for her head:
Then down she laid, ne'er more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

Lovers Drollery.

I Love thee for thy Fickleness,
 And great Inconstancy;
 For had'st thou been a constant Lass,
 Then thou had'st ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee 'for thy Wantonness,
 And for thy Drollery;
 For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,
 Then thou had'st ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Poverty,
 And for thy want of Coin;
 For if thou had'st been worth a Groat,
 Then thou had'st ne'er been mine.

I love thee for thy Ugliness,
 And for thy foolery;
 For if thou had'st been, fair or wise,
 Then thou had'st ne'er Lov'd me.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
 And thou shall have my money;
 I'll part with all the wealth I have,
 T' enjoy a Lass so Bonney.

Love's Bacchanal.



Lay that sullen Garland by thee,
Keep it for th' Elizium shades ;
Take my wreath of lusty Ivy,
Not of that faint Mirtle made.

When I see thy soul descending,
To that cold unfertile Plain ;
Of sad Fools, the Lake attending,
Thou shalt wear this Crown again.
Cho.

Now drink Wine, and know the ods,
 'Twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*,
 'Twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.

Rouse thy dull and drowsie Spirits,
 Here's the soul reviving streams,
 The stupid Lovers brain inherits,
 Nought but vain and empty Dreams.

Think not thou these dismal trances,
 Which our raptures can content,
 The Lad that laughs, and sings and dances,
 Shall come soonest to his end.

Cho.

Sadness may some pity move,
 Mirth and Courage, mirth and courage,
 Mirth and Courage, conquers Love.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
 Ope those vainly crossed arms;
 Thou may'st as well, call back the buried,
 As raise Love, by such like charms.

Sacrifice a glass of Claret,
 To each letter of her Name;
 Gods have oft descended for it,
 Mortals must do more the same.

Cho.

If she comes not at the flood,
 Sleep will come, sleep will come,
 Sleep will come, and that's as good.

Reciprocal Love.



I Love a Lass but cannot show it,
 I keep a fire that burns within,
 Rak'd up in embers : Ah ! could she know it,
 I might perhaps be lov'd again :
 For a true love may justly call,
 For friendship love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,
 A sigh by whispering in her ear,
 Or let some pitious shower convey me,
 By dropping on her breast a tear,
 Or two, or more ; the hardest flint,
 By often drops receive a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
 That is already too, too weak ;
 No, no, they say Lovers may send it,
 By writing what they cannot speak :
 Go then my muse, and let this Verse,
 Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

Power of Love.



Since love hath in thine, and mine Eye,
 Kindled a holy flame,
 What pity 'twere to let it die,
 What sin to quench the same?
 The stars that seem extinct by day,
 Disclose their flames at night,
 And in a fable sense convey,
 Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous Eye, and Ear,
 Are shut or turn'd aside,
 Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear,
 Of being hear'd or spy'd.
 What tho' our bodies cannot meet,
 Loves fuel's more divine;
 The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
 And yet they never joyn.

Falſe Meteors that do change their place,
Tho' they ſhine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and loſe their light.
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte,
The flame of our deſire,
No Veſtal ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Or more immortal fire.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waſte away,
I'll take new fire from thine.

The Tinker.

HE that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* would be,
Let him leave other Loves,
And come liſten to me;
Tho' he travels all the day
He comes home late at night,
And Dallies, and Dallies, with his Doxey,
And Dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toaſt, in the morning he takes,
And all the day long, good Muſick he makes;
He wanders the world, to Wakes, and to Fairs,
And caſts his Cap, and caſts his Cap,
At the Court and her Cares.
When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come,
O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Some bring him Baſons, ſome bring him Bowls,
All Wenches pray him to ſtop up their holes;
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer;
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*,
The merry, merry *Tinker*,
O! he is the Man of Mettle,

A SONG.



IN the merry month of *May*,
 On a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walk'd the wood so wid,
 When as *May* was in her pride;
 There I spy'd all alone, all alone,
Phillida and *Choridon*.

Much ado there was God wot,
 He did love, but she could not;
 He said his love was to woo,
 She said none was false to you;
 He said he had lov'd her long,
 She said love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kist her then,
 She said Maids must kifs no Men,
 Till they kifs for good and all;
 Then she bad the shepherd call,
 All the Gods to witness truth,
 Ne'er was loved so fair a youth.

Then

Then with many a pretty Oath,
 As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
 Such as silly Shepherds use,
 When they would not Love abuse;
 Love which had been long deluded,
 Was with Kesses sweet concluded.

And *Philida* with Garlands gay,
 Was Crowned the Lady May.

Cassandra in Mourning.



A Wake my Lute, arise my firing,
 And to my sad *Cassandra* sing;
 Like the old Poets,
 When the Moon had put her sable Mourning on,
 'Aloud they sounded with a merry strain,
 Until her brightness was restor'd again.

Too well I know from whence proceeds,
 Thy wearing of these mourning weeds:
 In cruel flames for thee I burn,
 And thou for me dost therefore mourn:
 So sits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,
 Clouded ith' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

Wear other Virgins what they will!
Cassandra loves her Mourning still;
 Thus the milky way so white,
 Is never seen but in the Night;
 The Sun himself, altho' so bright he seem,
 Is black, as are the *Moors* that worship him.

But tell me thou deformed Cloud,
 How dar'st thou such a body shroud?
 So *Satyres* with black hideous Face,
 Of old did lovely Nymphs embrace:
 That Mourning e'er should hide such glorious Maids,
 Thus Deities of old did live in shades.

Her Words are Oracles, and come,
 (Like those) from out some darkned room:
 And her breath proves that Spices do,
 Only in Scorched Countries grow:
 If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears;
 Tho' all o'er black, at Lips she Jewels wears.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy,
 As she in *Vulcan's* arms did lie;
 Such is *Cassandra* and her Shroud:
 She looks like Snow within a Cloud:
 Melt then and yield! throw off thy mourning Pall;
 Thou never canst look white, until thou fall.

Amyntor Distracted Complains.



I Had a *Cloris* my Delight,
 Hey down, Hey down,
 With Hair as brown as Berries;
 Her Cheeks like Roses, Red and white,
 Her Lips more sweet than Cherries.

Tho' lovely Black, dwelt in her Eyes,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Like brightest Day that shin'd;
 And Hills of Snow upon her Breast,
 Made me, and all men blind.

She was so sweet, so kind, so free,
 Hey down, hey down,
 To kiss, to sport, and play;
 But all this was with none but me,
 So envy 't self will say.

She fed her Rock on yonder Plain,
 Hey down, hey down,
 'Tis wither'd now and dry;
 How can *Amyntor* longer live,
 When such things for her die?

Her

Her wandring Kids, look in my face,
Hey down, hey down,
And with dumb Tears express,
The want of *Cloris*, my true Love,
And their kind Shepherdess.

She lov'd me without fraud or guile,
Hey down, hey down,
But not for flocks or treasure;
And I was happy all the while,
But now woe worth all pleasure.

When she liv'd, I went fine and gay,
Hey down, hey down,
With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd;
But now I am (as Shepherds say)
The Emblem of Neglect.

Where are those pretty Garlands now,
Hey down, hey down,
Of Ivy and of Bays,
Which *Cloris* platted on my Brow,
For Singing in her praise?

With naked Legs and Arms I go,
Hey down, hey down,
For why the Clothes I wore,
With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many more,
Upon her Grave lie tore.

For woe is me, I should be warm,
Hey down, hey down,
Or any Comfort have,
As long as my dear *Cloris* lies,
So cold within her Grave.

I'll gather sticks, and make a fire,
Hey down, hey down,
To warm her where she lies,
Of Mirtles, Cypress, and Sweet-Bryer,
And then perhaps she'll rise.

To Young Virgins. A S O N G.



Virgins, if e'er at length it prove,
 My Destiny to be, to be in Love,
 Pray with me such a Fate:
 May Wit and Prudence be my guide,
 And may a little decent Pride,
 My Actions regulate.

S. Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
Pray with me such a Fate.

Such Stateliness I mean, as may
Keep Nauseous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,
But still oblige the Wise:
That may secure my Modesty,
And Guardian to my Honour be,
When Passion does arise.

S. Virgins, if e'er I am in love, &c.

When first a Lover I Commence,
May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense,
And Learned Education:
May all his Courtship easie be,
Neither too formal nor too free,
But wisely shew his Passion.

S. Virgins, &c.

May his Estate agree with mine,
That nothing look like a Design,
To bring us into Sorrow,
Grant me all this that I have said,
And winningly I'll lie a Maid,
No longer than to morrow.

S. Virgins, &c.

A SONG.



THe Sun had loos'd his weary Team,
 And turn'd his Steeds a grazing;
 Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptunes* stream,
 His *Tetheris* was embracing:
 The Stars they tripp'd in the firmament,
 Like Milk-maids on a *May-day*;
 Or Country Lasses a Mumming sent,
 Or School Boys on a Play-day.

Apace came on the grey-ey'd Morn,
 The Herds in fields were lowing;
 And 'mong the Poultry in the Barn,
 The Ploughman's Cock fate crowing:
 When *Roger* dreaming of Golden joys,
 Was wak'd by a bawling rout Sir;
 For *Cissy* told him, he needs must rise,
 His *Fuggy* was crying out Sir.

Not half so quickly, the Cups go round,
 At the tapping a good Ale-Firkin;
 As Roger Hosen and Shoon had found,
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
 Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
 With Pillion on Buttock right, Sir,
 And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
 To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

Up, up, dear Mother, then Roger cries,
 The Fruit of my Labour's now come;
 In Fuggy's Belly, it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out 'till you come.
 I'll help it, cries the old Hag, ne'er doubt,
 Thy Fug, shall be well again, Boy;
 I'll get the Urahin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in, Boy.

The Mare now Buffles with all her feet,
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
 At last into the good House they get,
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:
 A female Chit so small was born,
 They put it into a Flagon;
 And must be christen'd that very Morn,
 For fear it should die a Pagan.

Now Roger struts about the Hall,
 As great as the Prince of Condy;
 The Midwife crys, her Parts are small,
 But they will grow larger one day:
 What tho' her Thighs and Legs lie close,
 And little as any Spider;
 They will, when up to her Teens she grows,
 By grace of the Lord lie wider.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
 The Gossips were void of shame too;
 In butter'd Ale, the Priest half drown'd,
 Demands the Infant's Name too.

Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint;
For she would have it *Cunicula*,
'Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

Thus *Cunny* of *Winchester* was known,
And famous in *Kent* and *Dover*;
And highly rated in *London Town*,
And courted the Kingdom over:
The Charms of *Cunny* by Sea and Land,
Subdues each humane Creature;
And will our stubborn Hearts command,
Whilst there is a Man in Nature.

A SONG.



Four and twenty *Fidlers* all in a row,
And there was Fidle, fidle, and twice Fidle, fidle
'Cause 'twas my Lady's Birth-day,
Therefore we kept Holy-day,
And all went to be Merry.

Four and twenty *Drummers* all in a row,
And there was Tan tarra rara, tan, tan tarra rara,
rara, rara rar, there was Rub, &c.

Four and twenty *Tabors* and *Pipers* all in a row,
And there was whif and Dub, and tan tarra rara, &c.

Four and twenty *Women* all in a row,
And there was Tittle, Tattle, and twice Prittle Prattle ;
And Whif and Dub, &c.

Four and twenty *Singing-men* all in a row,
And there was Fa la, la, la, la ; Fa la, la, la, la ;
And there was Tittle, &c.

Four and twenty *Fencing-masters* all in a row,
And this and that and down to the Legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'um off, And Fa, &c.

Four and twenty *Lamyers* all in a row,
And there was *Omne Quod exit in um damno sed*
Plus Damno Decorum, and there was this and that &c.

Four and twenty *Vintners* all in a row,
And there was Rare *Claret* and *White*, I ne'er drunk
Worse in my life, and Excellent good *Canary* drawn off
The Lees of *Sberry*, if you do not like it,
Omne Quod, &c.

Four and twenty *Parliament Men* all in a row,
And there was Loyalty and Reason without a word
Of Treason, and there was rare *Claret*, &c.

Four and twenty *Dutch-men* all in a row,
And there was *Alter Malter Van ter Dyken Skapen Kopen*
de Higue, Van Rettyck, Van tonflick de Brille, Van Boerst-
yck Van Foerslick and Soartrag Van Hogan Herien-Van-
Donck, Rare Claret and White, &c.

A SONG.



A Beggar got a Beadle;
 A Beadle got a Yeoman;
 A Yeoman got a Prentice,
 And a Prentice got a Free-man:
 The Free-man got a Master,
 The Master got a Lease;
 The Lease made him a Gentle-man,
 And Justice of the Peace.

The Justice being Rich,
 And Gallant in desire;
 He Marry'd with a Lady,
 And so he got a Squire:
 The Squire got a Knight,
 Of courage Bold and Stout;
 The Knight he got a Lord,
 And so it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl,
 His Country he forsook;
 He Travell'd into Spain,
 And there he got a Duke:

The Duke he got a Prince,
 The Prince a King of hope;
 The King he got an Emperor,
 The Emperor got a Pope.

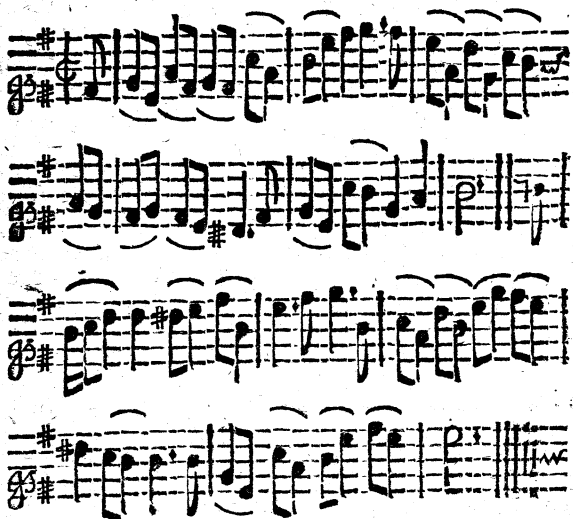
Thus as it was feigned,
 The Pedigree did run;
 The Pope he got a *Fryer*,
 The *Fryer* he got a *Nun*;
 The *Nun* by chance did stumble,
 And on her back she sunk,
 The *Fryer* fell a top of her,
 And so they got a *Monk*.

The *Monk* he had a Son,
 With whom he did Inhabit;
 Who when the Father died,
 The Son became Lord *Abbot*:
 Lord *Abbot* had a Maid,
 And he catcht her in the dark;
 And something he did to her,
 And so begot a Clark.

The Clark he got a Sexton,
 The Sexton got a digger;
 The digger got a *Preband*,
 The *Preband* got a *Vicar*;
 The *Vicar* got an Attorney,
 The which he took in snuff;
 The Attorney got a *Barrister*,
 The *Barrister* got a ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counsel,
 Good Counsel got a Fee;
 The Fee did get a Motion,
 That it might Pleased be:
 The Motion got a Judgment,
 And so it came to pass;
 A Beggars Bratt, a Scolding Knave,
 A Crafty Lawyer was.

A New BALLAD upon a Wedding.



THe Sleeping *Thames* one morn I cross'd,
 By two contending *Charons* toft;
 I landed and I found,
 By, one of *Neptune's* juggling Tricks,
 Enchanted *Thames* was turn'd to *Styx*,
 Lambeth th' *Elysian* Ground.

The Dirty Linkboy of the Day,
 To make himself more fresh and gay,
 Had spent five Hours, and more;
 Scarce had he comb'd and curl'd his Hare,
 When out there comes a brighter Fair,
 Eclips'd him o'er and o'er.
 The dazl'd Boy wou'd have retir'd,
 But durst not, because he was hir'd.

To light the purblind Skies:
 But all on earth, will swear and say,
 They saw no other Sun that Day,
 Nor heav'n but in her Eyes.

Her starry Eyes, both warm and shine,
 And her dark Brows, do them enshrine,
 Like Love's Triumphal Arch:
 Their Firmament is Red and White,
 Whilst the other Heav'n is but bedight,
 With *Indigo* and *Starch*.

Her face a Civil War had bred,
 Betwixt the White Rose and the Red:
 Then Troops of Blushes came,
 And charg'd the White with Might and main,
 But stoutly were repuls'd again,
 Retreating back with shame.

Long was the War, and sharp the Fight;
 It lasted dubious until Night,
 Which wou'd to the other yield:
 At last the Armies both stood still,
 And left the Bridegroom at his Will,
 The Pillage of the Field.

But, oh, such Spoils! which to compare,
 A Throne is but a rotten Chair,
 And Scepters are but sticks:
 The Crown it self, 'twere but a Bonnet,
 If her Possession lay upon it,
 What Prince wou'd not here fix?

Heaven's Master-piece, Divinest frame,
 That e'er was spoke of yet by Fame,
 Rich Nature's utmost Stage;
 The Harvest of all former years,
 The past's disgrace, the future's fears,
 And glory of this Age.

Thus

Thus so the Parson's Shop they trade,
And a slight bargain there is made,

To make Him her Supreme :
The Angels pearch'd about her Light,
And Saints themselves had Appetite,
But I will not blaspheme.

The Parson did his Conscience ask,
If he were fit for such a Task,

And cou'd perform his Duty ?
Then straight the Man put on the Ring,
The Emblem of another Thing,
When Strength is joyn'd to Beauty.

A modest Cloud her Face invades,
And wraps it up in Sarsnet Shades,
While thus they mingle hands;
And then she was oblig'd to say,
Those Bug-bear Words, Love and Obey,
But meant her owa Commands.

The envious Maids, lookt round about,
To see what One, wou'd take them out,
To terminate their Pains;
For tho' they Covet, and are Cross,
Yet still they value more one Loss,
Than many thousand Gains.

Knights of the Garter, two were call'd,
Knights of the Shoe-string, two install'd,
And all were bound by Oath,
No further than the Knee to pass;
But oh! the Squire of the Body was
A better Place than both.

A tedious Feast protracts the time,
For eating now, was but a crime,

And all that interpos'd;
 For like two Duellists they stood,
 Panting for one anothers Blod d,
 And longing till they clos'd.

Then came the Jovial Musick in,
 And many a merry *Violin*,
 That Life and Soul of Legs:
 Th' impatient Bridegroom would not stay;
 Good Sir, cry they, what Man can play,
 Till he's wound up his pegs?

But then he dances till he reels,
 For Love and Joy, had wing'd his Heels,
 And puts the Hours to flight:
 He leapt and Skipt, and seem'd to say,
 Come Boys, I'll drive away the Day,
 And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride, with murd'ring Arts,
 Walks round, and brandishes her Darts,
 To give the deeper Wound:
 Her beauteous Fabrick, with such grace,
 Ensnares a Heart, at every pace,
 And kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no ground,
 And slyly draws her Nets around,
 Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses:
 Then makes a Curtsie with a Glance,
 And strikes each Lover in a Trance,
 That Arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,
 Daring of Larks over a Green,
 His fierce occasion tarry;
 Dances about them as they fly,
 And gives them sport before they die,
 Then stoops and kills the Quarry.

Her Sweat, like Honey-drops did fall,
And Stings of Beauty pierc'd us all,
Her shape was so exact:
Of wax she seemed fram'd alive;
But had her Gown too been a Hive,
How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus Envious Time prolong'd the Day,
And stretcht the prologue to the Play,
Long stopt the sluggish Watch:
At last a Voice came from above,
Which call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,
To consummate the Match.

But (as if Heav'n wou'd it retard)
A Banquet comes, like the Night-Guard,
Which stay'd them half the Night:
The Bridegroom then with's Men retir'd;
The Train was laying to be fir'd,
He went his Match to light.

When he return'd, his Hopes was crown'd,
An Angel in the Bed he found,
So glorious was her Face:
Amaz'd he stopt——but then, quoth He,
Tho' 'tis an Angel, 'tis a She,
And leap'd into his place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
Bless'd with a thousand pleasing Charms,
In Raptures of Delight;
Reaping at once, and sowing Joys,
For Beauty's Manna never cloy's,
Nor fills the Appetite.

But what was done, sure was no more,
Than that which had been done before,
When she her self was made;
Something was lost, which none found out,
And He that had it cou'd not shew't,
Sure 'tis a Jugling trade.

A SONG.



P*Hillis* at first seem'd much afraid,
 much afraid, much afraid,
 Yet when I kiss'd, she soon repay'd:
 Could you but see, could you but see,
 What I did more, you'd envy me,
 What I did more, you'd envy me,
 You'd envy me.

We then so sweetly were employ'd,
 The height of Pleasure we enjoy'd;
 Could you but see, could you but see,
 You'd say so too, if you saw me,
 You'd say so too, if you saw me,
 If you saw me.

She was so Charming, Kind, and Free,
 - None ever could more Happy be;

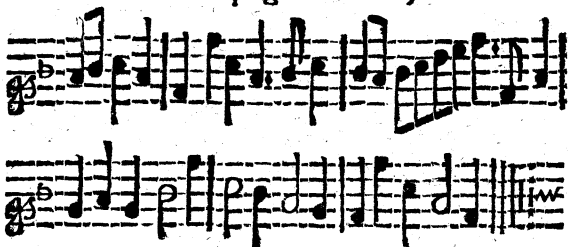
Could you but see, could you but see,
Where I was then, you'd wish to be,
Where I was then, you'd wish to be,
You'd wish to be.

All the Delights we did express,
Yet craving more still to possess:
Could you but see, could you but see,
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me?
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me;
Why was't not me?

Ladies, if how to Love you'd know,
She can inform what we did do;
But cou'd you see, but cou'd you see,
You'd cry aloud, The next is me;
You'd cry aloud, The next is me,
The next is me.

A SONG.





TO Horfe, brave Boys of *New-market*, to Horfe,
 You'll loſe the Match by longer delaying;
 The Gelding juſt now was led over the Courſe,
 I think the Devil's in you for ſtaying:
 Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,
 Bets may recover all loſt at the Groom-Porters.
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch;
 Take the odds, and then you'll be rich.

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride,
 And hold a thouſand pounds of his ſide, Sir:
Dragon would ſcower it, but *Dragon* grows old;
 He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
 As lately he could:
 Age, Age, does hinder the Speed, Sir.

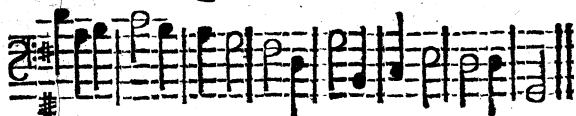
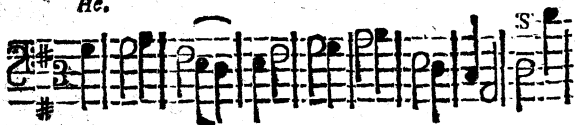
Now, now, now they come on, and ſee,
 See the Horſe lead the way ſtill;
 Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,
 Five hundred Pounds upon the Brown Bay ſtill:

Pox on the Devil, I fear we have loſt,
 For the Dog, the *Blew Bonnet*, has run it,
 A Plague light upon it,

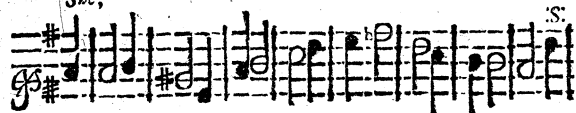
The wrong ſide the Poſt;
 Odzounds, was ever ſuch Fortune?

A SONG.

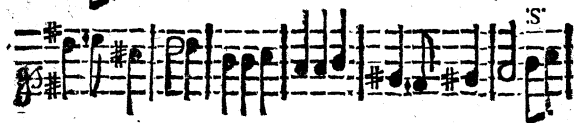
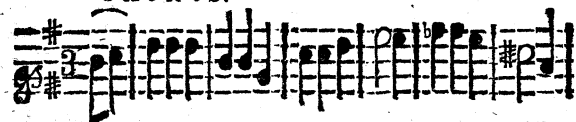
He.



She,



CHORUS.



John. **C**ome Fug, my Honey, let's to bed,
It is no Sin, sin we are wed;
For when I am near thee by desire,
I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Fug.

Fug.

To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,
 Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;
 All Night within my Arms shalt be,
 And rise each Morn as fresh as he.

CHO.

*Come on then, and couple together,
 Come all, the Old and the Young,
 The Short and the Tall;
 The richer than Cræsus,
 And poorer than Job,
 For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,
 That Peoples the Globe.*

John.

My Heart and all's at thy command?
 And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,
 Yet six fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,
 I think, my *Fug*, is Wealth enow.

Fug.

A Wheel, six Platters, and a spoon,
 A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon;
 My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall
 And something under best of all.

Chor. *Come on then, &c.*

A SONG.



From

FROM Twelve years old, I oft have been told,
A Pudding it was a delicate bit,
I can remember my Mother has said,
what a delight she had to be fed,

with a Pudding.

Thirteen being past, I long'd for to taste,
What Nature or Art, could make it so sweet,
For many gay Lasses, about my age,
Perpetually speak on't, that puts me in a rage,
For a Pudding.

Now at Fifteen, I often have seen,
Most Maids to admire it so,
That their Humour and Pride is to say,
O what delight they have for to play,
with a Pudding.

When I am among, some Wives that are young,
Who think they shall never give it due praise,
It is sweet, It is good, It is pleasant still,
They cry, they think they shall ne'er have their fill,
Of a Pudding

The greater sort of the Town and the Court,
When met, their tongues being tip't with Wine,
How merry and Jocund their Tattles do run,
To tell how they ended and how they begun,
with a Pudding.

Some antient Wives, who most of their lives,
Have daily tasted of the like food,
Now for want of supplies, do swear and grumble,
That still they're able enough, to mumble,
A Pudding.

Now, now I find, Cat will to kind,
Since all my heart, and blood is on fire,
I am resolv'd what ever comes on't,
My Fancy no longer shall suffer the want,
Of a Pudding. For

For I'll to *John*, who says he has one,
 That's cram'd as close as a Cracker or Squib,
 Who ever is telling me when we do meet,
 of the wishing desires and sweetness they get,
In a Pudding.

I thought at first, it never would burst,
 It was as hard as grissel or bone,
 But by the rowling and trowling about,
 How kindly and sweetly the Marrow flew out.
Of his Pudding.

Well, since I ne'er, was fed with such geer,
 Until my *John* did prove so kind,
 I made a request to prepare again,
 That I might continue in Love with the strain,
Of his Pudding.

Then fraight he brought, what I little thought,
 Could ever have been in its former plight,
 He rumbl'd and jumbl'd me o'er and o'er,
 Till I found he had almost wasted the store,
Of his Pudding.

Then the other mess, I begg'd him to dress,
 Which by my Assistance was brought to pass,
 But by his dulness, and moving so slow,
 I quickly perceiv'd the stuffing grew low,
In his Pudding.

Tho' he grew cold, my Stomach did hold,
 With vigour to relish the other bit,
 But all he could do, could not furnish again,
 For he swore he had left, little more than the skin,
Of his Pudding.

A New SONG, upon the Robin-red-breasts's
attending Queen Mary's Hearse in Westminster Abby.



ALL You that lov'd our Queen alive,
Now dead lament her fate;
And take a walk to Westminster,
To see her lie in State.

Amongst all other Glorious sights,
A wonder you may see,
A Bird, or something like a Bird,
Attend her Majesty.

Sometimes it hops, sometimes it flies,
Then perches o'er the Hearse;
Then strains, its throat and sings a Note,
That's neither Prose nor Verse.

The Tune is solemn as if Sett,
To fit some doleful Ditty;
In lamentation for the Queen,
To move all Hearts to pity.

A perfect Bird, it seem to be,
In Feathers, Bill, and Wings;
Nor is there Feather'd Creatures else,
That hops, and flies, and Sings.

But

But what Bird 'twas not known, until,
 One Wiser than the rest;
 Affirm'd that he a *Robin* was,
 And prov'd it by his Breast.

I call it, He, not She, because,
 It Sings, and Cocks its Tail;
 Which that no Female *Robin* doth,
 I'll hold a Pot of Ale.

This Bird abides about the Hearse,
 Most part of every day;
 Nor can you fail, to hear him Sing,
 Unless the Organs play.

For Organ Pipes, b'ing wider much,
 Than *Robin-red-breast's* throats;
 Their noise must needs be loud enough,
 To drown one *Robin's* Notes.

Some say this Bird, an Angel is,
 If so, we hope 'tis good;
 But why an Angel? why forsooth,
 They say, he takes no food.

But that the *Robin* lives by meat,
 Is true without dispute;
 For tho', none ever saw him Eat,
 Enough have seen him Mute.

And that sometimes undecently,
 Upon the Statue-Royal;
 Which made some call him *Jacobite*,
 Or otherwise illoyal.

The *Papists* say, this Bird's a Fiend,
 Which haunts Queen *Mary's* Ghost;
 And by its wrestless motion shews,
 How her poor Soul is tost,

But why then is this pretty Bird,
So lively brisk and merry?
This rather proves the Queen at ease,
And safe from *Purgatory*.

An old Star-gazing * Taylor says,
This frolick Bird proclaims;
How glad all such as he would be,
To welcome home *King James*.

* *Gadbury a
Jacobite Alma-
nack maker.*

And *Partridge*, who can make both Shoes, *Partridge a
Shoe-maker,*
And Almanacks to boot;
Says by this Bird assuredly,
Some plot is still on foot. *now makes
Almanacks.*

For having like an Augur, watch'd,
Which way he took his flight;
The *Robin* flew on his left-hand,
And not upon the right.

A Bird once in *Rome's* Capitol,
Said all * things shall be well;
And why this harmless *Robin* should,
Bode ill I cannot tell.

* *ἔσαι πάντα
καλῶς.
Suetonius in the
Life of Domi-
tian.*

All we can guess, is from this Bird's
Appearing still alone;
Which represents our Kings *Sole* case,
Now his fair Queen is gone.

The *Robin* may have lost his Mate,
So hath *King William* his;
And that he may well match again,
Our hearty Prayer is.

A SONG.



IF Musick be the food of Love,
 Sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on,
 Till I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy;
 For then my listning Soul you move,
 For then my listning Soul you move,
 With pleasures that can never cloy;
 Your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue declare,
 That you are Musick ev'ry where.

Pleasures invade both Eye, and Ear,
 So fierce the transports are, they wound;
 And all my Senses feasted are,
 Tho' yet the Treat is only sound.
 Sure I must perish by your Charms,
 Unless you save me in your Arms.

A SONG.



Damon why will you die for Love,
 Yet ne'er your flames discover;
 Be wise and soon that pain remove,
 Or tell the Nymph (or tell the Nymph) you Love her:
 As in each of her' fierce disdain,
 So in Love's cruel Anguish:
 He who wants Sense to beg for ease,
 Deserves, (deserves in pain, in pain,
 Deserves) in pain to Languish.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,
 Like her their minds they vary;
 Perhaps this day tho' *Celia's* Cold,
 With you the next She'll Marry:
 Besure be true if She is kind,
 If cruel then forget her;
 With little pains you soon will find,
 A Nymph who'll use you better.

A SONG.



You understand no tender Vows,
 Of fervent and eternal Love;
 That Lover will his labour lose,
 Who does with sighs and tears propose,
 Your Heart to move:
 But if he talk of settling Land,
 A House in Town, and Coach maintain'd,
 You understand, you understand.

You understand no Charm in Wit,
 In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
 To any Fop you will submit,
 The Nauseous Clown, or fulsome Citty,
 If rich they are,
 Who Guineas can may you command,
 Put Gold, and then put in your—
 You understand, you understand.

A SONG.



HOW Vile are the Sordid Intrigues of the Town,
 Cheating and Lying continually sway;
 From Bully and Punck, to the Politick Gown,
 In Plotting and Sotting, they waste the day:
 All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,
 The *French* and the Wars is always the cry,
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
 Ah curse of this jarring, what luck have I.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
 Into my Conjugal Fetters to bring;
 I planted my snare too, for one lov'd Arms,
 But found his design was another thing:
 From the Court Province, down to the dull Citty,
 Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are shy;
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
 Ah pox of the *Monsieur*, what luck have I?

A SONG.



Since roving of late,
 Is as fatal as War;
 And no Female sinners,
 Will deal on the square;

Since

Since to keep's out of Fashion,
And drains the poor Cully;
While his Miss at his cost,
Keeps some rascally Bully.

Since Mistresses sell,
And Wives buy the Pleasure;
And to wed or be constant's,
The same in some Measure;
As soon as I can,
I will leave Fornication,
And get a good Wife,
If there's one in the Nation.

One modestly free,
Not too proud of her Means;
And tho' she writes Woman,
Not out of her Teens,
Not indebted to Art,
For her Wit nor her Beauty,
Yet whose Charms daily prompt me,
To Family Duty.

Who visits the Church,
Tho' custom can't move her,
To play there at Bo-peep,
Cross Pew with a Lover:
Yet let her with care,
Shun a contrary evil,
Left Angel at Church,
Prove at home a meer Devil.

Not one who to noose,
Some young *Bubble* bestows,
Her whole slender Fortune,
In Trifles and Cloaths;

102 . *Pills to purge Melancholy.*

Nor an over-fond Dotard,
Who Palls ev'ry pleasure,
While for Bottle or Friend,
She would leave me no leisure.

Nor one kind and gay,
Like some before Wedlock,
Then a Slut and a Shrew,
When she holds me in Fetlock :
Nor will I in haste,
My dear liberty barter,
Left, thinking to catch,
I am caught by a *Tartar*.

My Mistress much Sense,
And all Vertues admit,
And joyn to good humour,
Wealth, Beauty and Wit ;
With a fervent affection,
She always must love me,
And no Beauty but hers,
E're be able to move me.

Oh! such may she be,
Who shall tempt me to Marry;
If there is no such she,
Till there is, I must tarry :
And when she is found,
I'll no more be a Rover,
But wed her with speed,
And, what's stranger I'll Love her.

The surpriz'd Nymph. A SONG.



THe four and twentieth day of May,
 Of all days in the year;
 A Virgin Lady fresh and gay,
 Did privately appear:
 Hard by a River side got she,
 And did sing loud the rather;
 Cause she was sure, she was secure,
 And had intent to bathe her.

With glittering, glancing, jealous Eyes,
 She slyly looks about;
 To see if any lurking spies,
 Were hid to find her out:
 And being well resolv'd that none,
 Cou'd see her Nakedness;
 She pull'd her Robes off, one by one,
 And did her self undress.

Her purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,
 Her Ivory Hands unpin'd;
 It wou'd have made a Coward bold,
 Or tempted a Saint to 'a sinn'd:
 She turn'd about and look't around,
 Quoth She, I hope I'm safe;
 Then her Rosey Petti-coat,
 She presently put off.

The snow white Smock which she had on,
 Transparently to deck her;
 Look'd like Cambrick or Lawn,
 Upon an Alabaster Picture:
 Thro' which array, I did faintly spy,
 Her Belly and her Back;
 Her Limbs were straight, and all was white,
 But that which should be black.

Into a fluent stream she leapt,
 She lookt like *Venus* glafs;
 The Fishes from all quarters crept,
 To see what Angel 'twas:
 She did so like a Vision look,
 Or fancy in a Dream;
 'Twas thought the Sun the Skies forsook,
 And dropt into the stream.

Each Fish did wish himself a Man,
 About her all was drawn;
 And at the sight of her began,
 To spread abroad their Spawn:
 She turn'd to swim upon her Back,
 And so display'd her Banner;
 If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,
 He wou'd have dropt upon her.

A Lad that long her Love had been,
 And cou'd obtain no Grace;
 For all her prying lay unseen,
 Hid in a secret place:

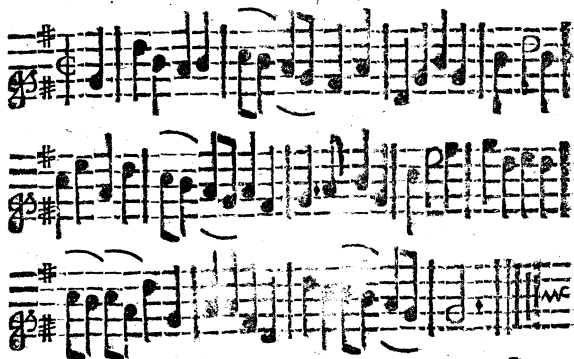
Who

Who had often beed repuls'd,
When he did come to Woe her;
Pull'd off his Cloaths and furiously,
Did run and leap into her.

She squeak'd, she cry'd, and down she Div'd,
He brought her up again;
He brought her o're upon the shore,
And then——and then——and then——
As *Adam* did Old *Eve* enjoy,
You may guess what I mean;
Because she all uncover'd lay,
He cover'd her again.

With water'd Eyes, she pants and crys,
I'm utterly undone;
If you will not be wed to me,
E'er the next morning Sun:
He answer'd her, he ne'er wou'd fir,
Out of her sight till then;
We'll both clap hands, in wedlock bands,
Marry and to't again.

A S O N G. New Sett by Mr. Church.



Leave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy vow,
 And fall again to *drinking*,
 That *Beauties* that want *Sack* allow,
 Is hardly worth thy thinking,
Dry love or *small* can never hold,
 And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold.

Doeſt think by turning *Anchorite*;
 Or a dull *Small-Beer* ſinner,
 Thy cold embraces can invite,
 Or ſprightleſs *Courtiſhip* win her,
 No 'tis *Canary* that inſpires,
 'Tis *Sack* like *Oyl*, gives *Flames* to am'rous *Fires*.

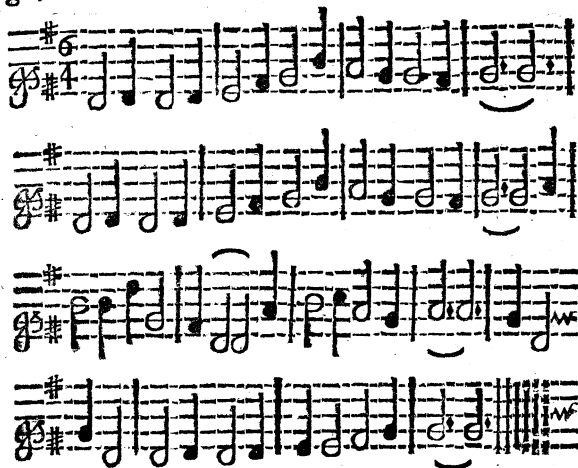
This makes the *chant* thy Miſtreſs name,
 And to the Heavens raiſe her;
 And range this univerſal frame,
 For *Epithets* to praiſe her,
 Low liquors render brains unwitty,
 And ne'er provoke to *love*, but move to pitty.

Then be thy ſelf, and take thy *Glaſs*,
 Leave off this dry *Devotion*,
 Thou muſt like *Neptune*, court thy laſt,
 Wallowing in *Nectar's Ocean*,
 Let's offer to each Ladies ſhrine,
 A full crown'd bowl, here's a health to thine.

A SONG, New Sett by Mr. Church.



The Devil's Progress on Earth, or Huggle Duggle, &c.



Frier Bacon walks again,
 And Doctor Forster too;
 Proserpine and Pluto,
 And many a Goblin more:
 With that a merry Devil,
 To make the Airidg, vow'd;
 Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
 The Devil laugh'd aloud.

Why think you that he laugh'd,
 Forsooth he came from Court;
 And there amongst the Gallants,
 Had spy'd such pretty Sport:
 There was such cunning Jugling,
 And Ladys gon so proud;
 Huggle Duggle, &c.

With

With that into the City,
Away the Devil went;
To view the Merchants Dealings,
It was his full intent:
And there along the brave Exchange,
He crept into the Croud,
Huggle Duggle, &c.

He went into the City,
To see all there was well;
Their Scales were false, their weights were light;
Their Conscience fit for Hell:
And *Panders* chosen Magistrates,
And *Puritans* allow'd,
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the Country,
Away the Devil goeth;
For there is all plain Dealing,
For that the Devil knoweth:
But the Rich Man reaps the Gains,
For which the poor Man plough'd.
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that the Devil in haste,
Took post away to Hell;
And call'd his fellow Furies,
And told them all on Earth was well;
That Falshood there did flourish,
Plain Dealing was in a Cloud.
Huggle Duggle Ha? ha? ha?
The Devils laugh'd aloud.

A SONG, New Sett by Mr. Church.

Like a Ring without a finger,
 Or a Bell without a Ringer,
 Like a Horse was never ridden;
 Or a Feast, and no Guests bidden;
 Like a Well without a Bucket,
 Or a Rose if no man pluck it;
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The Ring, if worn, the finger decks,
 The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks,
 The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,
 The Feast doth please, if Guest be bidden;
 The Bucket draws the water forth,
 The Rose when pluckt, is still more worth;
 Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like

Like to the Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Freight,
Like a lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day,
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear best fruit,
There's Musick in the finger'd Lute,
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready:
The Freight doth make the Barque go steady:
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's useful in the Night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like a Call with *Anon Sir*,
Or a Question and no answer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd:
Or a Mine was never digg'd:
Like a Wound without a Tent,
Or Silver box without a Scent:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

Th' *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,
The Civil answer pleaseth all:
Who rigs a Ship, Sails with the wind,
Who digs a Mine, doth Treasure find:
The wound by wholesome Tent hath ease,
The Box perfum'd the Senses please?
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commandation, and no token:
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it;

Like

Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher :
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,
The Token doth adorn the Greet,
There's Triumph in the Fort being won,
The Man rides glorious in the Moon,
The School is by the Teacher fill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd,
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies,

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd,
Like the Gold was never try'd,
Or the Ground unoccupied;
Like a House that's not possessed,
Or a Book was never press'd;
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
Due Season sweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd from dross is pur'd,
There's Profit in the Ground Mannur'd;
The House is by Possession Graced,
The Book well press'd is most embraced;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies.

A SONG.



AS I sat at my Spinning-Wheel,
 A bonny Lad there passed by,
 I ken'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,
 Geud Faith he had a bonny Eye:
 My heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
 As he my presence did draw near,
 And round about my slender Wasse,
 He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd:
 To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,
 As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk white Hand he did Extol,
 And prais'd my Fingers long and small,
 And said, there was no Lady fair,
 That ever could with me compare:
 Those pleasing words my Heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho'

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he would never be deny'd,
But did declare his Love the more,
Until my heart was wounded sore;
That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,
And after that my spinning-wheel,
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder Mead :
My panting heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He stop'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,
Now speed the wheel, my bonny Maid,
But if thou'st to the Hay-Cock go,
I'll learn thee better Work I trow,
Gent Faith, I lik'd him passing weel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonnet oft,
And sweetly kist my Lips so soft,
Yet still between each honey Kiss,
He urg'd me on to farther bliss;
'Till I resistless fire did feel,
Then let alone my spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
What Damsel ever could deny,
A Youth with such a Charming Eye?
The Pleasure I cannot reveal,
It far surpass the spinning-wheel.

The Answer; to the same Tune.

UPon a sunshine Summers day,
When every Tree was green and gay,
The Morning blusht with *Phæbus* ray,
Just then ascending from the Sea :
As *Silvia* did a hunting ride,
A lovely Cottage he espy'd ;
Where lovely *Cloe* spianing sat ;
And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,
Her curling Hair was lovely brown,
Her rowling Eyes all hearts did win,
And white as down, of Swans her Skin :
So taking her, plain dress appears,
Her Age not passing sixteen years,
The Swain lay sighing at her foot,
Yet still she turn'd her wheel about.

Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy mind,
Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
Was ne'er design'd for Woods and Groves ;
Come, come with me, to Court my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honour there ;
And leave this Rural fordid rout,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

At this, with some few modest sighs,
She turns to him her Charming eyes,
Ah! tempt me Sir, no more she cries,
Nor seek my weakness to surprize ;
I know your Art's to be believ'd,
I know how Virgins are deceiv'd ;
Then let me thus, my Life wear out,
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

116 *Pills to purge Melancholy.*

By that dear painting Breast cries he,
And yet unseen divinity;
Nay by my Soul that rests in thee,
I swear this cannot, must not be;
Ah! cause not my eternal woe,
Nor kill the Man that loves thee so;
But go with me and ease my doubt,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

His cunning Tongue so play'd its part,
He gain'd admission to her heart;
And now she thinks it is no Sin,
To take Loves fatal poison in;
But ah! too late she found her fault,
For he her Charms had soon forgot;
And left her e'er the year ran out,
In tears to turn her Wheel about.

A SONG. New Sett by Mr. Church.



A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
 There's none leads a life more jocund than he,
 A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,
 A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came,
 If as it begins our tradings do fall,
 We in the Conclusion, shall Beggars be all.
*Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,
 And few men are thriving, but Courtiers and Players.*

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
 A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,
 A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for Pelf,
 A Lifter my Aunt, and a Beggar my self;
 In white wheaten straw, when their Belly's were full,
 Then I was got between a Tinker and a Trull.
*And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
 For there's none leads a life more jocund than be.*

When boys do come to us, and that their intent is,
 To follow our Calling, we ne'er bind 'em Prentice;
 Soon as they come to't, we teach them to do't,
 And give them a staff and a wallet to boot,
 We teach them their *Lingua*, to Crave and to Cant,
 The Devil is in them, if then they can want.
*And he, or she, that a Beggar will be,
 Witbout Indentures they shall be made free.*

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens,
 We feast it with a Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
 For Churches Affairs, we are no men-slayers,
 We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers,
 But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purse,
 We charge and give fire, with a volley of Curses.
*The Devil confound your good Worship we cry,
 And such a bold brazen fac'd beggar am I.*

We do things in season, and have so much reason,
 We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason,
 We bill all our Mates, at very low Rates,
 Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the gates,
 With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blue-cap or Teague,
 We into no Covenant enter, nor League.
*And therefore a honny bold Beggar I'll be,
 For none lives a life, more merry then be.*

For such petty pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
 We are not in fear, to be drawn upon Sledges,
 But sometimes the whip, doth make us to skip,
 And then we from Tything to Tything do trip,
 For when in a poor bouzing-kan we do bib it,
 We stand more in dread, of the Stocks than the Gibbet.
*And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,
 For when it is night, in the barn tumbles be.*

We throw down no Alter, nor never do falter,
 So much as to change, a gold chain for a Halter,
 Tho' some men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
 We commonly bear forty pieces about us:
 But many good Fellows, are fine and look fiercer,
 That owe for their Cloaths, to the Taylor and Mercer.
*And if from the Stocks, I can keep out my feet,
 I fear not the Compter, Kings-Bench, nor the Fleet.*

Sometimes I do frame, my self to be lame,
 And when a Coach comes, I hop to my game,
 We seldom miscarry, or ever do marry,
 By the Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory;
 But *Simon* and *Susan*, like birds of a Feather,
 They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.
*Like Pigs in the Pea-straw, intangled they lie,
 Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.*

A SONG.



I Went to the Ale-house as an honest Woman shou'd,
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every degree,
I'll tell you by and by, how this Knave serv'd me.

I call'd for my pot as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I went into my Bed as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I proved with Child as an honest Woman shou'd,
And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, in every degree,
And thus have I told you, how this Knave serv'd me.

A SONG on a Wedding, New Sett by Mr. Clark.



Now that Love's Holiday is come,
 And Madg the Maid hath swept the room,
 And trim'd her Spit and Pot;
 Awake my merry Muse and Sing,
 The Revels and that other thing,
 That must not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd 'tis said,
 Clorinda broke out of her bed,
 Like Cynthia in her pride;
 Where all the Maiden Lights that were,
 Compriz'd within our Hemisphere,
 Attended at her side.

But wot you then, with much ado,
 They dress'd the Bride from top to toe!
 And brought her from her Chamber;
 Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
 More sumptuous than the live-long day,
 Or Stars inshrind in Amber.

The

The sparkling bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipsed Suns did rise,
Beneath her Crystal brow;
To shew like those strange accidents,
Some sudden changeable events,
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed,
Prefag'd the blustering night,
With his encircling arms and shade,
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips those threads of Scarlet die,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lie,
Legions of sweets did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
O! crop me! crop me! whilst you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her breasts those melting *Alps* of snow;
On whose fair hills in open show,
The *God of Love* lay napping;
Like swelling Buts of lively wine,
Upon their Ivory Tilts did shine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waste that tender type of man,
Was but a small and single span,
Yet I dare safely swear,
He that whole thousands has in fee,
Would forfeit all so he might be,
Lord of the Mannour there.

But now before I pass the line,
 Pray, *Reader*, give me leave to dine,
 And pause here in the middle;
 The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
 With all the *Hymeneal* flock,
 The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

Whenas the *Priest Clarinda* sees,
 He star'd as't had been half his fees,
 To gaze upon her face:
 And if the spirit did not move,
 His countenance was far above,
 Each sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their hands,
 And hamper'd them in Marriage bands,
 As fast as fast may be:
 Where still methinks, methinks, I hear,
 That secret sigh in every ear,
 Once, love, remember me.

Which done, the *Cook* he knockt amain,
 And up the dishes in a train,
 Came smoaking two and two;
 With that they wipt their Mouths and fate,
 Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
 Ay marry, and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impail'd the meat,
Roger and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
 Ralph and *Bess*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*,
 And *Valentine* eke with *Sybil* so sweet,
 Whose cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet,
 As round and as plump as a *Codling*.

When at the last they had fetch'd their frees,
And mired their stomachs quite up to their knees,
In Claret and good cheer;
Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
O! what kissing and clipping was there.

But as luck would have it, the *Parson* said grate,
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Lass by the fist,
And when he had squeez'd her, and gam'd her until
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,
He toll'd for the rest of the gift.

In sweat and in dust having wasted the Day,
They enter'd upon the last act of the play,
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground,
And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was found;
'T would have made a man's arm have stray'd.

This clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,
Half Bedded, like the peeping day,
Behind *Olympus* cap;
Whilst at her head each twittring Girl,
The fatal stocking quick did whirl,
to know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,
All disappointed in the bustle,
The Maidens had shav'd his breeches,
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a storm I can you tell,
He sav'd his other stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
 Even just as if a man had said,
 Fair Lady have at all;
 Where twist'd at the Hug they lay,
 Like *Venus* and the sprightly Boy,
 O! who wou'd fear the fall?

Thus both with Loves sweet Tapors fired,
 And thousand balmy kisses tired,
 They could not wait the rest;
 But out the folk and Candles fled,
 And to't they went, but what they did,
 There lies the Cream o'th' jest.

The Wife hater, to the foregoing Tune.

HE that intends to take a Wife,
 I'll tell him what a kind of Life,
 He must be sure to lead;
 If she's a young and tender heart,
 Not documented in Loves Art,
 Much teaching she will need.

For where there is no path one may,
 Be tir'd before he find the way;
 Nay when he's at his treasure;
 The gap perhaps will prove so straight,
 That he for entrance long may wait,
 And make a toil of's pleasure.

Or if one old and past her doing,
 He will the Chambermaid be wooing,
 To buy her ware the cheaper;
 But if he chuse one most formose,
 Ripe for't [she'll prove libidinous,
 Argus himself shan't keep her.

For when these things are neatly drest,
They'll entertain each wanton guest,
Nor for your honour care;
If any give their pride a fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withal,
So you their charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your game,
With a dull, fat gross, and heavy Dame,
Your riches to encrease,
Alas she will but jeer you for't,
Bid you to find out better sport,
Lie with a pot of grease.

If meager——be thy delight,
She'll conquer in veneral fight,
And waste thee to the bones;
Such kind of girls like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or else they'll grind the stones.

If black, 'tis odds she's dev'lish proud;
If short *Zantippe* like to loud,
If long she'll lazy be,
Foolish (the proverb says) if fair;
If wise and comely danger's there,
Left she do Cuckold thee.

If she bring store of Money, such,
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs. no good Wife:
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the house with scolding thunder,
What's worse than such a life.

126 *Pills to purge Melancholy.*

But if their Dowry only be,
Beauty, farewell felicity,
 Thy fortune's cast away;
Thou must be sure to satisfy her,
In Belly, and in Back desire,
 To labour night and day.

And rather than her pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore,
 And thou'lt *Alceon*'d be;
Whilst like *Alceon* thou mayest weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
 All such as devour thee.

If being Noble thou dost wed,
A servile Creature basely bred,
 Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear to exalt a Court-like horn,
 Thy low descent it graces.

If one Tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a Wife with many,
 Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for Learning honour,
To Scold by Book will take upon her,
 Rhetorically chide him.

If both her parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
 Or spoil your future fortune;
But if departed there this life,
You must be parent to your Wife,
 And father all be certain.

If bravely dress'd, fair Fac'd and Witty,
She'll oft be gadding to the City,
Nor can you say her nay;
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have terms, she knows not why,
But still to keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold there's less fear,
But stupid honesty,
May teach her how to sleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their blood agree,
Too near, where's consanguinity,
Then let no kin be chosen;
He loseth one part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure,
To th' arms of a first Cozen.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a Wife at second hand,
Then chuse no widow'd mother;
The first cut of that bit you love,
If others had, why maint you prove,
But taster to another.

Besides if she bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them she ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'll have none,
Whilst thou for weak back go.

For there where other Gardner's have been sowing,
Their seed but never could find it growing,

You must expect so too;

And where the *Terra incognita*,
So's plow'd you must it fallow lay,
And still for weak back go.

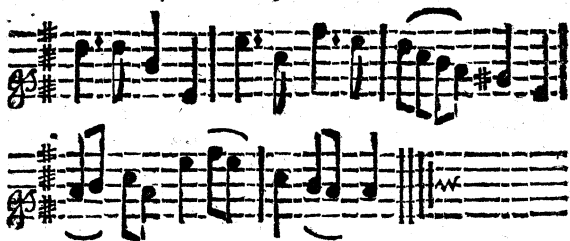
Then trust not a Maiden face,
Nor confidence in Widows place,
Those weaker vessels may;
Spring leak or split against a rock,
And when your fame's wrapt in a smock,
'Tis easily cast away.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your soul your life;
And one by one, them undermine,
As Courtezan, or Concubine,
But never as a married Wife.

*He who considers this, may end the strife,
Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.*

A SONG. New Sett by Mr. J. Clark.





IN faith 'tis true I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me so;
My resolutions they remove,
And former niceness overthrown.

Those glowing char-coals set on fire,
A heart, that former flames did shun,
Who as *Heretick* unto desire,
Now's judg'd to suffer *Martyrdom*.

But Beauty, since it is thy fate,
At distance thus to wound so sure;
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And see if distance prove a cure.

Then farewell Mistress, farewell Love,
Those lately entertain'd desires,
Wise men can from that plague remove;
Farewel black Eyes, and farewell fires.

If ever I my heart acquit,
Of those dull flames, I'll bid a pox,
On all black Eyes, and swear their fit,
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

A SONG.



Tom and Will were Shepherds Swains,
 They lov'd and liv'd together,
 When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
 Alas! why came she thither;
 For tho' they fed two several Flocks,
 They had but one desire,
Pastora's Eyes, and Amber Locks,
 Set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of honest gentle Race,
 By Father, and By Mother,
 And Will was noble, but alas!
 He was a younger Brother.

Tom was toyfome, *Will* was sad,
He Huntsman, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.

Tom would drink her Health, and swear,
The Nation could not want her,
Will could take her by the ear,
And with his voice inchant her.
Tom kept always in her sight,
And ne'r forgot his Duty,
Will was witty and could write,
Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.

Thus did she exercise her skill,
When both did dote upon her,
She graciously did use them still,
And still preserv'd her honour.
So cunning and so fair a she,
And of so sweet behaviour;
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he,
Was chiefly in her favour.

Which of those two she loved most,
Or whether she loved either,
'Tis thought they'll find it to their cost,
That she indeed lov'd neither,
For to the Court *Pastora's* gone,
'T had been no Court without her,
The Queen amongst all her train had none,
Was half so fair about her.

Tom hung his Dog, and threw away,
His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet,
Will burst his Pipes, and curst the day,
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

A SONG.



B Right was the Morning, cool was the Air,
 Scene was all the sky,
 When on the Waves I left my dear,
 The Center of my joy;
 Heaven and Nature smiling were,
 And nothing sad but I.

Each Rosie Field did Odours spread,
 All fragrant was the shore;
 Each River God rose from his Bed,
 And sigh'd and own'd her power:
 Curling their Waves they deck'd their heads,
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen,
 Her Heroe went to see,
Cidnus swell'd o'er his Banks in pride,
 As much in Love as he:
Cidnus swell'd, &c.

Glide

Glide on ye waters bear these Lines,
 And tell her how distress'd,
 Bear all my sighs ye gentle winds,
 And waft 'em to her Breast,
 Tell her if e'er she prove unkind,
 I never shall have rest.

A-S O N G.



Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,
 And lov'd me better than any eane;
 But now he ligs by another Lads,
 And Sawney will ne'er be my love agen:
 I gave him fine scotch Sarke and Band,
 I put 'em on with with mine own hand;
 I gave him House, and I gave him Land,
 Yet Sawney will ne'er be my Love agen.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
 And Nofegays made to give *Sawney* one;
 He kist my breast and feign would do mere,
 Gude feth me thought he was a bonny one:
 He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,
 And carv'd my name on each green Tree,
 And sigh'd and languisht to lig by me;
 Yet now he wō not be my Love agen,

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt-face,
 He prais'd, and also my Ruffet Gown,
 But now he doats on the Copper Lace,
 Of some lew'd Queen of *London Town*:
 He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
 Whilst I poor soul sit sighing at heam,
 And near joy *Sawney* unless in a dream;
 For now he ne'er will be my Love again.

A S O N G.



Quoth

QUoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?
 I Prethee now wilt, and Iſe marry with thee:
 My Cow, my Cow, my Houſe and Rents,
 Aw my Lands and Tenements:

Say my Joan, ſay my Joaney, will that not do?
I cannot, cannot, come every day to woo.

I have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
 And three fat Hogs pend up in the ſty;
 I have a Mare and ſhe's coal black:
 I ride on her Tail to ſave her back:

Say my Joan, &c.

I have a Cheeſe upon the ſelf,
 I cannot eat it all my ſelf;
 I have three good Marks that lie in a rag,
 In the nook the Ghimney inſtead of a bag:

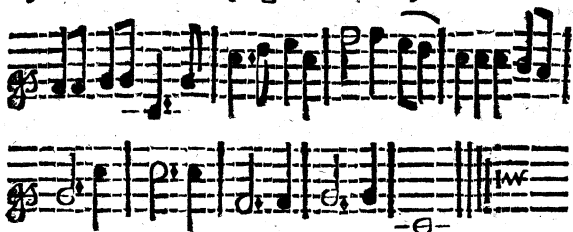
Say my Joan, &c.

To marry I would have thy conſent,
 But faith I never could Complement;
 I can ſay nought but hoy gee ho,
 Terms that belong to Cart and Plough:

Say my Joan, &c.

St. George for England.





Why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights?
 We know how many men have perform'd fights;
 Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du lake*,
 Or *Sir Tristram du Leon* that fought for the Ladys sake?
 Read old stories and there you'll see,
 How *St. George*, *St. George*, did make the Dragon flee,
St. George, he was for England, *St. Dennis* was for France,
 Sing *Honi Soit qui mal y pense*.

To speak of the *Monarchs*, it were too long to tell;
 And likewise of the *Romans*, how far they did excel,
Hannibal and *Scipio* they many a field did fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valliant Knight,
Romulus and *Remus* were those that *Rome* did build;
 But *St. George* *St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.
St. George he was, &c.

Jefta and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,
 The *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites* they put them all to flight,
Hercule's Labour was in the Vale of Brals,
 And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of an Afs
 And when he was blind pull'd the temple to the ground:
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound.
St. George he was, &c.

Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pipin's* blood,
Alfred and *Aldrecus* they were brave Knights and good;
 The four sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,
Sir Hugh de Burdeaux and *Godfrey de Bolaigue*,
 These were all French Knights the Pagans did convert,
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragons heart.
St. George he was, &c.

Hen-

Henry the fifth he Conquer'd all France,
 He quarter'd their Arms his honour to advance,
 He rais'd their Walls and pull'd their Cities down,
 And garnish'd his head with a double tripple Crown;
 He thumped the French and after home he came!
 But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath slain.
 St. George he was, &c.

St. David you know, loves Leeks and toasted Cheese,
 And Jason was the man brought home the Golden-Fleece;
 St. Patrick you know he was St. George's Boy,
 seven years he kept his Horse and then stole him away;
 For which Knavish act a slave he doth remain:
 But St. George, St. George, he hath the Dragon slain.
 St. George he was, &c.

Tamberlaine the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown,
 With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town;
 Scanderberg Magnanimous Makomer's Bashaws dread,
 Whose Victorious Bonns were worn when he was dead;
 His Beglerbeys, he scorns like dregs, George Castriot was
 [he call'd.
 But St. George, St. George the Dragon he hath maul'd.
 St. George he was, &c.

Ottoman the Tartar he came of Persia's race,
 The great Mogul, with his Chefts so full of Cloves and
 [Mace,
 The Grecian Youth Bucephalus he manly did bestride,
 But those with all their worthies Nine, St. George did
 [them deride;
 Gustavus Adolphus was Sweedlands Warlike King,
 But St. George, St. George, pull'd forth the Dragons sting.
 St. George he was, &c.

Pendragon and *Cadwalladar*, of *British* blood do boast,
 Tho' *John of Gant* his foes did daunt, *St. George* shall
 [rule the roast;

Agamemnon and *Cleomedon* and *Macedon* did feats,
 But compared to our Champion they were but merel y
 [cheats;

Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* fights, their brandisht
 [Swords outdrew;

But *St. George* met the Dragon and ran him thro' an d
 thro'.

St. George he was, &c.

Bida the Amazon, *Proteus* overthrew,
 As fierce, as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen*, or *Few*;
 The potent *Holophernes*, as he lay on his Bed,
 In came wise *Judith*, and subtilly stole away his head;
 Brave *Cyclops* stout, with *Jove* he fought, although he
 [show'd down thunder
 But *St. George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a
 wonder!

St. George he was, &c.

Mark Anthony I'll warrant you, play'd feats with *Egypt's*
 [Queen,
Sir Eglamore that valiant Knight, the like was never seen,
Grim Gorgon's might, was known in fight, old *Bevis* most
 [men frighted.

The *Myrmidons*, and *Prestor Johns*, why were not these
 [men Knighted?

Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Nassau* did it recover,
 But *St. George*, *St. George* he turn'd the Dragon over
 [and over:

St. George he was for *England*, *St. Dennis* was for *France*,
 Sing *Honi Soit qui mal y pense*.

*Old England turn'd New, to the Tune of the
Black-smith, Page 28.*

YOU talk of *New England*, I truly believe,
Old England is grown *New*, and doth us deceive ;
I'll ask you a question or two by your leave ;
And is not Old England grown New ?

Where are your old Soldiers with Slashes and Scars,
They never us'd drinking in no time of Wars,
Nor Shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jars ?
And is not old England, &c.

New Captains are made that never did fight,
But with pots in the day, and punks in the Night,
And all their chief Care, is to keep their swords bright ;
And is not old, &c.

Where are your old Swords, your Bills, and your Bows,
Your Bucklers, and Targets that never fear'd blows ?
They are turn'd to Stiletto's with other fair Shows :
And is not, &c.

Where are your old Courtiers that used to ride,
With Forty Blew-coats and Footmen beside ?
They are turn'd to Six Horses, a Coach with a guide :
And is not, &c.

And what is become of our old *English* Cloaths,
Your long sleev'd Doublet, and your trunk Hose ?
They are turn'd to *French* fashions, and other gewgaws ;
And is not, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor, some half a year together,
To fit a New Suit to a New Hat and Feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloath, Stuff or Leather :
And is not, &c.

We have new fashion'd Beards, and new fashion'd Locks,
 And new fashion'd Hats, for your new pated Blocks,
 And more New Diseases, besides the *French P O X*;
And is not, &c.

New Houses are built, and old ones pulled down,
 Until the New Houses, sell all the old ground,
 And the Houses stand like a Horse in the Pound;
And is not, &c.

New fashions in House, New fashions at Table,
 Old servants discharg'd, and New not so able,
 And all good Old custom is now but a Fable;
And is not, &c.

New Trickings, new Goings, new Measures, new paces;
 New Heads for Men, for your Women New Faces,
 And twenty New tricks to mend their bad Cases;
And is not, &c.

New tricks in the Law, New tricks in the Rolls,
 New Bodies they have, they look for new Souls,
 When the Money is paid for building Old Pauls,
And is not &c.

Then talk no more of *New England*,
New England is where *Old England* did stand,
 New furnish'd, New Fashion'd, New Woman'd, New
 [Man'd;
And is not, &c.

To the Tune of the Black-smith, Page 28.

I'LL tell you a story if it be true,
 But look you to that, I am sure it is New,
 And only in *Salisbury* known to a few.
Which no body can deny.

Some

Some Sages have written as we do find,
The Spirits departed are monstrous kind,
To Friend and Relations left behind.

Which, &c.

That this is no tale, I shall you tell,
A Lady there dyed, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as some expound well.

Which, &c.

Now as the Devil a hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a hunting you know,
In a thicket he heard a sound of much Woe.

Which, &c.

It was a Lady that wept, and her weeping,
Made *Satan* go from listning to peeping,
Quoth he what slave hath this Lady in keeping;

Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she if of Woman you came,
Pity my case, and I'll tell you the same,
Quoth the *Devil* be quick in your story *fair dame*.

Which, &c.

Quoth she I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind,
If I could but appear, I should change his mind.

Which, &c.

Fair Dame quoth the *Devil* are these all your wants?
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints.

Which, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweet-hearts she had,
How many was good, and how many were bad,
The Devil began to think her stark-mad.

Which, &c.

142 Pills to purge Melancholy.

And so she went on with the cause of the squabble,
Beelzebub scracht and was in great trouble,
For he thought it would prove a two hours Bubble.
Which no body, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
She caught him fast by the lilly black fist,
Nay then quoth the Devil, even do what you list,
Which no body, &c.

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
And came with a vengeance, to give her her due,
Then snap went the Lock, and the Candles burnt blue.
Which no body, &c.

Quoth she will you give my Children their land?
Her Husband did sweat, you must understand,
For he did not think her so near at hand.
Which no body, &c.

But having recover'd Heart of grace,
Quoth he you Jade come again in this place,
And Faustus, his Chamber-pot flies in thy Face.
Which no body, &c.

When she could not prevail by means so foul,
She sought other ways his Mind to controul,
So she went to a Maid, a very good soul.
Which no body, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on,
Most Gracious Madam, what would you have done;
I'll do it altho' you'd have me a Nun.
Which no body, &c.

Then go to my Husband and bid him do right,
Unto my two Children, or else by this light,
I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.
Which no body, &c.

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reasons,
I'll sit on his Bed and read him such Lessons,
As never were heard at Mr. Mompeffons.

Which no body, &c.

So away went the Virgin and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirits Husband every Word,
At which I replied, I care not a T—

Which no body, &c.

For when she was incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er she could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea,

Which no body, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she consider my plight,
I am not able to keep outright,
Three waking Ministers every night,

Which no body, &c.

When the Gentleman heard her Ditty so sad,
Compassion straight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.

Which no body, &c.

When the land as I said, was convey'd to the Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoyce,
And away went the spirit with a tuneable Voice.

Which no body, &c.

A SONG.



HOW Happy's the the mortal,
 That lives by his Mill,
 That depends on his own,
 Not on fortune's Wheel ;
 By the slight of his Hand,
 And the strength of his Back,
 How merrily, how merrily,
 His mill goes *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
How, &c.

If his Wife proves a Scold,
 As too often 'tis seen,
 For she may be a Scold,
 Sing God bless the Queen ;
 With his Hand to the Mill,
 And his Shoulder to the Sack,
 He drowns all the discord,
 In his Musical *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
He, &c.

O'er your Wives and your Daughters,
 He often prevails,
 By sticking a Cog of a Foot,
 In their tails ;
 Whilst the Hoyden so willingly,
 He laies upon her back,
 And all the while he sticks it in,
 The stones cry *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
And, &c.

The

*The Angler's SONG, to the Tune, my Father
was born before me, Page 57.*

OF all the recreations which,
Attend on Humane Nature,
There's none that is of so high a Pitch,
Or is of such a Stature:
As is the subtle Angler's life,
In all mens approbation;
For Anglers tricks, do daily mix,
In every Corporation.

Whilst *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in love,
And had no cause of Jangling;
The Devil did the Waters move,
The Serpent went to Angling:
He bates his Hook, with Godlike look,
Thought he this will entangle her;
By this all ye may plainly see,
That the Devil was first an Angler.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
Are almost neat entanglers;
And he that looks fine will in fine,
That most of them are Anglers;
Whilst grave Divines do fish for Souls,
Physicians like Curmudgeons;
They bait with Health, we fish for Wealth,
And Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.

Upon th' Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a neat entangler;
'Mongst Mercant-Men, there's not one in ten,
But what is a cunning Angler:
For like the Fishes in the brook,
Brother doth swallow Brother;
There's a Golden bait hangs at the Hook,
And they fish for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next prefer,
He's a formal man in Black Sir;
He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
And cry's what is't you lack Sir:
Fine Silks, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
But if a Courtier prove th' entangler;
My Citizen he must look to't then,
Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no such Angling as a wench,
Stark naked in the Water;
She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,
And throw your self in after:
Your Hook and line she will confine,
Thus tangled is th' entangler;
And this I fear hath spoil'd the Gear,
Of many a Jovial Angler.

But if you'll Trowl for a Scriv'ner's Soul,
Cast in a Rich Young Gallant;
To take a Courtier by the Pole,
Throw in a Golden Tallent:
But yet I fear the draught will ne'er,
Compound for half the charge an't;
But if you'll catch the Devil at streatch,
You must Bait him with a Searjeant.

Thus I have made my Anglers Trade,
To stand above defiance:
For like the Mathematick Art,
It runs through every Science;
If with my Angling Song I can,
To Mirth and Pleasure seize you;
I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
And Angle still to please you.

The Cavaliers SONG.



HE that is a cleer
 Cavalier
 Will not repine,
 Although
 His substance grow
 So very low,
 That he cannot drink Wine.

H 2

For-

Fortune is a lasſe,
 Will embrace,
 And ſoon deſtroy:
 Free born,
 In libertine,
 We'll ever be.
 Singing *vive le roy*.

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,
 And Fortune is a whore,
 There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her
 Or her power implore.

He that is a truſty Roger,
 And hath ſerv'd his King,
 Altho' he be a tatter'd Souldier,
 Yet he will ſkip and Sing,
 Whiſt he that fights for love,
 May in the way of Honour prove,
 And they that make ſport of us,
 May come ſhort of us:
 Fate will flatter them,
 And will ſcatter them,
 Whiſt the Royalty,
 Looks upon Loyalty,
 We that live peaceably,
 May be ſucceſsfully,
 Crown'd with a Crown at laſt.

But a real honeſt man,
 May be utterly undone,
 To ſhow his allegiance,
 His love and obedience,
 But that will raiſe him up,
 Virtue weighs him up,
 Honour ſtays him up,
 And we'll praiſe him,
 Whiſt the fine Courtier dine,
 With his full bowls of wine,
 Honour will make him faſt.

Freely let's be then,
Honest men,
And kick at fate,
We
May live to see
Our Loyalty
Valued at a higher rate.
He that bears a word, or a sword,

'Gainst the Throne;
Or doth prophanely prate,
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.

Chorus.

What tho' Plummers, Painters and Players,

Be the prosperous men,

Yet we'll attend our own affairs,

When we come to't agen,

Treachery may be fac't with light,

And leachery lin'd with furr,

A Cuckold may be made a Knight;

'Tis fortune *de la gar*;

But what is that to us, boys!

That now are honest men?

We'll conquer and come agen,

Beat up the drum agen,

Hey for Cavaliers,

Joy for Cavaliers,

Pray for Cavaliers.

Dub a dub dub;

Have at old *Belzebub*;

Oliver stinks for fear.

Fift-Monarchy must down, Bullies,

And every Sect in Town,

We'll rally, and to't agen,

Give 'em the rout agen,

When they come agen,

Charge 'em home agen,

Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,

This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

*A Parley, between two West Countrymen on
sight of a Wedding.*



I Tell the *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
O things beyond compare!
Such sights again cannot be found,
In any place on English ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing Cross*, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay;
There is a House with stairs;
And there did I see coming down,
Such Voulk as are not in our town;
Vorty at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest one pestilent fine,
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walkt on before the rest:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God bless him) 'twould undoe him,
Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-Park without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out;

By

By all the Maids ith' Town ;
Tho' lusty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vinsent* of the Crown.

But wot you what ; the youth was going,
To make an end of his own wooing,
The Parson for him stay'd :
Yet by his leave (for all his haft)
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a Maid no Whitson Ale,
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be,
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her fingers was so small, the Ring,
Would not stay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth, (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Coller (just)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear the light :
But *Dick* she dances such away,
No Sun upon a Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do it in sight ;
And then she lookt as who would say,
I will do what I list to day ;
And you shall do't at Night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No Dazy makes comparison
 (Who see's them is undone :)
 For streaks of red were mingled there ;
 Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
 The side that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red and one was thin,
 Compar'd to that was next her Chin :
 (Some Bee had stung it newly :)
 But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard Face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get ;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
 The Parson himself had guilty been ;
 (She lookt that day so purely)
 And did the youth so oft the feat
 At night as some did in conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
 There's *that* that would be thought upon,
 (I trow) besides the bride :
 The business of the Kitchin's great,
 For it is fit that man should eat ;
 Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
 And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey,
 Each Serving-man with dish in hand,

Pills to purge Melancholy.

153

Marcht boldly up like our Train-band,
Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated;
And this very reason was,
Before the Parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the House;
The brides came thick and thick;
And when twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
(And who could help it *Dick*?)

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus sey'ral ways the time did pass,
Whil'st every woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By this time all was stoll aside,
To counsel and undress the Bride;
But that he must not know;
But 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind,
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay
Like new-fall'n snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say
God B'w'y! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it,
 In came the Bride-maids with the Poffet,
 The Bridegroom eat in spight;
 For had he left the Women to't;
 It would have cost two Hours to do't,
 Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
 All that they had not done they do;
 What that is, you can tell;
 But I believe it was no more,
 Than thou and I have done before,
 With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

*Of the Downfall of one part of the Mitre-Tavern
 in Cambridge, or the Sinking thereof into the
 Cellar. By Mr. Tho. Randolph. To the Tune
 of My Father was born before, me Page 57.*

Lament, Lament you Scholars all,
 Each wear his blackest gown,
 The *Mitre* that held up your wits,
 Is now it self faln down:
 The dismal Fire on *London-Bridge*,
 Could move no heart of mine,
 For that but o'er the water stood,
 But this stood o'er the *Wine*.

It needs must melt each Christian heart,
 That this sad News but hears;
 To see how the poor Hogheads wept,
 Good Sack and Claret Tears.
 The Zealous students of that place,
 Change of Religion fear,
 Lest this mischance bring in,
 The heresie of Beer.

Unhappy *Mitre* I would know,
The cause of thy sad hap;
Came it by making Legs too low,
To *Pembrook's* Cardinals Cap?
Hence! know thy self and cringe no more,
Since Popery went down,
The Cap should veil to thee, for now
The *Mitre's* next the Crown.

Or was't because our company,
Did not frequent thy cell;
As we were wont to drown those cares,
Thou fox'd thy self and fell?
No sure the Devil was a dry,
And caus'd that fatal blow,
'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,
That he might drink below.

And some do say the Devil did it,
Cause he would drink up all;
But I rather think the Pope was drunk,
And let the *Mitre* fall.

But *Rose* now whither, *Faulcon* mew,
Whilst *Sam* enjoys his wishes;
The *Dolphin* too must cast her Crown,
Wine was not made for Fishes.

That sign a Tavern best becomes,
That shews who loves Wine best;
The *Mitre's* then the only sign,
For 'tis the Scholars crest.

Then drink Sack *Sam*, and cheer thy heart,
Be not dismay'd at all;
For we will drink it up again,
Tho' our selves do catch a fall.

We'll be thy workmen day and night,
In spigt of Bug-bear Proctors;
We drank like freshmen all before,
But now we'll drink like Doctors.

A SONG, To the Tune of the Black-smith,
Page 28.

I'LL sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'll tell you before hand you'll find *nothing* in't.

On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,
Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and Men,
Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den;
And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen.

'Tis *nothing* sometimes that makes many things hit,
As when fools amongst wise men do silently sit,
A fool that says *nothing* may pass for a wit.

What one man loves, is another man's loathing,
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing,
And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*.

Your lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing,
And thinking with sighs to gain her and soothing,
Frequently makes such ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the bed of a whore be betray'd,
But she that hath *nothing* must needs be a maid.

Your flashing, and clashing, and flashing of wit,
Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit,
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been writ.

When first by the ears we together did fall,
Then something got *nothing* and *nothing* got all;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.

That party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
Who made our three Kingdoms & Churches lie waste,
Their project and all came to *nothing* at last.

They rais'd an Army of Horse and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and root,
They thunder'd, and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't,
The Organ, the Altar and Ministers cloathing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty new *nothing*.

And when he had wrap'd us in sanctifi'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the People by faithing and troathing.
At last he was catcht and all came to *nothing*.
In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall,
I'll lay all to *nothing* that *nothing* wins all.

When war, and rebellion, and plundering grows,
The mendicant man is the freest from foes;
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.
Brave *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Goose follow Gander,
Nothing can say to an action of slander.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Tho' he conquer'd the world & gave mankind the rout,
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out,
Old *Noll* that arose to High-thing from low thing,
By Brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
In seven years space was both all things and *nothing*.

Dick (*Olivers* heir) that pitiful flow thing,
Who once was iavest'd with Purple Cloathing.
Stands for a Cypher and that stands for *nothing*;
If King-killers bold are excluded from bliss,
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing* than now what he is.

Blind Colonel *Hewson* that lately did crawl,
To lofty degree from a low Coblers stall,
Did bring all to *nothing* when All came to All.

Your Gallant that rants it in delicate cloathing,
 Tho' lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
 Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *Nothing*.

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
 When Death doth arrest him and bear him away,
 At the General Barr will have nothing to say.

Whores that in silk, were by Gallants embrac'd,
 By a rabble of Prenticks lately were chas'd,
 Thus Courting and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.

If any man tax me with weakness of Wit,
 And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ;
 I shall answer, *Ex nihillo nihil fit*.

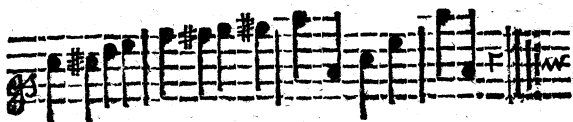
Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
 This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
 For writing of nothing I comprehend all.

Let every man give the Poet his due,
 Cause then 'twas with him as now it's with you,
 He study'd it when he had nothing to do.

This very word nothing if took the right way,
 May prove advantageous for what would you say,
 If the Vintner should cry there's *nothing* to pay.

The Scolding Wife, New Sett by Mr. Aceroyd.





Some men they do delight in Hounds,
 And some in Hawks take pleasure;
 Others joy in war and wounds,
 And thereby gain great Treasure;
 Some they do love on Sea to fail,
 Others rejoyce in Riding:
 But all their judgments do them fail,
 There's no such joy as *Chiding*.

When soon as Day I open mine eyes,
 To entertain the Morning;
 Before my Husband he can rise,
 I *Chide* and proudly scorn him:
 When at the Board I take my place,
 What ever be the Feasting;
 I first do *Chide* and then say Grace,
 If so dispos'd to tasting.

Too Fat, too Lean, too Hot, too Cold,
 I ever am complaining;
 Too raw, too Roast, too Young, too Old,
 I always am disdainning:
 Let it be Fowl, or Flesh, or Fish,
 Tho' I am my own Taster;
 Yet I'll find fault, with Meat or Dish,
 With Maid or with the Master.

But when to Bed I go at Night,
 I surely fall a weeping;
 For then I leave my great delight,
 How can I *Chide* when Sleeping:
 Yet this my Grief doth mitigate,
 And must assuage my sorrow;
 Altho' to Night it be too late,
 I'll early *Chide* to morrow.

The Cautious Drinker; New Sett by Mr. Ackeroyd.

MY Masters and Friends, who ever intends,
 To trouble this Room with discourse;
 You that sit by are as guilty as I,
 Be your talk the better or worse:
 Now lest you should prate of matters of state,
 Or any thing else that might hurt us;
 We rather will drink off our cups to the brink,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Suppose you speak clean from the matter you mean,
 That's not a pin here or there;
 Yet take this advice, be both merry and wise,
 Ye know not what Creatures be near:
 Or suppose that some sot. should lurk in this pot,
 To scatter out words that might hurt us;
 To free that same doubt, we'll see all the pot out,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

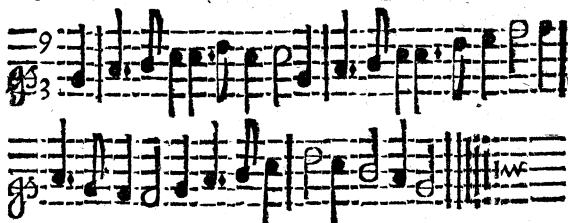
If any man here be in bodily fear,
 Of a Wolf, a Wife or a Tweak;
 Here's Armour of proof, shall keep her a loose,
 Here's Liquor will make a man speak:
 Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,
 Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
 Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* juice,
 And then he shall speak to the purpose.

He that rails at the times, in prose or in rhimes,
 Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon;
 Sings, Prophecies strange, and threatens some change;
 And hangs them upon the Queens Toomb:
 He is but a Rayler, or Prophecyng Taylor,
 To scatter out words that might hurt us,
 Let's talk of no matches, but drink and sing Catches,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

It is a mad zeal for a Man to reveal,
 His secret thoughts when he bowles;
 He is but a Widgeon, that talks of Religion,
 In Taverns or in tipling houses:
 It is not for us, such things to discourse,
 Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us;
 But let's begin a new health to our King,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

A midst of our bliss 'twill not be a miss,
 To talk of our going home late;
 If Constable Kite or a Plf-pot at night,
 Should chance to be spilt on our pate:
 It were all in vain to rage or complain,
 Or scatter out words that might hurt us,
 'Twere better to trudge home, to honest kind *Foan*,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Old Simon the King.



IN a humour I was late,
 As many good fellows be;
 To think of no matters of State,
 But seek for good Company:
 That best contented me,
 I travell'd up and down;
 No Company I could find;
 Till I came to the sight of the Crown:
 My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
 The Maid was ill at ease,
 The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps;
 They were all of one disease;
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

Considering in my mind,
 And thus I began to think;
 If a Man be full to the Throat,
 And cannot take off his drink,
 And if his drink will not down,
 He may hang himself for shame;
 So may the Tapster at the Crown,
 Whereupon this reason I frame;
 Drink will make a Man Drunk,
 And Drunk will make a Man dry;
 Dry will make a Man sick,
 And sick will make a Man Die,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Man should be drunk to night,
 And laid in his grave to morrow;

Will

Will you or any man say,
That he died of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that!
For drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man Sing;
Singing will make a man Laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin,
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this Tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Cann,
And took him to his Jugg,
And there he play'd the man,
As long as he could tugg:
But when that he was spy'd,
What did he swear or rail;
No, no truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'll be drunk,
Of frailty it is a sin,
Or for to keep a punk,
Or play at In and In;
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs,
In spite of the Physician:
Who so fears every Grass,
Must never piss in a Meadow,
And he that loves a pot and a Laff,
Must never cry oh! my head oh!
Says Old *Simon* the King.

*The Gelding of the Devil by Dick the Baker of
Mansfield Town.*



Now listen a while and I will tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
And Dick the Baker of Mansfield Town,
To Manchester market he was bound,
And under a grove of willows clear,
This Baker rid on with a merry cheer :
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy Horse so fair and fat?
In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay,
Because his stones were cut away.
For he that will have a Gelding free,
Both fair and lusty he must be:
Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go.

Go tie thy Horse unto a tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me,
The Baker had a knife of Iron and Steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell.
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit for to cut any manner of stones:
The Baker being lighted from his Horse,
Cut the Devil stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil beshrow thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this same day seven-night.
The Baker hearing the words he said,
Within his heart was sore afraid,
He hied him to the next market town,
To sell his bread both white and brown.

And when the market was done that Day,
The Baker went home another way,
Unto his Wife he then did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
Nay, a wondrous word I heard him say,
He would geld me the next market day;
Therefore Wife I stand in doubt,
I'd rather, quoth she, thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck bone,
Then for to lose any manner of stone,
For why 'twill be a loathsome thing,
When every Woman shall call thee Gelding;

Thus

Thus they continu'd both in fear,
 Until the next market day drew near;
 Well quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
 Go fetch me thy Doub'et and thy Coat.

Thy Hose, thy Shoon and Cap also,
 And I like a man to the Market will go;
 Then up she got her all in haste,
 With all her bread upon her beast:
 And when she came to the hill side,
 There she saw two Devils abide,
 A little Devil and another,
 Lay playing under the hill side together.

Oh! quoth the Devil without any fain
 Yonder comes the Baker again;
 Beeft thou well Baker or beeft thou woe,
 I mean to geld thee before thou dost go,
 These were the words the Woman did say,
 Good Sir I was gelded but Yesterday;
 Oh! quoth the Devil that I will see,
 And he pluckt her cloaths above her knee.

And looking upwards from the ground,
 There he spyed a grievous wound:
 Oh! (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
 For he was not cunning that gelded thee,
 For when he had cut away the stones clean,
 He should have sowed up the whole again;
 He called the little Devil to him anon,
 And bid him look to that same man.

Whilst he went into some private place,
 To fetch some salve in a little space;
 The great Devil was gone but a little way,
 But upon her belly there crept a flea:
 The little Devil he soon espy'd that,
 He up with his paw and gave her a pat:
 With that the Woman began to start,
 And out she thrust a most horrible fart.

Whoop!

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come again I
 For here's another hole broke, by my fay; [pray,
 The great Devil, he came running in haft,
 Wherein his heart was fore aghaft.
 Fough quoth the Devil thou art not found,
 Thou stinkeft so fore above the ground,
 Thy life days sure cannot be long,
 Thy breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.

The whole is cut so near the bone,
 There is no salve can stick thereon,
 And therefore, *Baker*, I stand in doubt,
 That all thy bowels will fall out:
 Therefore, *Baker*, hie thee away,
 And in this place no longer stay.

*A SONG, Sung in the last Reviv'd Comedy call'd
 The Virtuous Wife) Acted at the Theatre Roy-
 al. The Words by Mr. D'Ursey. Sett by Mr. Tol-
 lot.*





THe *Sages* of old,
 In Prophecy told;
 The cause of a Nations undoing:
 But the true *English* breed,
 No Prophets do need,
 For each man here seeks his own ruin.
 By grumbling and Jars,
 We promote civil Wars;
 And preach up false Tenets too many,
 We snarl, and we bite,
 We rail, and we fight
 For Religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his Friend;
 And a Miss that can wittily prattle:
 That delights not in Blood,
 But draws when he shou'd;
 And bravely ne'er shrinks from a Battle;
 That rails not at Kings,
 Nor at Politick things;
 Nor Treason does speak when he's mellow,
 But takes a full Glass,
 To his Masters success,
 This, this is the honest brave Fellow.

*To a Friend who desired no more than to admire the
Mind, and the Beauty of Sylvia.*



THo' *Sylvia's* Eyes a flame could raise,
More fit for wonder than for praise;
And tho' her wit were clear and high,
That 'twere resistless as her Eye:
Yet without Love, she still shall find,
I'm deaf to one, to th' other blind.

Those Fools that think Beauty can prove,
A cause sufficient for their Love,
I wish they never may have more,
To try how Looks can cure their sore:
'Tis such the Sex so high have set,
They take it not for gift, but debt.

If Love were unto Sight confin'd,
The god of it would not be Blind;
Nor would the pleasure of it be,
So often in obscurity:

No, to know Joys each sense hath right,
Equal at least to that of Sight.

The Gods, who knew the noblest part
In Love, sought not the Mind but heart;
And when hurt by the winged Boy,
What they admir'd they did enjoy;
Knowing a Kindness Love could prove
The hope, reward, and cure of Love.

I'll rather my affections keep
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in sleep,
Than cast away an hour of Care
On any 'cause she's only fair:
Nay, sleep more pleasing Dreams do move,
Than are your waking ones of Love.

The Frensie's less love to endure,
Then after to decline the Cure;
Yet you do both, aiming no higher
Than for to see, and to admire:
An Idol you'll not only frame,
But you will too adore the same.

Had there in *Silvia* nothing shin'd,
But the unseen Charms of her Mind;
You would have had the like esteem,
For her that I have still for them:
If flesh and blood your flame inspire,
Then make those only your desire.

And Friend, that you may clearly prove
'Tis not her mind alone you love;
Let her 'twixt us her self impart,
Give you her Mind, and me her Heart:
As little cause then you will find
As I do now, to Love her Mind.

Cælia's Complaint.

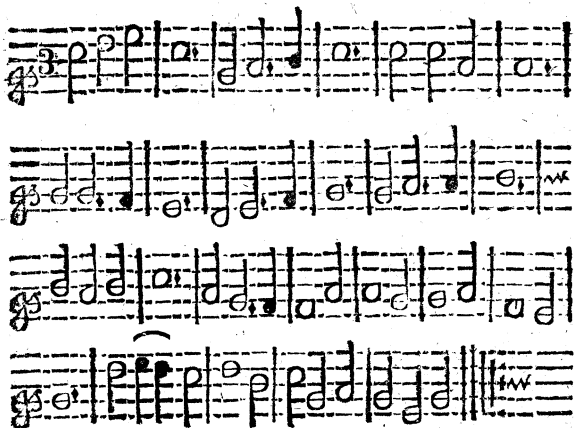


Poor *Cælia* once was very fair,
 A quick bewitching Eye she had;
 Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,
 Her dainty Cheek would make you mad;
 Upon her Lips, did all the Graces play,
 And on her Breast ten Thousand (Thousand) *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
 From Seventeen to Twenty one;
 Each told her of his mighty flame,
 But she forsooth affected none:
 One was not Handsom, the other was not Fine;
 This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But th' other day it was my fate,
 To walk along that way alone;
 I saw no Coach before her gate,
 But at her door I heard her mone;
 She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
 Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.

Amyntor's Welladay.



Chloris now thou art fled away,
 Amyntor's sheep are gone astray;
 And all the joy he took to see,
 His pretty Lambs run after thee,
 Is gon, is gon, and he alone,
 Sings nothing now but welladay (welladay.)

His Oaten pipe that in thy praise,
 Was wont to play such round delays:
 Is thrown away, and not a Swain,
 Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;
 'Tis death for any one to say,
 One word to him, but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little feet,
 So roundly did in measures meet,
 Is broken down, and no content,
 Comes near Amyntor since you went.
 All that I ever heard him say,
 Was Chloris, Chloris, welladay.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head ;
And whisper'd there such pining woe ;
As not a blade of Grass will grow :
O Chloris ! Chloris ! come away,
And hear Amyntor's Welladay.

A Lady to a Young Courtier.



Love thee ! good sooth, Not I,
I've somewhat else to do ;
Alas ! you must go Learn to talk,
Before you Learn to woo ;
Nay fie, stand off, go too, go too.

Because you're in the fashion,
And newly come to Court ;
D'ye think your Cloaths are Orators.
T' invite us to the sport ?
Ha ! ha ! who will not jeer thee for't !

Ne'er look so sweetly Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Band ;
We know you trim your borrow'd Curls,
To shew your pretty hand :
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go practise how to jeer,
 And think each word a Jest,
 That's the Court Wit: Alas! you're out,
 To think when finely drest,
 You please me or the Ladies best;

And why so confident!
 Because that lately we,
 Have brought another lofty word
 Unto our Pedigree?
 Your inside seems the worse to me.

Mark how Sir *Whacbam* fools;
 I marry there's a Wit,
 Who cares not what he says or swears,
 So Ladies laugh at it;
 Who can deny such blades a bit?

A description of Chloris.



HAve you e'er seen the Morning Sun,
From fair *Aurora's* bosom run?
Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed,
The Essences of white and red?
Then you may boast, for you have seen,
My Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears,
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
Have you e'er heard the Syrens sing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hells black King?
If so, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou hast heard my *Chloris* voice.

Have you e'er smelt what Chymick skill,
From Rose or Amber doth distill?
Have you been near that sacrifice
The Phoenix makes before she dies?
Then you can tell (I do presume)
My *Chloris* is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er tasted what the Bee,
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
Or did you ever taste that meat,
Which Poets say that Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

Amyntor's Dream.



AS sad *Amyntor* in a Meadow lay,
 Slumbring upon a bed of new made Hay,
 A Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his eyes,
 Whereat he wakes, and thus *Amyntor* crys;
Chloris where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! she's fled,
 And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Heark how the Winds conspire with storm and rain,
 To stop her course, and beat her back again:
 Heark how the Heavens chide her in her way,
 For robbing poor *Amyntor* of his joy:
 And yet she comes not *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
 And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Come

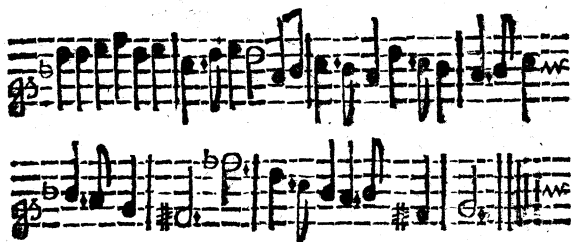
Come, *Chloris*, come, see where *Amyntor* lies,
Just as you left him but with sadder eyes;
Bring back that heart which thou hast stolen from me,
That Lovers may record thy constancy:
O! no she will not, *Chloris*? O! she's fled,
And left *Amyntor*, &c.

O! lend me (Love) thy wings that I may fly,
Into her Bosom, take my leave and die;
What Comfort have I now i'th' World since she,
That was my World of joy is gone from me:
My Love, my *Chloris*? *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
And left *Amyntor*, &c.

Awake *Amyntor* from this Dream for she,
Hath too much goodness to be false to thee;
Think on her Oaths, her Vows, her Sighs, her Tears,
And those will quickly satisfy thy Fears:
No, no, *Amyntor* *Chloris* is not fled,
But will return unto thy-longing Bed.

A S O N G.





Calm was the Ev'ning and clear was the Sky,
 And the sweet budding Flowers did spring;
 When all alone went *Amyntor*, and I,
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 I sat and he laid him down by me,
 And scarcely his breath he could draw:
 But when with a fear, he began to come near,
 He was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
 His modesty curb'd his desire;
 But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
 And added new flames to his fire,
 Ah, *Sylvia*! said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;
 Then once more he prest, with his hand to my breast,
 But was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

I knew 'twas his Passion that caused his fear,
 And therefore I pity'd his case;
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
 But as we grow bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw:
 And straight as our bliss, began with a kiss,
 He laugh'd out with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

A SONG.



THus all our lives long we're frolick and gay,
 And instead of Court Revels we merrily play,
 At Trap and Kettles, and Barly-break run,
 At Goff and at Stool-ball, and when we have done,
 These innocent sports, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
 The Partridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry;
 The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase,
 And the little pretty Lark betray with a glass:
 • And when we have done, &c.

About the May-pole we dance all around,
 And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd;

OVER

Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay,
 To the gay Lad, and Bright Lady o'th' May,
And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we Kifs and we Toy,
 What others but Dream of we daily enjoy;
 With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long till we find,
 Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind,
And when we have done we Laugh and lye down,
And to each pretty Lafs we give a green Gown.

A SONG.



W Here ever I am, or what ever I do,
 My *Phillis* is still in mind ;
 When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
 My feet of themselves the way find ;
 Unknown to my self, I am just at her door,
 And when I would rail, I can bring out no more ;
 Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind :
 Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind.

When *Phillis* I see, my Heart burns in my breast,
 And the Love I would stifle is shown :
 But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone.
 Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind ;
 But alas ! when I wake and no *Phillis* I find,
 Then I sigh to my self all alone !
 Then I sigh to my self all alone !

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his treasure in vain ;
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my *Phillis* again :
 Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
 I could to a Desert with her be confin'd ;
 And envy no Monarch his reign,
 And envy no Monarch his reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my Love ;
 And she too well knows her own pow'r :
 She makes me each day a new Martyrdom Prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour.
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r :
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r :

A SONG.



How unhappy a Lover am I,
 Whilst I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain:
 All my hopes of delight, are another Mans right;
 Who is happy whilst I am in pain;
 Since her honour affords no relief,
 But to pity the pains which you bear;
 'Tis the best of your fate, in a hopeless estate,
 To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
 Yet I wish what I hope not to win:
 For without my desire has no food to its fire,
 But it burns and consumes me within.

Yet

Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know,
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore, is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

O you Pow'rs! let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lie:
I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I die.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,
When the souls do meet closer above.

A SONG.



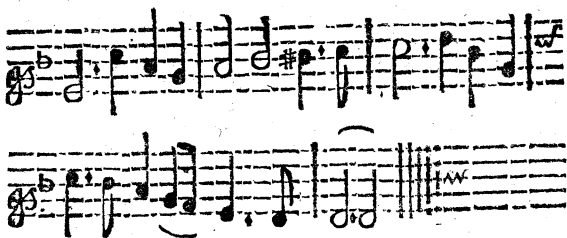
AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
 A Lads was deploring her hapless Estate;
 In a languishing posture, poor Maid she appears,
 All swell'd with her sighs and blubber'd with her Tears:
 She Cry'd and she sob'd, and I found it was all,
 For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

At last she broke out, Wretched, she said,
 Will not Youth come succour a languishing Maid?
 With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
 Without which alas, poor I cannot live!
 Shall I never leave sighing, and crying, and call,
 For a little of that, &c.

At first when I saw a young Man in the place,
 My colour would fade and then flush in my face;
 My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
 My breast never popp'd up and down so before:
 I scarce knew for what but now I find it was all,
 For a little of that, &c.

A S O N G.





Beneath a Mirtle shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I slept, and freight my Love before me brought,
Phyllis the Object of my waking thought;
Undrest she came, my flames to meet;
Whilst Love strew'd flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So prest by her, became, became more sweet.

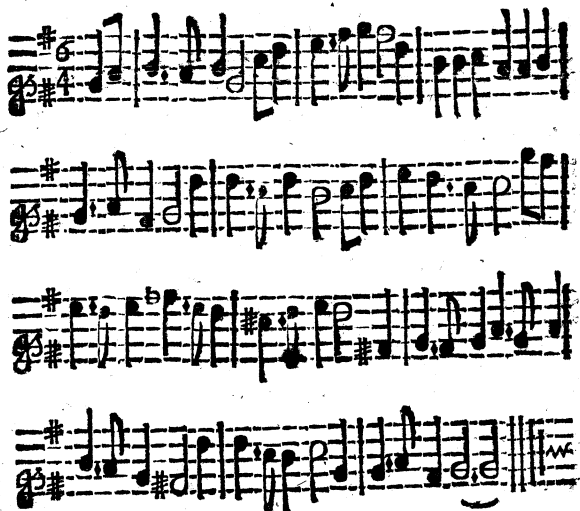
From the bright Visions head,
A careless veil of Lawn was loosely spread;
From her white Temples, fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, Her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with desire.

Ah, charming Fair, said I,
How long can you, my bliss and yours deny:
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade,
Was for revenge of suff'ring Lovers made,
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me;
You cannot Blush, because I cannot see.

No, let me die, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid;
 Faintly she spoke, me-thought for all the while,
 She bid me not believe her with a smile.
 Then she said I, she still deny'd;
 And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
 You use a harmless Maid? and so she dy'd.

I wakt, and straight I knew,
 I Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true:
 Fancy the kinder Mistriss of the two,
 Fancy had done what *Phyllis* would not do,
 Ah, cruel Nymph cease your disdain,
 While I can dream you scorn in vain,
 Asleep, or waking you must ease my pain.

A SONG.



MEt thinks the poor Town has been troubled too long,
With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song ;
By fools who at once, can both love and despair ;
And will never leave calling them cruel and Fair,
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express,
The truth that I know of my Bonny Black *Befs*.

This *Befs* of my Heart, this *Befs* of my soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal ;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her
[Waste,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd :
Her Belly is soft not a word of the rest ;
But I know not what I mean, when I drink to the best.

The Plow-man and Squire, the erranter Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon gown ;
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit :
All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord—s Drums.

But to whose who have had my dear *Befs* in their Arms,
She's gentle and knows how to soften her Charms ;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp, and trip in her pace :
And with head on one side, and a languishing eye,
To Kill us with looking, as if she would die.

A SONG.



O The time that is past,
 When she held me so fast;
 And declar'd that her Honour no longer could last;
 When no light but her languishing Eyes did appear,
 To prevent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.

When she sigh'd and unlac'd,
 With such trembling and haste;
 As if she had long'd to be closer imbrac'd,
 My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd:
 While my Mind was in search of hid Treasure imploy'd.

My heart set on fire,
 With the flames of desire;
 I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require,
 But she cry'd for pity-sake, change your ill Mind:
 Pray *Amyntas* be Civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear *Amyntas* she cries,
 Then casts down her eyes;
 And in Kisses she gives what in Words she denys;
 Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
 Till her free Consent had more sweetned the prey.
 But

But too late I begun,
For her passion was done;
Now *Amyntas* she cries, I will never be won:
Your tears and your courtship no pity can move,
For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.

Dorinda Lamenting the loss of her Amyntas.



A Dieu to the pleasures and follies of Love,
 For a Passion more noble my fancy does move;
 My shepherd is dead, and I livē to proclaim,
 In sorrowful notes my *Amintas* his name:

The wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me com-
 Thou never shalt see thy *Amintas* again; [plain.

For Death has befriended him,

Fate has defended him:

None, none alive is so happy a swain.

You shepherds and Nymphs, that have danc'd to his lays,
 Come help me to sing forth *Aminta's* his praise;
 No Swain for the Garland durst with him dispute,
 So sweet were his Notes, while he sang to his Lute:

Then come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue,
 To weave him a Garland, and Cyprus and Yew;

For Life hath forsaken him,

Death hath o'ertaken him;

No Swain again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched estate,
 I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late;
 You Echoes and fountains my witnesses prove,
 How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love:

And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,

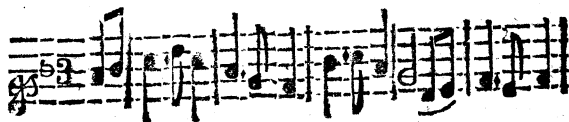
This favour I never will cease to implore;

That now I may go above,

And there enjoy my Love;

Then, then I never will part with him more.

The Town Gallant.



The



L Et us drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoice;
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;

The

The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
 All treasures uncertain, then down with your dust :
 In frolicks dispose your Pounds Shillings and Pence,
 For we shall be nothing a Hundred years hence.

We'll Kiss and be free with Moll Betty, and Nelly,
 Have Oysters and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly ;
 Fish Dinners will make a Lass spring like a Flea,
 Dame Venus (Love's Goddeſs) was born of the Sea.
 With Bacchus and with her we'll tickle the ſenſe,
 For we ſhall be paſt it a Hundred years hence.

Your moſt Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her
 That her Honeſty ſells for a Hogſ of Honour ; (dor,
 Whoſe lightneſs and brightneſs doth ſhine in ſuch ſplen-
 That none but the ſtars, are thought fit to attend her.
 Tho' now ſhe be pleaſant and ſweet to the ſenſe,
 Will be damnable mouldy a Hundred years hence.

The Uſurer that in the hundred takes twenty,
 Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty ;
 Lays up for a ſeaſon which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
 The Year of One thouſand eight hundred and three,
 His wit and his wealth, his learning and ſenſe,
 Shall be turned to nothing a Hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by ſubtilty thrives,
 In ſpinning out Suits to the length of three lives ;
 Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in ſlavery,
 Whiſt Pleader makes Conſcience a cloak for his knav'ry.
 May boaſt of ſubtilty in th' Preſent Tenſe,
 But *Non eſt inventus* a Hundred years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoil in Cares and in Fears,
 Turn all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears ;
 Let's eat, drink and play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain that *poſt mortem nulla Voluptas*.
 Let's deal with our Damſels, that we may from thence
 Have Broods to ſucceed us a Hundred years hence.

A SONG.



L Et's Love and let's Laugh,
 Let's Dance and let's Sing,
 While thrill Ecchoes ring;
 Our Wishes agree,
 And from Care we are free;
 Then who is so happy, so happy as we?

We'll prefs the soft Grass,
 Each Swain with his Lads,
 And follow the Chase;
 When weary we be,
 We'll sleep under a Tree;
 Then who is so happy, &c.

By Flatt'ry or Fraud,
 No Shepherds betray'd,
 Or Cheats the fond Maid;
 No false subtle Knee,
 To deceive us we see;
 Then who is so happy, &c.

We envy no Pow'r,
 They cannot be poor,
 That wish for no more;
 Some richer may be,
 And of higher degree;
 And none are so happy, &c.

A SONG.



L Et the daring Advent'ers be tofs'd on the Main,
 And for Riches no danger decline;
 Tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
 They can bring us no Treasure like Wine:
 Tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
 They can bring us no Treasure like Wine.

Enough of such Wealth would a *Beggar* enrich,
 And supply great wants in a King:
 'Twould smoothe of the Grievs in a comfortless wretch,
 And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
 'Twould smoothe, &c.

There's none that groans under a burdensome Life,
 If this Sovereign Balsom he gains;
 This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
 And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.
 This will make, &c.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind :
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joys can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine :
Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich ;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.

A SONG.

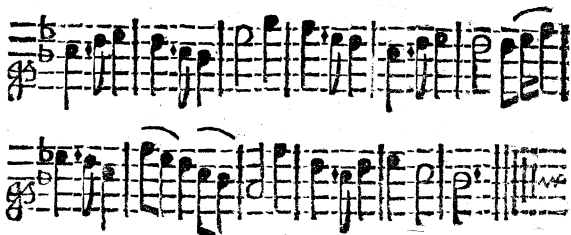
Pastora's Beauties when unblown,
 E'er yet the tender Bud did cleave,
 To my more early Love were known,
 Their fatal Power I did perceive :
 How often in the dead of Night,
 When all the World lay hush'd in sleep;
 Have I thought this my chief delight,
 To sigh for you, for you to Weep.

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of White,
 No Letter yet did ever stain :
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
 The fair *Pastora* here must Reign :
 Her Eyes, those darling Suns shall prove,
 Thy Love to be of noblest race;
 Which took its flight so far above,
 All Humane things on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise,
 A Love that was infus'd by you;
 You gave Breath to its infant sighs,
 And all its Griefs that did ensue :
 The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain ;
 Now shew the power you have to heal,
 And take away the tott'ring pain.

A S O N G.





HAil to the Myrtle shade,
 All hail to the Nymphs of the Field:
 Kings will not here invade,
 Tho' Vertue all freedom yields,
 Beauty here opens her Arms,
 To soften the languishing Mind;
 And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms:
 Ah *Phillis*! ah! why so kind?

Phillis the Soul of Love,
 The Joy of Neighbouring Swains;
Phillis that Crowns the Groves,
 And *Phillis* that gilds the Plains:
Phillis that ne'er had the skill,
 To Paint or to Patch, or be fine;
 Yet *Phillis*, whose Eyes can kill,
 Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis whose charming Tongue,
 Makes Labour and Pain a delight;
Phillis that makes the Day young,
 And shortens the live-long night:
Phillis whose Lips like May,
 Still laugh at the sweets that they bring,
 Where Love never knew decay,
 But sets with eternal spring.

The Claret Bottle.

A Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of late,
 What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State?
 Let the Rable run mad with Suspensions and Fears;
 Let 'em Scuffle and Jarr 'till they go by the Ears:
 Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
 So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

[Ease,
 What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their
 And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?
 At old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
 Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, & their King:
 A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
 H's no room for Treason that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not the Menders and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as his Majesty please ;
Let 'em Damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my lodging when dead so alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curse 'em for making my Claret so dear.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate,
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State ;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and *Monsieur d'Avaux* ;
What concerns it my drinking if *Cassal* be sold,
If the Conqueror takes it by storming or Gold,
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own ;
Let him fight and be damn'd & make Matches & treat,
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House that,
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot ;
Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat ;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will beat ;
No I swear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that :
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profession that never will alter.

A SONG.



R Anging the Plain one Summers night,
 To pass a vacant hour;
 I fortunately chanc'd to light,
 On lovely *Phillis* Bow'r:
 The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms;
 In expectation fate,
 To meet those Joys in *Strepson's* Arms,
 Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
Her breast did gently rise;
That e'ry Lover might have read,
Her Wishes in her Eyes:
At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
She suddenly would start;
A cold on all her Body seiz'd,
A trembling on her Heart.

But he that knew how well she Lov'd,
Beyond his hour had stay'd;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd,
The melancholy Maid:
Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore,
He would be here by One;
But now alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.

A S O N G.



THe Night her blackest Sable wore,
 And gloomy were the Skies;
 And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
 Than those in *Stella's* Eyes:
 When at her Fathers Gate I knock'd
 Where I had often been;
 And shrowded only with her Smock,
 The fair one let me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
 She trembling lay agham'd;
 Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
 And every touch inflam'd:
 My eager Passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the Fort to win;
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
 To yield and let me in.

Then! then! beyond expressing,
 Immortal was the Joy;
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So great a God was I:
 And she transported with delight,
 Oft pray'd me come again;
 And kindly vow'd that every night,
 She'd rise and let me in.

But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,
 And sighing fat and dull;
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Lookt then just like a Fool:
 Her lovely Eyes with tears run o'er
 Repenting her rash Sin;
 She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,
 That e'er She let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such Beauty part,
 I lov'd her so I could not leave,
 The Charmer of my Heart:

But

But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
That e'er she let me in.

On Marriage.



HE that is resolv'd to Wed,
And be by th' Nose, by Women led,
Let him consider't well e'er he be sped;
For that lew'd Instrument, a Wife,
If that she be inclin'd to strife,
Will find a man shrill Musick all his life,
Will find a Man, &c.

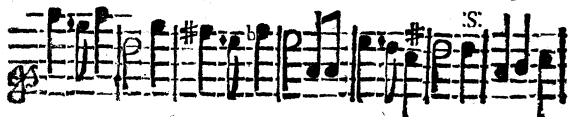
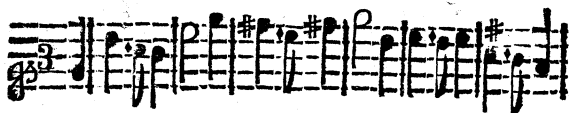
If he approach her when she's next,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,

He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
 And by our Grammar Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solefims connected be,
Nor without, &c.

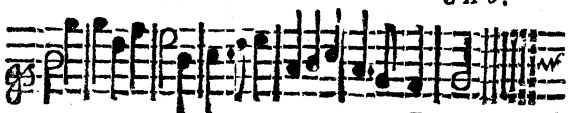
Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock, or 'tis much belyed,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried:
 And this convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry mood begins,
 The Husband never wants a fight of's Sins,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Pennance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast;
 And when's Confession he is framing,
 She will not fail to make's Examen,
 He has nothing else to do but say *Amen.*
He has nothing, &c.

A S O N G.



CH O.



A Curse on all Cares,
and popular Fears,
Come let's to the *Bell*,
For their Wine there drinks well;
There take off our Glafs,
Nay it shall not one pafs:

*Cho. For we will be dull, and heavy no more,
Since Wine does increafe, and there's Claret good flore.*

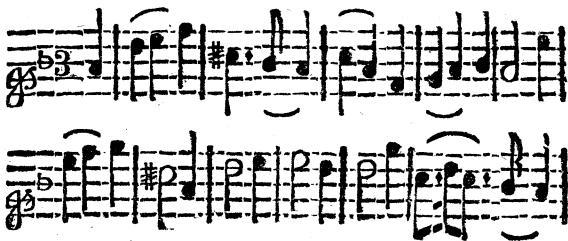
Come fill up your Wine,
Look, fill it like mine,
Here Boys, I begin,
A good Health to the King;
Jack, see it go round,
Whilst with Mirth we abound:

*Cho. For we will be dull, and heavy no more,
Since Wine, &c.*

Nay, don't us deceive,
Why this will you leave?
The Glafs is not big,
What-a-pox, you're no Whig;
Come drink up the rest,
Or be merry at least:

*Cho. For we will be dull, and heavy no more,
Since Wine, &c.*

A S O N G.





Believe me *Jenny*, for I tell you true,
 These Sighs, these Sobs, these tears, are all for you ;
 Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,
 When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love ?
 It's not enough, you cruel Fair,
 To slight my Love, neglect my Pain ?
 At least, that rigid Sentence spare ;
 Nor say that I first caus'd you to Disdain.

No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,
 Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes ;
 Let not Dissimulation, baser Art,
 Strife the busie Passion of your Heart :
 Yet, let, the Candor of your Mind,
 Now with your Beauty equal prove ;
 Which I believe ne'er yet design'd,
 The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

A SONG.



A Pox of dull Mortals of the grave and precise,
 Who past the Delight,
 We enjoy each Night,
 Give Counsel, instruct us, to be counted more wise:
 When Nature excites,
 And Beauty invites,
 Let us follow, let us follow, our own appetites.

The brisk vigour of Youth, and fierce heat of our Blood,
 The force of Desires,
 Which kind Love inspires,
 Are too powerful Motives, and can't be withstood:
 If Love be a Crime,
 We're yet in our Prime;
 Let's never grow wise, and repent e'er our time.

Then

Then we'll boldly go on, whilst we're lusty and strong,
 Whilst fit for the Task,
 Of a Vizard Mask,
 And still be as happy as still we are young:
 Whilst the impotent Sot,
 Rails, curses his Lot,
 And being past his Pleasure would have 'em forgot.

A SONG.

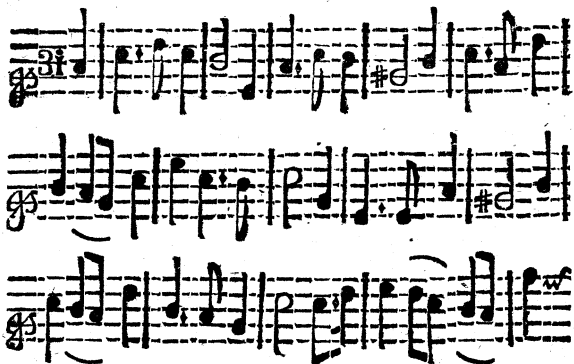


YE happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind,
 Teach me the Art of Love;
 That I the like success may find,
 My Shepherdess to move:

Long have I strove to win her Heart,
But yet alas! in vain;
For she still acts one cruel part,
Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure,
Consumes my Life away;
Ten thousand Tortures I endure,
Languishing night and day:
Yet she regardless of my Grief,
Looks on her dying Slave;
And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?
I'm punish'd so severe;
Tell me, that I may expiate;
With a repenting Tear:
But if you have resolv'd, that I,
No Mercy shall obtain;
Let her persist in Tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain.

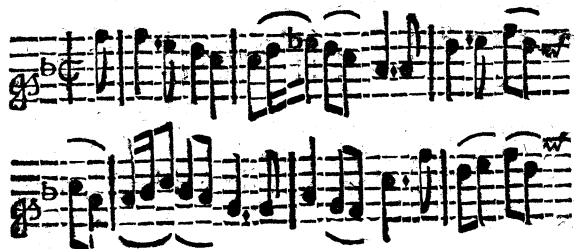
A SONG.



MY Life and my Death, are both in your pow'r,
 I never was wretched 'till this cruel hour ;
 Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,
 But alas ! that's too kind for me ever to prove :
 [op press,
 Could you guess with what pain my poor Heart is
 I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me blest.

Distractedly jealous I do hourly rove,
 Thus sighing and musing, 'tis all for my Love ;
 No place can I find that does yield me Relief,
 My Soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief :
 But when my kind Stars let me see him, (oh then !)
 I forgive the cruel Author of all my past Pain.

A S O N G.





As *May* in all her youthful *Dress*,
 My Love so gay did once appear ;
A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,
 And *Roses* did inhabit there :
 Thus while th' Enjoyment^s was but young,
 Each night new Pleasures did create ;
 Harmonious words dropp'd from her Tongue,
 And *Cupid* on her Fore-head fate.

But as the Sun to West declines,
 The Eastern Sky does colder grow ;
 And all its blushing Looks resigns,
 To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below :
 While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
 My *Cloe* then was kind and gay ;
 But when by time I lost the Charm,
 Her smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

A SONG.



WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
 For *Strephon's* now no more ;
 Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
 And leave the hated Shore :
 See, see, upon the craggy Rocks,
 Each Goddess stripp'd appears ;
 They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
 And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love that fatal hour,
 When this poor Youth was born,
 Had sworn by *Syx* to show his Power,
 He'd kill a Man e'er morn :

For

For *Strephon's* breast he aim'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd and shot him thro' the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

On *Stella's* Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes,
He cry'd Remember when I am dead,
That I deserv'd the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, You love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he loves not you.

A SONG.



O H Mother, *Roger* with his Kisses,
 Almost stops my breath I vow!
 Why does he gripe my Hand to pieces,
 And yet he says he loves me too?
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
 Pray now do, pray now do!
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
 Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
 What *Roger* means when he does so?
 For never fir I long to know.

Nay more, the naughty man beside it,
 Something in my Mouth he put;
 I call'd him Beast, and try'd to bite it,
 But for my life I cannot do't:
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do, &c.
 For never fir I long to know.

He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,
 Where I feel I know not what;
 Something I never felt in yours,
 Pray tell me Mother what is that?
 Tell me Mother what is that?
 For never fir I long to know.

A SONG.





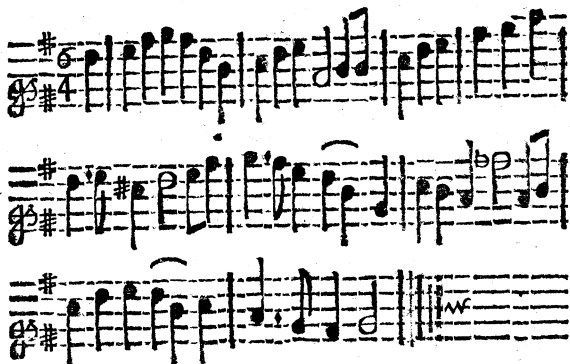
Your Gamester, provok'd by his Loss, may forswear,
 And rayl against Play, yet can never forbear ;
 Deluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won,
 In passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond pain,
 Of those fatal wounds which Love gets by disdain ;
 Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
 To expose my poor Heart to those Dangers agen.

Clarissa, I live on the hopes of my Love,
 Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove ;
 In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
 And rout all your Forces in Arms to destroy me.

My Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this cast,
 To make me a savor for all my Life past ;
 Be lucky this once, Dice ! 'tis all I explore,
 I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

A SONG.



How lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,
 When the spirits are strong, & the Fancy not cloy'd!
 We admire every Part, tho' never so plain,
 Which when throughly possess'd, we quickly disdain.

So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,
 For when we are at it, we foolishly prate,
 What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit,
 But next morning's Pains, our Pleasure do quit.

But Music's a Pleasure, that tires not so soon,
 'Tis Pleasant in Morning, 'tis welcome at Noon;
 'Tis charming at Nights, to sing *Catches* in Parts,
 It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoyses our Hearts.

But Music alone, without Women and Wine,
 Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine;
 Therefore by consent, we'll enjoy them all three,
 Wine and Music for you, and the Women for me.

A SONG.



FAirest Work of happy Nature,
 Sweet without dissembling Art;
 Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,
 Cruel only in a Heart:
 View the Beauties of the Morning,
 Where no sullen Clouds appear:
 Graces there are less adorning,
 Than below, when *Celia's* there.

Ev'ry Tuneful Breast confesses,
 Sounds by you improve their Power;
 Ev'ry Tongue in soft addresses,
 Humbly tells us his Amour:
 Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
 Faithful *Strephon* ne'er denies;
 Such a treasure in possessing,
 All the Bills of Love supplies.

L

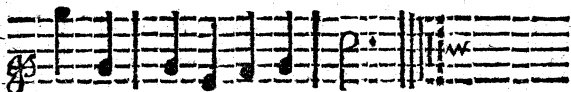
Yet

Yet I see by ev'ry Tryal,
 Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue ;
 Ever finding a Denial,
 Where my softest Love was true :
 But my Heart knows no retreating,
 No decay can ease my pain ;
 Love allows of no defeating.
 Tho' the Prize, is sought in vain.

For if e're my *Celia's* Treasure,
 Must her Virgin Sweets resign ;
 Love shall flow with equal Measure,
 And I'll boldly call her mine :
 'Till her Panting Wedding Lover,
 Grown uneasy by my Claim ;
 Leaves me freely to discover
 Golden Coasts without a Name.

A S O N G.





Sabina, in the dead of Night,
 In restless Slumbers wishing lay ;
 Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light,
 To loose Desires did lead the way :
 I step'd to her Bed-side with bended Knee,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 I'm sure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
 Which did her whiter body keep ;
 But still the nearer I was drawn,
 Methought the faster she did sleep :
 I call'd Sabina softly in her Ear,
 And sure Sabina heard, but would not hear.

Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all)
 Are wrapp'd into a-Lethargy,
 Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
 To search for hidden Treasury :
 So mov'd my busie Hand from Head to Heel,
 And sure Sabina felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,
 And she without a Blush receives ;
 As by Dissembling most are coy,
 She by Dissembling freely gives :
 ♫ For you may safely say, nay, swear it too,
 Sabina she did hear,
 Sabina she did see,
 Sabina she did feel,
 She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss, and do.

A SONG.



Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd ?
 By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd !
 Oh, keep it by the same !
 For ever shall my Passion last,
 If you will make me once posselt,
 Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
 'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
 That will suffice my Flame ;
 Love's Infancy on hopes may live,
 But you to mine full grown must give,
 Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
 Those Snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
 Fanning my raging Flame ;
 That Shape so made to be imbrac't,
 What would I give, I might but taste,
 Of what I dare not name !

In Courts I never wish to rise,
 Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
 And that vain Breath, call'd Fame ;
 By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
 'Tis something more I would obtain,
 'Tis that I dare not name.

A
 Who
 Upo
 Her
 Like

A SONG.



A Gentle Breeze from the *Lavinian* Sea,
 Was gliding o'er the Coast of *Sicily*;
 When lull'd with soft Repose, a Prostrate Maid,
 Upon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head:
 Her Soul was all Tranquil and smooth with Rest,
 Like the Harmonious slumbers of the Blest.

Wrapp'd up in Silence, innocent she lay,
And prest the Flow'rs with touch as soft as they.

My thoughts, in gentlest Sounds, she did impart,
Heighten'd by all the Graces of that Art;
And as I Sung, I grasp'd her yielding Thighs,
'Till broken Accents falter'd into Sighs:
I kiss'd, and wish'd, and forrag'd, all her store,
Yet wallowing in the pleasure, I was poor;
No kind relief my Agonies could ease,
I groan'd and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The trembling Nymph all o'er confusion lay,
Her melting Looks in sweet disorder play;
Her Colour varies, and her Breath's oppress'd,
And all her Faculties are dispossest'd,
At last impetuously her Pulses move;
She gives mighty loose to stifled Love;
Then murmurs in a soft Complaint, and cries,
Alas! and thus in soft Convulsions dies.

A SONG.

WHEN Money has done what e're it can,
And round about run to pleasure a Man,
Whose Life's but a span;
With worldly Joys, and the glittering Toys,
Which do make such a Noise;
As confound all advice, that's given by the Wife,
And in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Miseries,
And there to leave him.

Then the World which before,
For his store did adore him,
Streight seems afraid of one decay'd
And him upbraid of the Wealth,
Which each by's Trade did before deceive him;
But when the Mortal sees his own undoing,
Finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a going.
Then

Then he sighs and moans,
And then he pines and groans;
At last he Craves, his Friends deny,
At which he Raves, and swears he'll Die,
And thus he cries,
He ne'er was wise,
Until in Misery he dies;
And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies,
Fare him well for evermore, *Amen.*

A SONG.

Pretty *Armida* will be kind,
 When at her feet you prostrate lie ;
 No cruel Looks was e're design'd,
 To dwell within her charming Eye :
 Gaze on her Face, and ev'ry Part,
 That is expos'd to your view ;
 You'll presently conclude her Heart
 To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,
 You may not think that without pain ;
 And some attendance on her will,
 So rich a Prize you shall obtain :
 Wooers like Angling-Men, must wait,
 Woman's time, and give them play,
 Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
 Before she will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armida's* Looks be kind,
 And you read yielding in her Eyes ;
 Yet you alas ! may quickly find,
 Those Charms do nought but tantalize :
 Her heart may not so easy be-
 As you imagin, but may prove ;
 As hard as Adament to thee,
 And proof against the Darts of love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
 Make Tryal of, Sir, if you please ;
 Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,
 And beg of her relief and Ease :
 But she'll not hear you, for she spies
 That underneath your gilded Bait ;
 A crafty Hook inclosed lies,
 So from your Angle she'll retreat.

A SONG.



I Saw the Lads whom dear I lov'd,
Long sighing, and complaining,
While me she shunn'd and disapprov'd,
Another entertaining :
Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free,
No favour she refus'd him ;
Judge how unkind she was to me,
While she so kindly us'd him !

His Hand her milk-white Bubby press'd,
A Bliss worth Kings desiring ;
Ten thousand times he kiss'd her Breast,
The Snowy Mounts admiring ;

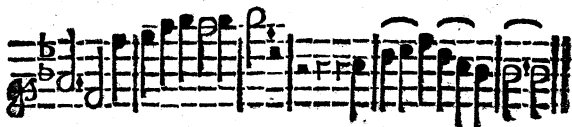
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to such passion mov'd him;
She clapp'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
To shew, the well approv'd him.

The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,
And swell'd my Heart with Passion;
Which like my love could not be tam'd,
Nor had Consideration:
I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair,
On my hard Fate complaining;
That plung'd me into deep Despair,
Because of her disdain'g.

Ah, cruel *Moggy*! then I cry'd,
 Will not my Sorrows move you?
 Or if my Love must be deny'd,
 Yet give me leave to love you:
 And then frown on, and still be coy,
 Your constant Swain despising;
 For 'tis but just you should destroy,
 What is not worth your Prizing.

A SONG.





A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,
 Had once a doubtful strife, Sir,
 To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
 Whose name was Buxome *Joan*,
 Whose name was Buxome *Joan*:
 For now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,
 And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
 And lie a Nights alone,
 And lie a nights alone.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder;
 And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
 Which he had brought from far, Sir,
 With Fighting for her sake?
 The Taylor thought to please her,
 With offering her his Measure;
 The Tinker too with Mettle;
 Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,
 The Sailor slyly waiting;
 Thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they shou'd all fall out, Sir;
 He then might play his part;
 And just e'en as he Ment, Sir,
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A SONG to a Minuet Tune.

IF you will Love me, be free in Expressing it,
 And henceforth give me no cause to complain;
 Or if you hate me be plain in confessing it,
 And in few words put me out of my pain:
 This long delaying, with sighing and praying,
 Breeds only decaying in life and Amour,
 Cooling and Wooling,
 And daily pursuing,
 Is Damn'd silly doing, therefore I'll give o're.

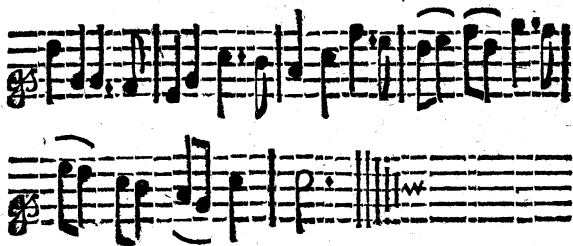
If you'll propose a kind method of Ruling me,
 I may return to my Duty again;
 But if you stick to your old way of Fooling me,
 I must be plain, I am none of your Men,
 Passion, for Passion, on each kind occasion,
 With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire;
 But Tedious Prating,
 Coy folly debating,
 And new doubts creating, still makes it expire.

The Answer, to the same Minuet Tune.

YOU Love, and yet when I ask you to Marry me,
 Still have recourse to the tricks of your Art,
 Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
 Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart :
 Eye, Eye, deceiver,
 No longer endeavour,
 Or think this way ever the Fort will be won ;
 No fond Caressing,
 Must be nor unlacing,
 Or tender embracing, till th' Parson has done.

Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
 Pleasing their humours to rail at their Wives ;
 Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
 Comforts destroyer and Plague of their lives :
 Some are affirming ;
 A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
 And yet with the Bait, tho' not Prison agree,
 Ventring that Chouse you,
 Must let me Espouse you
 If e're, my dear Mouse, you will Nibble at me.

A S O N G.



YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
 That love green Fields and Woods,
 When Spring newly born,
 Her self does adorn,
 With Flow'rs and Blooming Buds:
 Come Sing in the praise,
 Whilst Flocks do graze,
 In yonder pleasant Vale,
 Of those that choose
 Their sleeps to lose,
 And in cold Dews,
 With clouted Shooes,
 Do carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddess of the Morn,
 With Blushes they adorn,
 And take the fresh Air;
 Whilst Linnets prepare,
 A Confort on each green Thorn,
 The Ousle and Thrush,
 On every Bush;
 And the charming Nightingale,
 In merry Vein,
 Their Throats do strain,
 To entertain
 The Jolly train,
 That carry the Milking Pail.

When cold bleak Winds dō roar,
And Flow'rs can spring no more,
The Fields that were seen,
So pleasant and green,
By winter all candid o'er :
Oh ! how the Town lass,
Looks with her white Face,
And her lips of deadly Pale :
But it is not so,
With those that go,
Through Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.

The Miss of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With washes and Paint,
Her Skin does so Taint,
She's wither'd before she's old ;
Whilst she in Commode,
Put's on a Cart-load ;
And with Cushions Plumps her Tail ;
What Joys are found,
In Ruffet Gown,
Young, plump and round,
And sweet and found,
That carry the Milking Pail.

The Girls of *Venus* game,
That venture Health and Fame,
In practising Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame ;
If Men were so wise,
To value the price,
Of the wares most fit for sale,
What store of Beaus,
Would daub their Cloaths,
To save a Nose,
By following those,
That carry the Milking Pail.

A SONG.



C *Hloe* found *Amyntas* lying,
 All in Tears upon the Plain ;
 Sighing to himself and crying,
 Wretched I to love in vain !
 Kifs me, Kifs me, Dear, before my dying ;
 Kifs me once and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself and crying,
 Wretched I, to Love in vain :
 Ever scorning and denying,
 To reward your faithful Swain ;
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,
 Kifs me once and ease my pain.

Ever Scorning and Denying,
To reward your faithful Swain:
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he Lov'd in vain;
Kiss me Dear, before my Dying,
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
But repenting and complying,
When He kiss'd, She Kiss'd again:
Kiss'd him up before his Dying,
Kiss'd him up and eas'd his pain.

A SONG.



'Twas



'T Was within a Furlong of *Edinburgh Town*,
 In the Rosie time of year when the Grass was down;
 Bonny *Jockey* Blith and Gay,
 Said to *Fenny* making Hay;
 Let's sit a little (Dear) and prattle,
 'Tis a Sultry Day:

He long had Courted the Black-Brown Maid,
 But *Jockey* was a Wag and would ne'er consent to Wed;
 Which made her pish and phoo, and cry out it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, Monnot Buckle too.

He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joke,
 And that no one Wedded now, but the scoundrel Folk,
 Yet my dear, thou shouldest prevail,
 But I know not what I ail,

I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs,
 With Bottles at their Tail;

But I'll give thee Gloves, and a Bongrate to wear,
 And a pretty Filly-Foal, to Ride out and take the Air,
 If thou ne'er will pish nor phoo, and cry it ne'er shall do
 I cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she I believe,
 But ah! what in return must your poor *Fenny* give,

When my Maiden Treasure's gone,
 I must gang to *London Town*,

And Roar, and Rant, and Patch and Paint,
 And Kiss for half a Crown;

Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,
 And earn an hated Living in an Odious Falsom way;
 No, no, it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

A SONG.



MAn, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man ;
 As the Spur is for the Jade,
 As the Scabbard for the Blade,
 As for digging is the Spade,
 As for Liquor is the Can,
 So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter to be sway'd,
 As for Night's the Serenade,
 As for Pudding is the Pan,
 And to cool us is the Fan,
 So Man, &c.

Be she Widow, Wife or Maid,
 Be she Wanton, be she Stay'd,
 Be she Well, or Ill Array'd,
 Whore, Baw'd, or Harridan,
 Yet Man, &c.

A SONG.



TAke not a Womans Anger ill,
 But let this be your comfort still,
 This be your comfort still,
 That if one won't another will:
 Tho' she that's foolish does Deny,
 She, she that is Wiser will Comply,
 And if 'tis but a Woman what care I,
 What care I, what Care I,
 If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be Dama'd, to swear untrue,
 And Sigh, and Weep, and Whine, and Woove;
 As all out-simple Coxcombs do;
 All Women love it, and tho' this,
 Does suddenly forbid the Bliss,
 Try but the next you cannot miss.

A S O N G.



Sawney is a Bonny, Bonny Lad,
 But Sawney Kenns it well ;
 And Sawney might a Boon have had,
 But Sawney loves to tell :
 He Weens that I mun love him soon,
 Gin Lovers now are rare ;
 But I'de as lif have none,
 As one whom twanty, twanty share.

When anent your love you come,
 Ah ! Sawney were you true ;
 What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
 I ne'er could gang from you ;
 Yet still my Tongue do what I can,
 With muckle woe denies ;
 Wa's me when once we like a Man,
 It boots not to be wise.

A SONG.



Young I am and unskill'd,
 How to make a Lover yield;
 How to keep, or how to gain,
 When to Love, and when to Feign:
 Take me, take me some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 E're I can my Soul disguise,
 Heave my Breast, (heave my Breast,) and rowl my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
 How to lye and to betray;
 He that loves me first is blest,
 For I may deceive the rest:
 Cou'd I find a Blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth;
 Brisk and of a Jantee Meen,
 I shou'd long, (I shou'd long) to be Fifteen.

A SONG to a Ground of Mr. Solaman Eccles.

SStubborn Church-division;
 Folly and Ambition,
 Caus'd with great Derision,
 Poor *England's* sad condition;
 Princes leave their Stations, by strange Abdications:
 New ones come to ease us,
 Yet nothing e'er can please us,
 Happy's the Man then that shuns the Great,
 That pleaseth himself in a Rural State.

With ease and in a sweet retreat;
 Avoids all Jarrs and Faction,
 In his small Dominions,
 Vents no false Opinions,
 Nor deserts the true, for *Papist*, or *Socinian*,
 But sits down with his Friends around,
 Whilst the Glass is crown'd,
 And the Healths abound,
 To the King and Queen the best in the Town.

The Fleet or Armies Action,
 Argues still with reason,
 Speaks nor hears no Treason;
 Nor Arraigns the sense,
 Of Five Hundred Heads to please one:
 Plaintiff or Defendants,
 Ne'er get his attendance,
 He wishes well to all, that are at *White-Hall*,
 But he Loves no Court dependance.

Books admires when Witty,
 Good Musick and a Ditty,
 And takes a spouse, to adorn his House,
 That's Rich and kind, and pretty;
 Merry, merry, merrily discards, all sorrow,
 Warily does never, never lend nor borrow,
 Generously entertains his Friends to day,
 And is the same to morrow.

A SONG.



[* Pish must only be utter'd not sung.

Focky. FAirest *Fenny!* thou mun love me,
Fenny. Troth, my bonny Lad, I do:
Focky. Gin thou say'st, thou dost approve me,
 Dearest thou mun kiss me too:
Fenny. Take a Kiss or twa, or twa gude;
 But I dare give nean I trow:
 Eye! nay! * *Pish* be not unlucky!
 Wed me first, and aw will do.

Focky. For aw Fife and Lands about it,
 Ize not yield thus to be bound;
Fenny. Nor I Lig by thee without it,
 For twa Hundred Thousand Pound:
Focky. Thou wilt die if I forsake thee,
Fenny. Better die, than be undone;
Focky. Gin 'tis so, come on, Ize tauk thee,
 'Tis too cauld to lig alone.

A SONG.



Great Jove once made Love like a Bull, (a Bull)
 With *Leda* a Swan was in vogue;
 And to persevere in that Rule, (that Rule)
 He now does descend like a Dog:
 For when I to *Celia* would speak,
 And on her Breast sigh what I mean;
 My Heart-Strings are ready to break,
 For there I find Monsieur *Le Chien*, (*Le Chien*,
Le Chien, Monsieur, Monsieur *Le Chien*.)

For knowledge of Modish Intrigues,
 Or managing well an Amour,
 I desie any one with two Legs,
 But here I am Rivall'd by four :
 Distracted all Night with my Wrongs,
 I cry, Cruel Gods! what d'ye mean !
 That what to my Merit belongs,
 You bestow upon Monsieur *Le Chien* !

For Feature, or Niceness in Dress,
 Compare with him surely I can ;
 Nor vainly my self should express,
 To say, I am much more a Man :
 To th' Government firm too as he,
 The former I cunningly mean ;
 And if he Religious can be,
 I've as much sure as Monsieur *Le Chien*.

But what need I publish my Parts,
 Or idly my Passion relate ;
 Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts,
 Resolves not to alter my Fate :
 I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
 And make a long Court, *Ausi bien* ;
 And yet with one Passionate Lick,
 I'm out-rivall'd by Monsieur *Le Chien*.

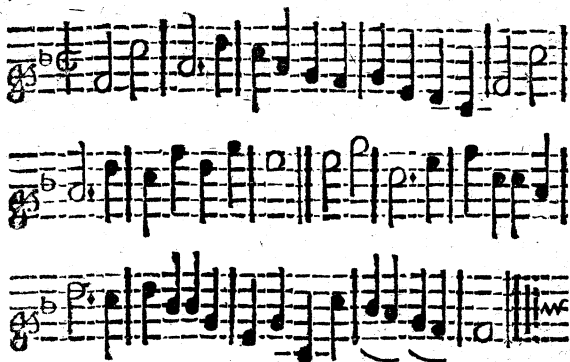
A SONG.



Bonny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,
 Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have no pow'r;
 Whilst my Joy, my dear *Peggy*, is gone,
 And Wedded quite from me, will Love no more:
 My Gude Friends that do ken my Grief,
 With Song and Story a Cure would find;
 But alas! they bring no Relief,
 For *Peggy* still runs in my Mind.

When I visit the Park or Play,
 They aw without *Peggy* a Desart seem;
 She's before my Eyes aw the day,
 And aw the long night too, she haunts my Dream:
 Sometimes fancying a Heav'n of Charms,
 I wäke, and rob'd of my dear Delight,
 Find she ligs in another's Arms,
 Ah! then 'tis she kills me out-right.

A SONG.



Come Sweet Lads,
 This bonny Weather,
 Let's together;
 Come Sweet Lads,
 Let's trip it on the Grass:
 Ev'ry where,
 Poor Jockey seeks his Dear,
 And unless you appear,
 He sees no Beauty here.

On our Green,
 The Loons are Sporting,
 Piping Courting;
 On our Green,
 The Blythest Lads are seen:
 There all day,
 Our Lasses Dance and play,
 And ev'ry one is gay,
 But I, when you're away.

A SONG.



Why does *Willy* shun his Dear?
 Why is he never here,
 My tender Heart to Chear?
 Why, why does *Willy* shun his Dear,
 And leave his own poor *Fenny* weeping?
 Shall I never see him more,
 But live, in Mickle Care,
 In sorrow and despair?
 Shall I never, never see him more,
 But in my Dream when I am sleeping?

Once he ne'er cou'd gang away;
 But here the Lad wou'd stay,
 Still Bonny, Blythe and gay;
 Once he ne'er cou'd gang away,
 But all the day he wou'd be Sueing;
 But when he had got a Boon,
 Oh! then the Naughty Loon,
 In Mickle haste was gone;
 But when he, when he had got a Boon,
 There was an end of *Willy's* Wooing.

A SONG.



DE'll take the War, that hurri'd *Willy* from me,
 Who to love me, just had sworn,
 They made him Captain sure to undoe me,
 Woe is me, he'll ne'er return;
 A thousand Loons abroad will Fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run,
 Day and night I did invite,
 To stay safe from the Sword and Gun:

I us'd allureing Graces,
 With muckle kind Embraces,
 Now Sighing, then Crying, Tears dropping fall;
 And had he my soft Arms,
 Preferr'd no Wars alarms.
 By Love grown mad, without the Man of Gad,
 I fear in my fit, I had grieved all.

I Wash'd and Patch'd to make me look provoking,
 Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men;
 And on my Head a huge Commode sat cocking,
 Which made me shew as tall agen:
 For a new Gown too, I paid muckle Money,
 Which with golden Flowers did shine;
 My Love well might think me Gay and Bonny,
 No Scotch Lads was e'er so Fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted,
 Fringe too with Thread I Knotted:
 Lace Shooes and Silk Hose, garter full over Knee,
 But oh! the fatal thought,
 To *Willy* these are nought,
 Who rid to Towns, and Rifled with Dragoons,
 When he silly Loon might have Plunder'd me.

A S O N G.

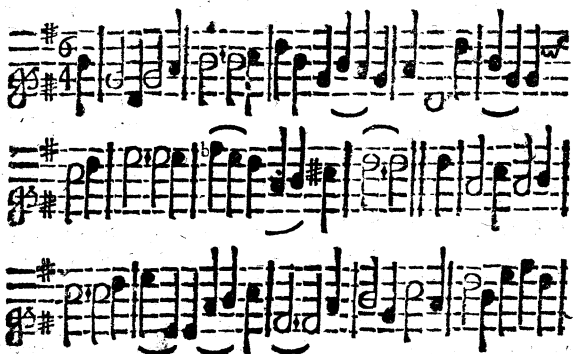




THe Bonny grey Ey'd Morn began to peep,
 When *Jockey* rowz'd with Love came blithly on,
 And I who wishing lay depriv'd of sleep,
 Abhor'd the lazy Hours that slow did run;
 But muckle were my joys when in my view,
 I from my window spy'd my only dear,
 I took the wings of Love and to him flew,
 For I had fancy'd all my heav'n was there.

Upon my Bosom *Jockey* laid his Head,
 And sighing told me pretty Tales of Love;
 My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he said,
 Did flutter up and down and strange'y move.
 He sigh'd, he Kiss'd my Hand, he vow'd and swore,
 That I had o'er his Heart a conquest gain'd;
 Then Blushing begg'd that I wou'd grant him more,
 Which he, alas! too soon, too soon, obtain'd.

A SONG.





'Twas when the Sheep were Shearing,
 And under the Barly Mow;
 Dick gave to Doll a Fairing,
 As She had milk'd her Cow:
 Quoth he, I fain wou'd Wed thee;
 And tho' I cannot Woee;
 I've Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for a Boy;
 Sing, shall I come Kifs thee now,
 Sing, ah! shall I come, shall I come Kifs thee now?
 I long Sweet-heart to Bed thee,
 And merrily Buckle too;
 With Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for a Boy;
 Sing, shall I come Kifs thee now,
 Sing ah! shall I come, shall I come Kifs thee now?

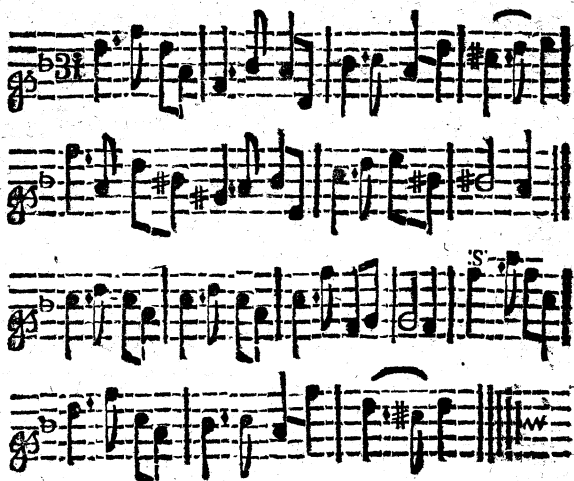
 Doll seem'd not to regard him,
 As if she did not care;
 Yet Simper'd when she heard him,
 Like any Millers Mare:

And cunningly to prove him,
 And Value her Maiden-head,
 Cry'd fie, nay Pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by ;
 For I am too young to Wed ;
 She said, she ne'er could Love him,
 Nor any Man close in Bed.
 Then fie Pish, fie, nay Pish, nay prithee stand by ;
 For I am too young to Wed.

Like one that's struck with Thunder,
 Stood *Dickey* to hear her talk ;
 All hopes to get her under,
 This sad resolve did balk,
 At last he swore, grown bolder,
 He'd hire some common Shrew :
 For Hey Pish, Hey fie, Hey for a Boy,
 Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now ?
 In Loving Arms did fold her,
 E'er Sneak, and Cringe, and Cry,
 With Hey Pish, Hey fie, Hey for a Boy,
 Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now.

Convinc'd of her Coy folly,
 And stubborn Female will ;
 Poor *Doll* grew melancholy,
 The Grist went by her Mill ;
 I hope, she cry'd, you're wiser,
 Then credit what I have said :
 Tho' I do cry nay fie, and Pish, and prithee stand by,
 That I am too young to Wed ;
 Bring you the Church adviser,
 And dress up the Bridal Bed ;
 Then try, tho' I cry, fie and Pish, and prithee stand by,
 If I am too young to Wed.

A SONG.



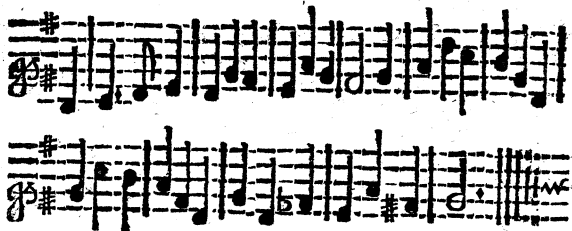
Jockey was a dawdy Lad,
 And Femmy swarth and Tawney;
 They my Heart no Captive made,
 For that was Prize to Sawney:
 Jockey Woes, and Sighs and Sues,
 And Femmy offers Money;
 Weel I see they both love me,
 But I love only Sawney.

Jockey high his Voice can raise,
 And Femmy tunes the Viol;
 But when Sawney Pipes sweet Lays,
 My Heart kens no denial:
 One he Sings, and to'her Strings;
 Tho' sweet yet only teize me,
 Sawney's Flute, can only do't,
 And Pipe a Tune to please me.

A SONG.



This to be sung only at the end of the first and last Verse.



THe Sun was juſt Setting, the Reaping was done;
 And over the Common I tript it alone,
 Then whom ſhould I meet, but young *Dick* of our Town
 Who ſwore e'er I went I ſhould have a green-gown;
He

He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I Tumbld,
He kiss'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on;

Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

These 4 lines are only Sung at the end of the 1. and last Verse.

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rump'd,
Worse Tumbld, and Jumbld,
Where ever, where ever I go.

Before an old Justice I Summon'd the Spark,
And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark;
He pull'd out his Inkhorn, and ask'd me his Fee,
You now shall relate the whole business quoth he.
He prest me, &c.

The Justice then came, tho' grave was his look,
Seem'd to wish I would kiss him instead of the Book;
He whisper'd his Clark then, and leaving the place,
I was had to his Chamber to open my Case.
He prest me, &c.

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint,
He look'd like a Bacchus, but Preach'd like a Saint;
He said we shou'd soberly Nature refresh,
Then Nine times he Urg'd me to Humble the Flesh.
*He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He Push'd me, I tumbld,
He Kiss me, I grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss on,*

Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rump'd,
Worse Tumbld, and Jumbld
Where ever, where ever I go.

A SONG, on Bartholomew Fair.



BOnny Lads and Damsels,
 Your welcome to our Booth;
 We're now come here on purpose,
 Your fancies for to sooth;
 No heavy *Dutch* Performers,
 Amongst us you shall find,
 We'll make your Lads good humour'd,
 And Lasses very kind:
 Your Damsons and Filberds,
 You're welcome here to Crack,
 But a Glas of merry Sack Boys,
 Is a Cordial for the Back.

You

You may range about the Fair,
 New Tricks and Sights to see ;
 And when your Legs are weary,
 Pray come again to me :
 There's Thread-bare *Holofernes*,
 Whom *Judith* long hath slain,
 With *Guy* of *Warwick*, *St. George*,
 And *Rosamond's* fair Dame,
 You'll find some pretty Puppets too,
 With many a Nickey Nack,
 But a Glas of Jolly Sack Boys,
 Is a Cordial for the Back.

The Houses being low too,
 Some Players hither come ;
 But if my Stars deceive me not,
 They soon will know their doom,
 There's other pretty Strowlers,
 That crowd upon us here,
 That may have Booths to let too,
 Before their time I fear.
 All these may prate and talk much,
 How Tricks and Bounce and Crack,
 But here's a Glas of Sack Boys,
 That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come sit down then brisk Lads all,
 A Bumper to the King ;
 Old *England* let's remember,
 (May Peace and Plenty spring.)
 Let War no more perplex you,
 Your Taxes soon will end ;
 The Souldiers all Disbanded,
 And each Man love his Friend.
 Be Merry then Carouse Boys,
 See Drawer what 'tis they lack,
 And fetch a Bottle neat Boy,
 That's Cordial for the Back.

A S O N G on Bacchus.



[Drinking,
 Since there's so small difference 'twixt drowning and
 SWe'll tippie and pray too like Mariners Sinking;
 Whilst they drink Salt-water, we'll Pledge 'em in Wine,
 And pay our Devotion at *Bacchus's Shrine.*

*Ob! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
 And plentiful Store of good Burgundy send us.*

From censuring the State, and what passes above,
 From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-Suits and Love;
 From meddling with Swords, and such dangerous things,
 And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings.

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

From Riding a Jade that will start at a Feather,
 Or ending a Journey with loss of much Leather;
 From the folly of dying for grief or despair,
 With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the Air.

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

From

From a Usure's grige, and from every Man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can ;
From the scolding of Women, and bite of mad Dogs,
And wandering over wild *Irish* Boggs.

Oh ! Bacchus, &c.

From Hunger and Thirst, Empty Bottles and Glasses,
From those whose Religion consists in Grimaces ;
From e'er being cheated by Female decoys,
From humouring old Men, and reasoning with Boys.

Oh ! Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome Insects and Flyes,
That think themselves Pretty, or Witty, or Wise ;
From carrying a Quatan for Mortification,
As long as a *Ratishon* Consultation.

Oh ! Bacchus, &c.

The Nurses SONG.



MY dear Cock adodde,
My Jewel, my Joy ;
My Darling, my Honey,
My Pretty sweet Boy :
Before I do Rock thee,
With soft Lul-la-by ;
Give me thy sweet Lips,
To be Kifs, Kifs, Kifs, Kifs, Kifs, Kifs.

Thy Charming high Fore-head,
Thy Eyes too like Sloes ;
Thy fine Dimple Chin,
And thy right *Roman* Nose ;

With

With some pretty marks,
That lie under thy Cloaths,
Sure thou'lt be a rare one,
To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

To make thee grow quickly,
I'll do what I can;
I'll Feed thee, I'll Stroak thee,
I'll make thee a Man:
Ah! then how the Lasses,
Moll, Betty and Nan,
By thee will run mad,
To be Kifs, Kifs, &c.

And when in due season,
My *Billy* shall Wed:
And Lead a young Lady,
From Church to the Bed,
A Welfare the loosing,
Of her Maiden-Head,
If *Billy* come near her,
To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

Then Wel-fare high Fore-head,
And Eyes black as Sloes;
And Wel-fare the Dimple,
And Wel-fare the Nose:
And all pretty marks,
That lie under the Cloaths;
For none is more hopeful,
To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

A SONG.





How long must Woman wish in vain,
 A constant Love to find ;
 No Art can Fickle Man retain,
 Or fix a Roving mind :
 Thus fondly we our selves deceive,
 And empty hopes pursue ;
 Tho' false to others we believe,
 They will to us prove true.

But oh! the Torments to discern,
 A perjur'd Lover gone ;
 And yet by sad experience learn,
 That we must still Love on :
 How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,
 Who tread the Maze of Love ;
 When most desirous to Retreat,
 We know not how to move.

A SONG.



Lads and Lasses Blith and Gay,
 Hear what my Song discloses ;
 As I one morning sleeping lay,
 Upon a bank of Roses :
Willy ganging out his Gate,
 By gude luck chanc'd to spy me ;
 And pulling bonnet from his Pate,
 He softly lay down by me.

Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
 Yet now I wou'd not know him ;
 But made a Frown my Face disguis'd,
 And from me strove to throw him :
 Fondly he stit nearer prest,
 Upon my Bosom lying ;
 His beating Heart too thump'd so fast,
 I Thought the Loon was dying.

But

But resolving to deny,
 An angry Passion feigning;
 I often roughly push'd him by,
 With words full of disdain:
 Willy baulk'd no favour wins,
 But went off discontented;
 But I gude faith for all my Sins,
 Ne'er half so much repented.

A SONG.



O H Fie! what mean I foolish Maid,
 In this Remote and Silent shade;
 To meet with you alone:
 My heart does with the place combine,
 And both are more your friends than mine;
 And both are more your friends than mine;
 Oh! oh! oh! I shall, I shall be undone,
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I wou'd not fear,
 Or shou'd I meet with Villians here,
 I to some Cave wou'd run;
 But such enchanting Art you show,
 I cannot strive, I cannot go;
 Oh! I shall be undone.

Ah! give your sweet Temptations o'er,
 I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more;
 What must we yet fool on?
 Ah! now I yield, ah! now I fall,
 Ah! now I have now breath at all,
 And now I'm quite undone.

A SONG.



Rise Bonny Kate the Sun's got up high,
The Fiddlers have play'd their last merry Tune;
Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em god b'w'y,
And gang to the Wells before 'tis noon.

There to thy health ize drink my three quarts,
Then raffle among the Beauties divine,
Where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts,
Assure thy self Jockey's shall still be thine.

When we come home we'll kiss and we'll bill,
And Feast on each other as well as our meat
Then saddle our Nags and away to Box-hill.
And there, there, there, consummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,
Smile thou, and for losses I care not a pin,
I'll push on my Fortune at night at the Oak,
And quickly, quickly, quickly, recov'r all agen.

For thy diversion could'st thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,
In spite of the spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, States-men and Gitts,
The men of the Sword, and men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

New marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,
Each morning quaff largely in hopes to Conceive;
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old musty Wives take nine in a hand,
The Maiden takes five too, that's vext with her Greens;
In hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,
When ever she comes to her Teens.

A SONG.



THo' *Jockey* Su'd me long, he met disdain;
 His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in vain:
 Give o'er said I give o'er,
 Your silly fond Amour,
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, comply;
 At last he forc'd a Kiss,
 Which I took not amiss,
 And since I've known the bliss,
 I'll ne'er deny.

Then ever when you Court a Lass that's coy,
 Who hears your Love, yet seems to thum its Joy;
 If you press her to do so,
 Ne'er mind her no, no, no;
 But trust her eyes,
 For coyness gives denial,
 When she wishes for the Tryal,
 Tho' she swears you shant come nigh all,
 I'm sure she lies.

The Leather Bottle.

NOW God above that made all things,
 Heaven and Earth and all therein;
 The Ships upon the Seas to swim,
 To keep foes out they come not in:
 Now every one doth what he can,
 All for the use and praise of Man,
 I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
 That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now what do you say to the Cans of wood?
 Faith they are nought, they cannot be good;
 When a Man for Beer, he doth therein send,
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
 The bearer stumbleth by the way,
 And on the ground his Liquor doth lay,
 Then straight the Man begins to Ban,
 And swears it 'twas long of the wooden Can;
 But had it been in a Leathern Bottel,
 Altho' he stumbled all had been well,
 So safe therein it would remain,
 Until the Man got up again,
 And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now for the Pots with handles three,
 Faith they shall have no praise of me;
 When a Man and his Wife do fall at strife,
 As many I fear have done in their life:
 They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
 And break the same tho' they were loth,
 Which they shall answer another day,
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away;
 But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
 The one might have tugg'd the other have held,
 They both might have tugg'd till their Hearts did ake,
 And yet no harm the Bottle would take,

And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what of the Flagons of Silver fine?
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine;
 When a Noble-man he doth them send,
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
 The Man with his Flagon runs quite away,
 And never is seen again after that day,
 Oh then his Lord begins to Ban,
 And swears he hath lost both Flagon and Man;
 But it ne'er was known that Page or Groom,
 But with a Leathern Bottle again would come,

And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine?
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine;
 When Friends are at a Table set,
 And by them several sorts of Meat;
 The one loves Flesh the other Fish,
 Among them all remove a Dish;
 Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
 The Glass is broke no Wine left in;
 Then be your Table-Cloath ne'er so fine,
 There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine,
 And doubtless for so small abuse,
 A young Man may his Service lose,

And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now

Now when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold ;
Out of the side you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shooe when worn out ;
Or hang the other side on a pin,
'Twill serve to put many odd trifles in ;
As Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,
For young beginners need such things,
*I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first invented the Leathern Bottel.*

The Black Jack, to the foregoing Tune.

'TIs a pitiful thing that now adays, Sirs,
Our Poets turn Leathern Bottle praisers ;
But if a Leathern theme they did lack,
They might better have chosen the bonny Black-Jack ;
For when they are both now well worn and decay'd,
For the Jack than the Bottle much more may be said ;
*And I wish his Soul much good may partake,
That first devis'd the bonny Black-Jack.*

And now I will begin to declare,
What the Conveniences of the Jack are ;
First when a gang of good fellows do meet,
As oft at a Fair or a Wake you shall see't,
They resolve to have some merry Carouses ;
And yet to get home in good time to their Houses ;
Then the Bottle it runs as slow as my Rhime,
With Jack they might have all been drunk in good time,
*And I wish his Soul in peace may dwell,
That first devis'd that speedy Vessel.*

And therefore leave of your twittle twattle,
Praise the Jack, praise no more the Leathern Bottle ;
For the Man at the Bottle may drink till he burst,
And yet not handsomely quench his thirst ;

The Master hereat maketh great moan,
 And doubts his Bottle has a Spice of the Stone ;
 But if it had been a generous Jack,
 He might have had currently what he did lack,
And I wish his Soul in Paradise,
That first found out that happy device.

Be your Liquor small or thick as Mud,
 The cheating Bottle that cries good, good ;
 Then the Master again begins to storm,
 Because it said more than it could perform ;
 But if it had been in an honest black Jack,
 It would have prov'd better to fight smell and smack,
And I wish his Soul in Heaven may rest,
That added a Jack to Bacchus his Feast.

No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle or Jugg,
 Is half so fit or so well can hold tugg ;
 For when a Man and his Wife play at thwacks,
 There's nothing so good as a pair of black Jacks,
 Thus to it they go, they swear and they curse,
 It makes them both better, the Jacks ne'er the worse ;
 For they might have bang'd both till their Hearts did
 And yet no hurt the Jacks could take, (ake,
And I wish his Heirs may have a Pension,
That first produc'd that lucky invention.

SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE,
 Suckt no wit from a Leather Bottle ;
 For surely I think a Man as soon may,
 Find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay ;
 But if the black Jack a Man often tofs over,
 'Twill make him as drunk as any Philosopher ;
 When he that makes Jacks from a Peck to a quart,
 Conjures not, tho' he lives by the black Art.
And I wish his Soul, &c.

Besides my good Friend let me tell you, that Fellow,
 That fram'd the Bottle, his brains were but shallow ;

The case is so clear I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a nearer and deeper invention,
When the Bottle is cleaned the dregs fly about;
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out;
But if in a Cannon-bore Jack it had been,
From the top to the bottom all might have been clean;
*And I wish his Soul no comfort may lack,
That first devis'd the bouncing black Jack.*

Your Leather Bottle is us'd by no Man;
That is a hairs Breadth above a Plow-man;
Then let us gang to the *Hercules-Pillars*,
And there visit those gallant Jack swillers;
In these small, strong, sour, mild, stale,
They drink Orange, Lemon and Lambeth Ale:
The Chief of Heralds there allows,
The Jack to be of an auancier House.
*And may his Successors never want Sack,
That first devis'd the long Leather Jack.*

Then for the Bottle you cannot well fill it,
Without a tunnel but that you must spill it;
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
'Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout;
Then burn your Bottle, what good is in it;
One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it,
But if it had been in a jolly black Jack,
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good Tack.
And I wish his Soul, &c.

He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a Spark
That were just ready cockt to shoot at a Mark;
When the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,
Makes a Man look with a great bottle Nose;
All wise Men conclude, that a Jack new or old,
Tho' beginning to leak is however worth gold;
For when the poor Man on the way does trudge it,
His worn out Jack serves him well for a budget;
*And I wish his Heirs may never lack Sack,
That first contriv'd the Leather Black Jack.*

When Bottle and Jack stand together, fie on't,
 The Bottle looks just like a Dwarf to a Giant:
 Then have we not reason the Jack for to chuse,
 For they can make Boots when the Bottle mends Shoes;
 For add but to every Jack a foot,
 And every Jack, becomes a Boot;
 Then give me my Jack, there's a reason why,
 They have kept us wet and they'll keep us dry;
 I now shall cease, but as I'm an honest Man,
 The Jack deserves to be call'd Sir *J O H N*!

*And may they ne'er want for Belly nor Back,
 That keep up the Trade of the bonny black Jack.*

A SONG.

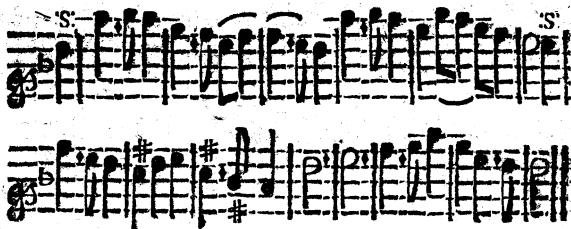


J Enney, my blitheft maid,
 Prethee listen to my true Love now;
 I am a canny Lad,
 Gang along with me to yonder Brow:
 Aw the Boughs shall shade us round,
 While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
 How the Lad the Lads may woo,
 Come and I'll shew my Jenny what to do.

I ken full many a thing,
 I can dance, and can whistle too;
 I many a Song can sing,
 Pitch-Bar, and run and wrastle too:
 Bonny *Mog* of our Town,
 Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
 Only *Fenny* 'twas could win,
Fockey from aw the Lassies of the Green.

Then lig thee down my Bearn,
 Ize not spoil the gawdy shining Geer;
 I'll make a Bed of Fern,
 And I'll gently preſs my *Fenny* there:
 Let me liſt thy Petticoat,
 And thy Kercher too that hides thy Boſom;
 Shew thy naked Beauty's ſtore,
Fenny alone's the Laſs that I adore.

A Song, ſung by a Fop newly come from France.



AH! *Phillis* why are you leſs tender,
 To my deſpairing *Amore*!
 Your Heart you have promis'd to tender,
 Do not deny the *Retour*:
 My Paſſion I cannot defender,
 No, no, Torments encrease *tous les Jour*.

To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,
Can you expect my *Devoir*,
Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,
And wounds me at every *Revoir*!
Those Eyes which were once *agreeable*,
Now, now, are Fountains of black *Des espoire*.

Adieu to my false *Esperance*,
 Adieu les *Plaisirs des beaux Jours* ;
 My *Phyllis* appears at distance,
 And flights my unfeigned *Efforts* :
 To return to her Vows *impossible*,
 No, no, adieu to the Cheats of *Amours*.

A SONG.



Tell me ye Gods,
Why do you prove so cruel,
So severe, to make me burn in flames of Love,
Then throw me in despair?
Tell me what Pleasure do you find,
To force tormenting Fate;
To make my *Sylvia* first seem kind,
Then vow perpetual Hate?

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inspire,
With her bewitching Eyes;
Oft with a Kiss she'd fan that Fire,
Which from her Charms arise:
With her Diviner Looks she'd bless,
And with her smiles revive;
When she was kind who could express,
The Extasie of Life.

But now I read my fatal Doom,
All hopes now disappear;
Smiles are converted to a Frown,
And vows neglected are:
No more kind Looks she will impart,
No longer will endure:
The tender Passion of my Heart,
Which none but she can cure.

Ah! cruel, false, perfidious Maid!
Are these Rewards of Love?
When you have thus my Heart betray'd,
Will you then faithless prove?
'Tis pity such an Angels Face,
Shou'd so much perjur'd be;
And blast each captivating Grace,
By being false to me.

Return, return, e'er 'tis too late,
The God of Love appease;
Lest you too soon do meet your Fate,
And fall a Sacrifice:
Despise not then a proffer'd Heart,
But mighty Love obey;
For Age will ruin all your Art,
And Beauty will decay.

A SONG.



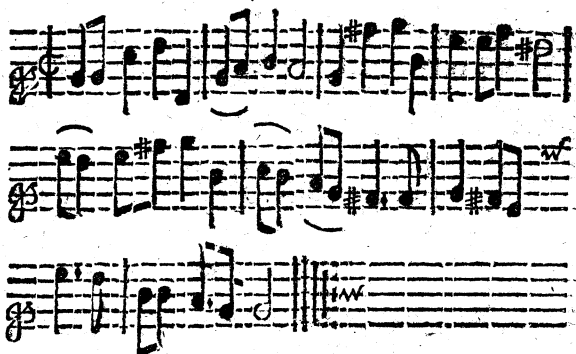
When first *Amyntas* su'd for a Kiss,
 My innocent Heart was tender;
 That tho' I push'd him away from the Bliss,
 My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won:
 I fain an artful Coyness wou'd use,
 Before I the Fort did surrender;
 But Love wou'd suffer no more such abuse,
 And soon, alas! my cheat was known:
 He'd sit all day and laugh and play,
 A thousand pretty things would say;
 My had he'd squeeze, and press my knees,
 Till farther on he got by degrees.

My

My Heart, just like a Vessel at sea,
Wou'd tofs when *Amyntas* was near me;
But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he!

Thro' Doubts and Fears he'd still Sail on:
I thought in him no danger cou'd be,
Too wisely he knows how to steer me;
And soon, alas! was brought to agree,
So wast of Joys before unknown,
Well might he boast his Pain not lost,
For soon he found the Golden Coast;
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the shore;
Where never Merchant went before.

A SONG.



SIt thee down by me, mine own Joy,
Thou'z quite kill me, should'st thou prove coy:
Should'st thou prove Coy, and not Love me,
Oh! where should I find out sike a yan as thee.

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:
Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,
Sike Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.

Thouz

Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyn,
 With silver Shoon thy Feet shall shoyne:
 With foyn't Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown,
 Thy pink Petty-Coat fall be laced down.

Weeze yearly gang to the Brook side,
 And Fishes catch as they do glay'd:
 Each Fish thyn Prisoner then shall be,
 Thouz catch at them, and I'ze catch at thee.

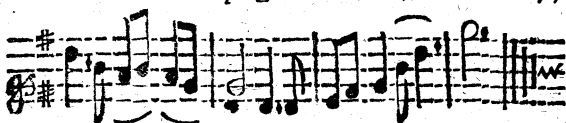
What mun we do when Scrip is fro?
 Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
 And there weez fray and eat the Fish;
 But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best dish.

Ize Kifs thy cherry Lips, and praise
 Aw the sweet Features of thy Face;
 Thy Fore-head so smooth, and lofty both rise,
 Thy soft ruddy Cheeks and pratty black Eyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold Night.
 Thouz want nothing for thy delight:
 Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
 And sure Ize have something that fall please thee.

A S O N G.





IN January last, on Munnonday at morn,
 As I along the Fields did pass to view the Winters
 I leaked me behind, and I saw come over the Knough,
 Yan glenting in an Apron with bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud morrow fair Maid, and she right courteouslie,
 Bekt lew and fine, kind Sir, she said, gud day agen to ye :
 I spear'd o her, fair Maid quo I, how far intend you now ?
 Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have sik company,
 For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be :
 When we had walkt a Mile or twa, Ize said to her, my
 May I not dight your Apron fice, kifs your bonny brow.

Nea, gud sir, you are far misfeen, for I am nean o'those ;
 I hope ya ha more breeding than to dight a womans
 For I've a better chofen than any sike as you,
 Who boldly may my Apron dight and kifs ma bonny
 [brow.]

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to say,
 Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the play :
 And I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me rew,
 Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kifs her bonny brow.

Sir, Ize see ya are proud-hearted and leath to be said nay,
 You need not tall ha started, for eight that Ize ded say :
 You knaw Wemun for modestie, ne at the first time boo ;
 But, gif we like your company, we are as kind as you.

A SONG.



Bonny Lads gin thou wert mine,
 And Twenty Thousand Pounds about thee;
 I'd scorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,
 To lay thee down on any Green:
 And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee,
 I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,
 To lay thee down on any Green,
 And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.

Bonny Lad gin thou wert mine,
 And Twenty Thousand Lords about thee;
 I'd leave them aw to Kiss thine Eyn,
 And gang with thee to any Green;
 To shew me how my Daddy gat me:
 I'd leave them, &c.

A S O N G.



THe bright *Laurinda*, whose hard fate,
 It was to Love a Swain,
 Ill-natur'd, faithless, and ingrate,
 Grew weary of her Pain:
 Long, long, alas! she vainly strove,
 To free her Captive Heart from Love;
 'Till urg'd too much by his Disdain,
 She broke at last the strong-link'd Chain,
 And vow'd she ne'er would love again.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
 Gay as the blooming Spring;
 To no soft Tale would lend an ear,
 But careless sit and Sing:
 Or if a moving Story wrought,
 Her frozen breast to a kind thought;
 She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, ah! hold,
Amyntor thus his Story told,
 Once burn'd as much, but now he's Cold.

Long

Long thus she kept her Liberty,
 And by her all-conquering Eyes,
 A thousand Youths did daily die,
 Her Beauties Sacrifice:
 'Till Love at last young Cleon brought,
 The object of each Virgin's thought,
 Whose strange resistless Charms did move,
 They made her burn and rage with Love,
 And made her blest as those above.

A SONG.



A H *Fenny* gin your Eyes do kill,
 You'll let me tell my pain;
 Gud Faith, I lov'd against my will,
 Yet wad not break my Chain:
 Ize once was call'd a bonny Lad,
 'Till that fair Face of yours,
 Betray'd the Freedom once I had,
 And all my blither hours.

And

And now wey's me, like Winter looks,
 My faded show'ring Eyn;
 And on the Banks of shaded Brooks,
 I pass my wearied time:
 Ize call the Streams that glideth on,
 To witness, if they see,
 On all the brink they glide along,
 So true a Swain as I.

A S O N G.



THere was a Jovial Beggar,
 He had a wooden Leg;
 Lame from his Cradle,
 And forced for to beg:
 And a begging we will go,
 We'll go, we'll go,
 And a begging we will go.

A bag for his Oatmeal,
 Another for his Salt;
 And a pair of Crutches,
 To shew that he can halt,
 And a begging, &c.

A bag for his Wheat,
 Another for his Rye;
 A little Bottle by his side,
 To drink when he's a dry,
 And a begging, &c.

To *Pimbllico* we'll go,
Where we shall merry be;
With ev'ry Man with a can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, &c.

And when we are dispos'd
To tumble on the Grass,
We've a long patch'd Coat,
To hide a pretty Lass.
And a begging, &c.

Seven years I begg'd
For my old Master *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
When I was but a Child.
And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Master,
And got him store of pelf;
But *Jove* now be praised,
I now beg for my self.
And a begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,
A Beggar lives the best;
For when he is a weary,
He'll lie him down and rest.
And a begging, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When the Beggars live so well.
And a begging, &c.

A SONG.



Tell me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
 When you will your Heart surrender;
 Faith and Troth I love thee soundly,
 'Twas I that was the first pretender.

- Ne'er say nay, nor delay,
- Here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too;
- All that's mine, shall be thine,
- Body and Goods at thy command too.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
 Have you promis'd to be true to;
 Fye! I think the Devil's in you,
 To kiss a body so as you do!
 What d'ye? let me go,
 I cant abide such foolish doing;
 Get you gone you naughty Man,
 Fye is this your way of Wooing.

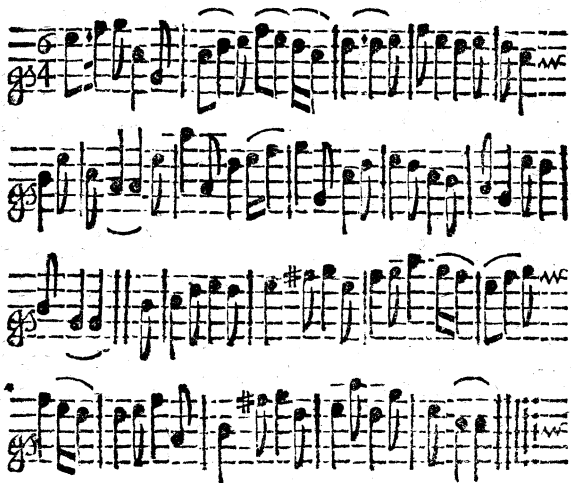
A SONG.



I Often for my *Fenny* strove,
 Ey'd her, try'd her, yet can't prove,
 So lucky to find her pity move,
 Ize have no Reward for Love:
 If you wou'd but think on me,
 And now forsake your Cruelty;
 Ize for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

When first I saw thy lovely Charms,
 I kiss'd thee, wish'd thee in my Arms:
 I often vow'd, and did protest,
 'Tis *Joan* alone, that I love best:
 Ize have gotten Twenty pounds,
 My Father's House, and all his Grounds,
 And for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

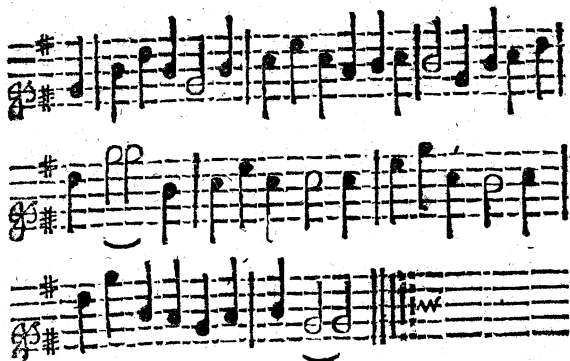
A SONG.



Tell me no more, no more, -I am deceiv'd,
 That *Cloe's* false, that *Cloe's* false and common;
 By Heav'n I all along believ'd,
 She was, she was, a very, very Woman.
 As such I lik'd, as such carest,
 She still, She still was constant when possesst;
 She cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she could,
 Do more for no man.

But oh! but oh her thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think, and that you think a hard thing;
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man,
 Why what care I, what care I one Farthing.
 You say she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
 I'll take, I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
 Who, who has the better Bargain?

A SONG.



AT London che've bin,
 At London che've bin,
 And che've seen the King and the Queen a;
 Che've seen Lords, and Earls,
 And roaring fine Girls,
 Turn'd up their Tails at fifteen a;

Che've seen the Lord-Mayor,
 And Bartoldom-Fair;
 And there che met with the Dragon,
 That St. George that bold Knight,
 Fought and killed out-right,
 Whilst a Man could toss off a Flaggon.

From thence as I went,
 To see th' Monument;
 I met with a Girl in Cheapside a;
 That for half a Crown,
 Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
 And shew'd me how far she could stride a;

A SONG.



Then Beauteous Nymph look from above,
 And see me here below : [window,
 See how that mighty Tyrant Love, drags me to your
 Drags me to your window :
 Let not your Heart then hardned be,
 Since you my Love have got ;
 For I'm a Knight of high degree,
 And dye upon the spot.

To morrow then let us be Wed,
 At hours Canonical ;
 That I may say when I have sped,
 My heart is free from Thrall :
 Oh think then what thy Joy will be,
 When I am in thy Arms ;
 That thou mayst have the liberty,
 To Rife all my Charms.

A Scotch S O N G.

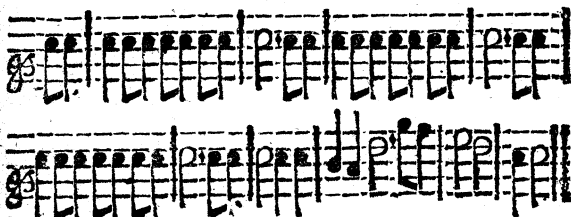


WAa is me what mun I do,
 Drinking Waters I may rue,
 Since my Heart so muckle harm befel,
 Wounded by a bonny Lass at *Epsom-Well*;
 I'ze have been at *Dalkeith Fair*,
 Seen the charming Faces there;
 But aw *Scotland* now, gude faith, desye,
 Sike a Lip to show, and lovely rowling Eye.

Fennyes

Fennyes Skin was white, her Fingers small;
 Moggy she was slender, straight and tall;
 But my Love here bears away the Bell from all;
 For her I sigh, for her I die in a wild despair;
 Never Man in Woman took such Joy,
 Never Woman was to Man so coy;
 She'll not be my Honey, for my Love or Money:
 Well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.

The Old and New Courtier.



With an Old Song made by an Old Ancient pate,
 Of an Old worshipful Gentleman who had a
 [great Estate:
 Who kept an Old house at a bountifull rate,
 And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
Like an Old Courtier of the Queens.

With a Old Lady whose Anger good words affwages,
 Who every quarter pays her old Servants their wages,
 Who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen
 [and Pages:
 But kept twenty or thirty old Fellows with blue-cloaths
Like an Old Courrier, &c. [and badges;

With a Study fill'd full of Learned books, [his looks,
 With an old Reverend Parson, you may judge him by
 With an old Buttery hatch worn quite off the old hooks,
 And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old
Like an Old Courrier, &c. [o ks;
 With

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes
 [and Bows,
 With old Swords and Bucklers, which hath born many
 [shrew'd Blows,
 And an old Fryfadoe Coat to cover his Worship's trunk
 [hose,
 And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Nose;
Like an Old, &c.

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come,
 To call in his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Drum,
 And good cheer enough to furnish every old Room,
 And old liquor able to make a Cat speak, and a wise
Like an Old, &c. [Man dumb;

With an old Hunts-man, a Falconer and a Kennel of
 [Hounds,
 Which never Hunted, nor Hawked, but in his own
 [Grounds:
 Who like an old Wife-man kept himself within his own
 [Bounds,
 And when he died gave every Child a thousand old
Like an Old, &c. [Pounds;

But to his eldest Son, his House and Land he assign'd,
 Charging him in his Will to keep the same bountiful
 [Mind,
 To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours kind,
 But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was
 [enclin'd;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
 That keeps a Brace of Creatures at's own Command,
 And takes up a thousand Pounds upon's own Bond,
 And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither go
Like a young Courtier, &c. [nor stand;

With a neat Lady that is fresh and fair, [or care,
 Who never knew what belong'd to good House-keeping,
 But

But buys several Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other Womens
Like a young, &c. [Hair.

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal, nor Wood,
And a new Shuffle-board-table where never Meat stood,
Hung round with Pictures which doth the poor little
Like a young, &c. [good ;

With a new Study stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or
[five Days,

With a new *French-Cook* to make Kickshaws and Toys ;
Like a young, &c.

With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the Back with
Like a young, &c. [a Stone,

With a Gentleman-Usher whose Carriage is compleat,
With a Foot-man, a Coach-man, a Page to carry Meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very
[neat,
Who when the Master has din'd gives the Servants
Like a young, &c. [little Meat ;

With a new Honour bought with his Fathers Old Gold,
That many of his Father's Old Manours hath sold,
And this is the occasion that most Men do hold,
That good House-keeping is now a days grown so cold ;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Bacchus's Health : To be Sung by all the Company together, with Directions to be Observed.



First Man stands up with a Glass in's Hand and Sings.

Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,
 Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,
 Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus, I--bo, I--bo, I--bo ;
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us, I--bo, I--bo, I--bo.

** At this Star they all bow to each other,
 and sit down.*

*† At this Dagger all the Company beckens to
 the Drawer.*

** Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together, I--bo, I--bo, I--bo ;
 And † bring more Liquor hither,
 And bring more Liquor hither,
 And bring more Liquor hither, I--bo, I--bo, I--bo.*

** At*

* At this Star the first Man drinks his
Glass while all the other Sing and
point at him.

† At this Dagger they all sit down, clap-
ping their next Man on the Shoulder.

It goes into the * Cranium,
It goes into the Cranium,
It goes into the Cranium, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho ;
And † thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho.

Then the 2d. Man takes his Glass, all the Com-
pany Singing Here's a Health, &c. so round.

SONG to the foregoing Tune.

There was a bonny Blade,
Had marry'd a Country Maid ;
And safely conducted her home, home, home.
She was neat in ev'ry part,
And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the Day,
And brisk as the May :
And as round, and as plump as a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb.
But still the silly Swain,
Could do nothing but complain,
Because that his Wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could Brew and she could Bake,
She could Sow and she could make ;
She could Sweep the House with a Broom, Broom, Broom,
She could Wash and she could wring,
She could do any kind of thing,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he went,
 For to give himself content ;
 And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum,
 O! 'tis the easiest part,
 That belongs unto my Art,
 For to make a Woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. he did her bring,
 And he cut her chattering string ;
 And at liberty he set her Tongue, her Tongue, her
 [Tongue.

Her Tongue began to walk,
 And she began to talk,
 As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her Faculty she tries,
 And she fill'd the House with noise ;
 And she rattl'd in his Ears like a drum, drum, drum,
 She bred a deal of strife,
 Made him weary of his life,
 He'd give any thing again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he goes,
 And thus he vents his Woes ;
 Oh! Dr. you've me undone, undone, undone,
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
 And her Tongue can never hold,
 I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake,
 To make thy Wife to speak ;
 It was a thing easily done, done, done,
 But 'tis past the Art of Man
 Let him do what e'er he can,
 For to make a Scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue,
 [Tongue.

The West-Countryman's Song on a Wedding.

ODs hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing not I, Sir,
 Because I hear there's such brave doing hard by, Sir;
Thomas the Minstrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir.
 And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir:
 Who the Rat can mind either Bayard or Ball, Sir,
 Or any thing at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking I'th'
 [Hall, Sir;
 E'gad not I! Let Master fret it and storm it, I am
 [resolv'd?

I'm sure there can be no harm in't,
 Who would lose the zight of the Lasses and Pages,
 And pretty little *Sue* so true, when she ever engages;
 E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

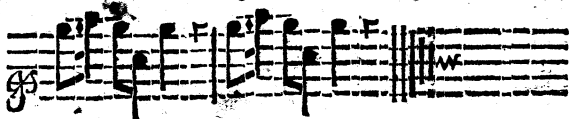
There's my Lord has got the curious'st Daughter,
 Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on ye water;
 This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
 Some veed her, some to dress and clout her:
 Uds-bud she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweetest
 The pretty littl'st Rogue, and all Men do zay the
 [discreetest.

There's ne'er a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,
 But must give place zince Mrs. Betty's creation;
 She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye,
 Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and easie,
 That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
 If London Town can e'er zend down zuch another.

Next my Lady in all her Gallant Apparel,
 Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel;
 There's zuch Drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
 'Twill make a vool of Zack, or White wine, or Claret;
 And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows,
 May tipple off their Cups, until they lie down on their
 [Pillows.
 Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't stand scratching thy
 [head zo,
 For thither I'll go, Cods—— because I have said so.

A S O N G.





Jocky was as brisk and blith a Lad,
As ever did pretend to love a Maiden true;
But I fear that I shall die a Maid,
And never taste the Joys of Love as others do:
When the Wars alarms,
Call'd him forth to Arms,
And the Trumpets found,
Made the shores rebound,

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here;
And till he returns I never shall give over,
Mourning for the absence of my Dear:
To arms, to arms, he cry'd,
To Love I strait reply'd,
But in vain I strove,
To perswade my Love.

Love can ne'er contend when Glory is a Rival,
Or I wou'd have kept my swain from harms;
But he thought that he in Glory should survive all,
When by Honour he was call'd to arms:
To arms, to arms he cry'd,
To Love I strait reply'd;
But in vain I strove,
To perswade my Love.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here:
And till he returns I never shall give over,
Mourning for the absence of my dear:

A SONG.



YOU mad caps of *England* who merry wou'd make,
 And for your brave Valour would pains undertake:
 Come over for *Flanders*, and there you shall see,
 How merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be,
 Sing Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys;
 Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys,
 Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys drink, boys drink.

If you have been a Citizen broke by mischance,
 And wou'd by your Courage your Credit advance;
 Here's stuff to be won by ventring your life,
 So you leave at home a good friend by your Wife;
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Ware Horns, ware Horns,
 Sing tanta ra, &c. Ware Horns.

But if upon Wenches you have spent all your means,
 And still your minds runs upon Whores and Queens;
 Here's Wenches enow that with you will go,
 From Leaguer to Leaguer in spite of your Foe;
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all, Whores all,
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all. As

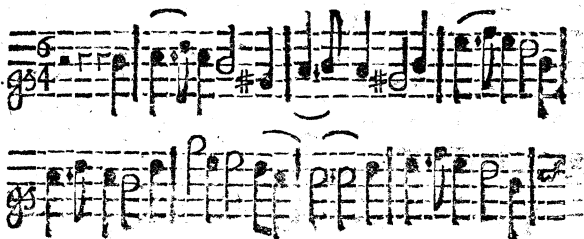
As soon as you come to your Enemies land,
Where fat Goose and Capon you have at command;
Sing take them, or eat them, or let them alone,
Sing go out and fetch them or else you get none;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift, make shift,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift.

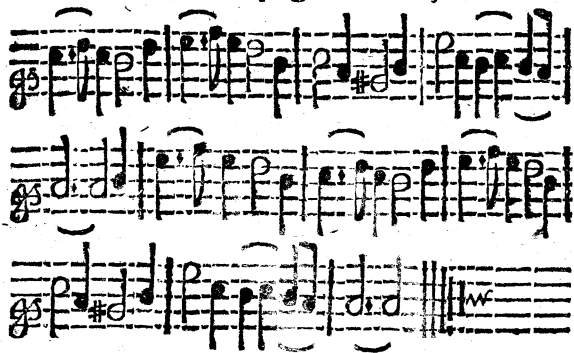
Your Serjeants and Officers are very kind,
If that you can flatter and speak to their mind;
They will free you from Duty and all other trouble,
Your Money being gone your Duty comes double,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case, hard case,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case.

And when you break an Arm or a Leg,
You shall have your Pals thro' the Country to Beg;
Your Officer promises you some other pay,
But the Souldier never gets it, no not till Dooms-day;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Long time, long time,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Long time.

At last when you come to your Enemies Walls,
Where many a brave Gallant and Gentleman falls;
And when you have done the best that you can,
Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Man;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. That's all, that's all,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. That's all,

A S O N G.





Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Eyes are like the Morning bright;
 Her Cheeks like Roses fair;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white;
 Like Silk her flowing Hair;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white;
 Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as sweet as Odors blown,
 By Zephyrus o'er the Vales;
 Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,
 Her Voice like Nightingale's.

Where e'er she breaths, where e'er she sings:
 How happy are the Groves:
 How blest! how much more blest than Kings,
 The Shepherd's that she loves.

With gentle steps lets beat the ground,
 In Gladsome Couples joyn'd,
 For Joy that your *Dorinda's* found,
 And ev'ry Lover kind.

A SONG.



Make your Honour *Miss*, tholl loll, loll,
 Now to me Child, tholl loll, loll,
 Airy and easie now, tholl, loll, loll,
 Very well done *Miss*, tholl loll, loll,
 Raise up your body Child, tholl, loll,
 Then you in time will Rise, hoh, tholl la.

Hold up your head *Miss*, tholl loll, loll,
 Wipe your Nose Child, tholl loll,
 When I press on ye, tholl loll, loll,
 Fall back easy *Miss*, tholl loll, loll,
 Keep out your toes too, tholl loll, loll,
 Then you'll learn presently, hoh, tholl la.

Bear your hips swimmingly, tholl loll, loll,
 Keep your Eyes languishing, tholl loll, loll,
 Z— where's your Ears now? tholl loll, loll,
 Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll, loll,
 Keep your Knees open, tholl loll, loll,
 Else you will never do, hoh, tholl la.

If you will love me *Miss*, tholl loll, loll, loll,
 You shall dance rarely Child, tholl loll, loll,
 You are a fortune *Miss*, tholl loll, loll,
 And must be married Child, tholl loll, loll,
 Give me your Money *Miss*, tholl loll, loll,
 Then I will give you my, hoh, tholl, la.

A SONG.



ROyal and fair, great *Willy's* dear Blessing,
 The Charming Regent of the Swains;
 Heavy with Care, thus sadly expressing,
 Her Grief, sat weeping on the Plains:
 Why did my fate exalt me so high,
 If fading State must deprive me of Joy?
 Since *Willy* is gone,
 Ah! How vainly shines the Sun,
 'Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
 Waft, waft him to me.

Large

Large are my flocks, and flowry my Pastures,
 Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold;
 Where ravenous Wolves too fain would be Masters;
 Devour all my Lambs, and break down my Fole:
Willy while here, secur'd me from fear,
 All the *Wild* Herd stood in awe of my Dear;
 But poor helpless I,
 Mourning Sigh, and hourly Cry,
 Let Fates decree, the Wind and Sea,
 Waft *Willy* to me.

A SONG.





TWas early one morning, the Cock had just Crow'd ;
 Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry ;
 My holiday Clothes on, and face newly Mow'd,
 With a hey down, hoe down, drink your brown Berry ;
 The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet so Red,
 For the Sun was just then getting out of his Bed,
 When *Teresa* and I went to Church to be sped,
 With a hey ding, hoe ding, shall I come to wooe thee ;
 Hey ding, hoe ding, will you buckle to me,
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry ding,
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtridown derry.

Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print ;
Sing hey ding, &c.

And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,
With a hey down, &c.

Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and
 [Plumbs,

And her Teeth that were useless, for biting her Thumbs,
 Had late, like ill Tenants, forsaken her Gums ;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

But when night came on, and we both were a bed ;
Sing hey ding, &c.

Such strange things were done, there's no more to be said ;
With a hey down, &c.

Next Morning her head ran of mending her Gown ;
 And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
 And so we rose up the same Fools we lay down ;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

A SONG.



Dear Pinckaninny, if half a Guinny,
 To Love will win ye,
 I lay it here down,
 We must be Thrifty;
 'I will serve to shift ye,
 And I know fifty,
 Will do't for a Crown:
 Dunns comes so boldly,
 King's Money so slowly,
 That by all things holy,
 'Tis all I can say,
 Yet I'm so rapt in,
 The snare that I'm Trapt in,
 As I'm a true, Captain,
 Give more than may pay.

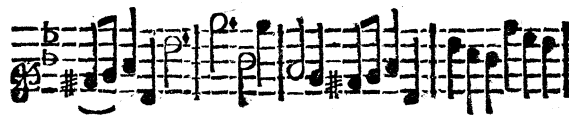
Good Captain Thunder,
 Go mind your plunder;
 Od—— I wonder,
 You dare be so bold;

Thus

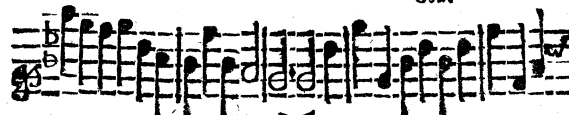
Thus to be making,
A Treaty so sneaking,
Or dream of taking,
My Fort with small Gold.

Other Town Misses,
May gape at Ten pieces,
But who me possesses,
Full twenty shall pay,
To all poor Rogues in Buff,
Thus thus I strut and buff,
So Captain kick and cuff,
March on your way.

A Dialogue between Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Edwards representing two Country Boors.



Coll.





Coridon.

Welfare Trumpets, Drums, and Battling too,
Collin lay, lay down thy Spade;
 And never more follow *Adam's* old Trade,
 But come on to the War,
 Where Swords and Guns are,
 Rattling now whilst we,
 March with *Hautboys* merrily,
 Free hunters of Honour,
 Thou'rt slave to the pride,
 Of some Boar of a Mannour.

Collin.

Well, what then? Much better?
 Is brown bread and Water;
 With Bacon that's Rusty,
 And Beef tho' 'tis damnable Musty;
 In course wooden Platters,
 And cook'd up by our Country fluts,
 Then Slashes and Bruises,
 And holes made by Fuzees,
 Or feeding on Fame,
 When I'm Cripp'd or Lame;
 Or sent packing with a broad Sword thro' my Guts.
 Zoons with a broad sword thro' my Guts.

Cori-

Coridon.

Dull fool rail no more at Caveleering,
 What a damn'd scandal it is,
 To sneak here at home,
 Grow mouldy with Peace,
 When loud Fame calls thee out.

Collin.

I fear my Commission,
 Will prove but a Vision,
 For when I am Posted,
 On Mines where I'm like to be Roasted,
 'Tis forty to one but I'm puff'd from my future Com-
 [mand.

Coridon.

Where bold Dragoons are domineering,
 Thou'lt see Fortune ready to befriend thee,
 If thou art wounded,
 For Honour and Valour,
 Preferment's propounded.

Collin.

Or if with much Toyling,
 I chance to scape Broyling,
 A damn'd bit of Lead,
 Drills me quite thro' the Head.
 How the Devil then shall I kiss the King's Hand,
 Z—— how shall I kiss the King's Hand.

*To the 2d. Part of the Tune.**Coridon.*

From Bullets and Fire,
 Tho' oft we retire,
 Our wishes we Crown,
 When we enter a Town,
 That is Rich where the Lasses are kind,
 And the Plunder's refreshing and cool.

Collin.

Collin.

But what if foul Weather,
Won't let us come thither,
The Trench full of Water,
Then is it not better,
Lie safe at home and our Plow-jobbers rule.

Coridon.

Gad zooks you're a cowardly fool.

A S O N G.



Great *Alexander's Horse*,
Bucephalus by Name;
That long has been Enrolled,
Within the Books of Fame:
But Sir *Credulous Easy's Mare*,
So far did him excel;
She ne'er run for the Plate
But she bore away the Bell:
S. With a Nigby, Wheeghy, Yeopoop a,
Full Caper and Carreer;
All England cannot shew you,
Sike another Mare.

And

310 *Pills to purge Melancholy.*

And to Brentford she did come,
 And an Ale-house she did find ;
 She could not pass it by,
 But she knew her Masters mind :
 And as she called for a Pot,
 She would be, wou'd be sure of twain ;
 Which made her such a Sott,
 She ne'er could run again.
§ With a Nigby, &c.

Since last I saw her Face,
 I heard report is spread ;
 With drinking in that Place,
 This bonny Mare is dead :
 And the last Words she did say,
 As she came down the Hill,
 Was ah ! that bowl had broke her Heart,
 And so she made her Will,
§ With a Nigby, &c.

Her fore Hoof she bequeath'd
 To some Religious Fool ;
 Who after her untimely Death,
 Begs Pardon for her Soul :
 And her hinder Hoof with which,
 She play'd full many a trick,
 She gave to thole curs'd Wives,
 That against their Husbands kick.
§ With a Nigby, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,
 Her Master wept full sore ;
 Because it was reported,
 He ne'er shou'd see her more :
 But that which Comforted him,
 For his departed Friend,
 Was after all his great Loss,
 She made so good an end.
§ With a Nigby, &c.

A SONG.

Harp.



Of noble Race was *Shinking*,
The Line of *Owen Tudor*,
Thum, thum, thum, thum,
But her renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel Love pursu'd her.

Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright shining,
And Lilly breasts Allureing;
Poor *Fenkins* heart with fatal Dart,
Have wounded past all curing.

Her was the prettyest Fellow,
At Foot-ball or at Cricket;
At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

But now all joy's are flying,
All pale and wan her Cheeks too;
Her heart so akes, her quite forsakes,
Her Herrings, and her Leeks too.

No more must dear *Metheglin*,
Be top'd at good *Mongomery*;
And if Love sore, smart one week more,
Adieu *Cream-Cheese* and *Flomery*.

A SONG.



IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment,
 If a bitter, oh tell me whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by Passionate silence, I make my Love known;
 But Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake, to discover her Love;
 When in striving to hide, she returns all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Name.

A

A SONG.



Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound ;
 Come if you dare, the foes rebound :
 We come, we come, we come, we come, [Drum,
 asys the double, (double, double) Beat of the thundering

Now they charge on amain,

Now they Rally again ;

The Gods from above the mad labour behold,
 And pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.

The Fainting Saxons quit their Ground,
 Their Trumpets Languish in the sound ;
 They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly ;
 Victoria, Victoria the bold Britons cry.

Now the Victory's won,

To the Plunder we run :

We return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,
 Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquisht Invaders.

A SONG.



How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
 While Drums and Trumpets are sounding Alarms!
 Over our lowly sheds all the storms posseſs;
 And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
 All the day on our Herds and Flocks employing;
 All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
 All the day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of *Britain*, with Graces attended,
 Let not your days without Pleasure expire;
 Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
 All Men will praise you, but none will desire.
 Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;
 Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
 Let not Youth, &c.

A SONG.



T Obacco is but an *Indian* weed,
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve,
It shows our decay,
We are but clay,
Think of this and take Tobasco.

The Pipe that is so lilly-white,
Where so many take delight;
Is broke with a touch,
Man's life is such,
Think of, &c.

The Pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how Man's Soule is stain'd with sin;
It does requiré,
To be purg'd with fire,
Think of, &c.

The Ashes that are left behind,
Does seive to put us all in mind;
That into dust,
Return we must,
Think of, &c.

The smoak that does so high ascend,
Shews you Man's life must have an end,
The Vapour's gone,
Man's life is done,
Think of, &c.

A SONG.



SIR Eglamore, that valiant Knight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly;
 He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly:
 And as he rode o'er Hill and Da'e,
 All Armed with a Goat of Male,
Fa la la, la la la, lanky down dilly.

There leapt a Dragon out of her Den,
 That had slain God knows how many Men:
 But when she saw Sir Eglamore,
 Oh that you had but hear'd her roar!

Then the Trees began to shake,
 Horse did tremble, Man did quake:
 The Birds betook them all to peeping,
 Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
 For now they fall to't, fight Dog fight Bear;

And

And to't they go, and soundly fight,
A live-long day, from morn till night.

This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
That cou'd the sharpest steel abide;
No Sword cou'd enter her with cuts,
Which vext the Knight unto the Guts.

But as in Choler he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;
For as a yawning she did fall,
He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly,
Unto her Den, which was hard by;
And there she lay all night and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword.
But riding away, he cries, I forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

A S O N G.





THe Danger is over, the Battle is past,
 The Nymph had her fears, but she ventur'd a last;
 She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
 She smil'd at her folly, and own'd she had won:
 By her Eyes we discover, the Bride has been pleas'd,
 Her Blushes become her, her passion is eas'd;
 She dissembles her joy, and affects to look down,
 If she sighs, 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all you Virgins, both Aged and Young,
 All you, who have carry'd that burden too long;
 Who have lost precious time, and you who are losing,
 Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chusing:
 Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind,
 You'll find your selves happy, when once you are kind;
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
 You'll feel the loss little, and much to be won.

A SONG.



Wully and Georgy now brath are gean,
 To see their lovely Flocks a feeding;
 Fenny and Moggy too follow'd them,
 For fear they should be now a breedig:
 Out of London Town they aw did trip it,
 Down to play at new bopeep at Tunbridge Well;
 But how they play'd or what they said,
 The De'el his sell can only tell.

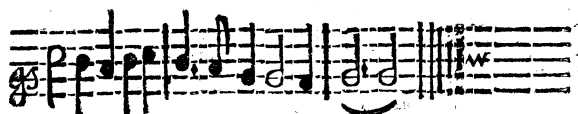
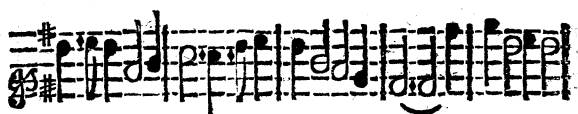
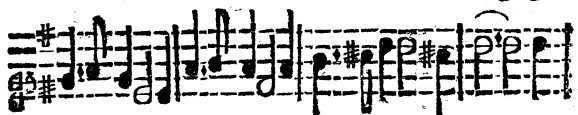
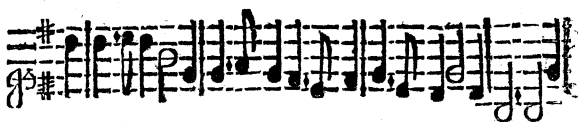
Moggy had bearns Four Five or Six,
 But Fenny was a young beginner;
 Sure to her trading now she will fix,
 The Kirke has made her a young sinner;
 To London Town they're gean,
 Each with a muckle weam;
 And Georgy now to Scotland he mun run:
 Fare him weel ene take him De'el:
 Poor Fenny now is quite undone.

A SONG.



Sing, sing whilst we trip it, trip, trip it,
 Trip, trip it, upon the Green :
 But no ill Vapours rise or fall,
 But no ill Vapours rise or fall,
 No Nothing, no Nothing offend,
 No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen ;
 No Nothing, no Nothing,
 No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen ;
 No Nothing, no Nothing, no Nothing,
 No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

A SONG.



YOU Lasses and Lads take leave of your Dads,
 And away to the Maypole hie;
 There is every he has gotten a she,
 And a Fidler standing by,
 There is *Foskey* has gotten his *Fenny*,
 And *Fobunny* has gotten his *Fone*,
 And there they do jugget, and jugget,
 And jugget up and down.

You're out said *Dick*, you lie said *Nick*,
 The Fidler play'd it false;
 And so said *Natt*, and so said *Kate*,
 And so said nimble *Ealse*:
 With that the Fidler he,
 Did play the Tune again;
 And then they did foot it, and foot it,
 And foot it unto the Men.

Three times in an hour they went to a bower,
 To play for Ale and Cakes;
 And Kisses to whom they were due,
 The Lasses held the stakes:
 The Lasses they began,
 To quarrel with the Men;
 And bid them take their Kisses back,
 And give them their own again.

A SONG.



What Ungrateful Devil moves you!
 Come, come my Friend the Truth declare;
 You love *Silvia*, *Silvia* loves you:
 Why, why then will you Wed the Fair?
 Marriage joyning does discover,
 But Lovefreeing joyns for life:
 Wou'd you, wou'd you, wou'd you,
 Love the Nymph for ever?
 Never, never, never, never, never, never,
 Let her be your Wife.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Barincloth.



ALL Hands up a loft,
Swab the Coach fore and aft;
For the Punch Clubbers straight will be sitting.

For fear the Ship rowl
Sling off a full Bowl,
For our honour let all things be fitting:

In an Ocean of Punch
We to Night will all Sail,
I'th' Bowl we're in Sea room
Enough we ne'er fear:
Here's to thee Mefs-mate,
Thanks honest Tom,
'Tis a health to the King,
Whilst the Larboard-man drinks,
Let the Starboard-man Sing.

*With full double Cups,
We'll Liqueur our Chops,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.*

The Winds veering aft,
Then loose ev'ry Sail;
She'll bear all her Topsails a trip,
Heave the Logg from the Poop,
It blows a fresh gale,
And a Just account on the board keep:
She runs the eight Knots,
And eight Cups to my thinking,
That's a Cup for each Knot,
Must be fill'd for our drinking,
Here's to thee Skipper,
Thanks honest John,
'Tis a health to the King,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.

*With full double Cups,
We'll Liqueur our, &c.*

The Quartier must Cun,
Whilst the foremast-man Steers;
Here's a health to each Port where e'er bound,
Who delays 'tis a Bumper,
Shall be drub'd at the Geers,
The depth of each Cup therefore sound:
To our noble Commander,
To his honour and wealth,
May he drown and be damn'd,
That refuses the health,
Here's to thee honest *Harry*,
Thanks honest *Will*,
Old true penny fill,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.

*With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our, &c.*

What News on the Deck Ho?
It blows a meer Storm;
She lies a-try under her Mizon,
Why what tho' She does?
Will it do any harm?
If a Bumper more does us all reason:
The Bowl must be fill'd Boys,
In spight of the Weather,
Yea, yea huzza let's howl all together,
Here's to thee, *Peter*,
Thanks honest *Joe*,
About let it go;
In the Bowl still a calm is,
Where e'er the Winds blow.

*With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our, &c.*

A Scotch SONG. Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.

AS I went o'er yon misty Moor,
 'Twas on an evening late, Sir,
 There I met with a welshar'd lass
 Was spanning of her gate, Sir;
 I took her by the Lilly whit-hand,
 And by the twat I caught her,
 I swear and vow, and tell you true,
 She pift in my Hand with laughter.

The filly poor Wench she lay so fill,
 You'd swear she had been dead Sir;
 The deel a word but aw she said, but ay,
 And bow'd her head, her head Sir,
 Kind Sir, quoth she you'll kill me here,
 But I'll forgive the slaughter;
 You make such motions with your A——
 You'll split my sides with laughter.

A New SONG, Sett by Mr. J. Clark,

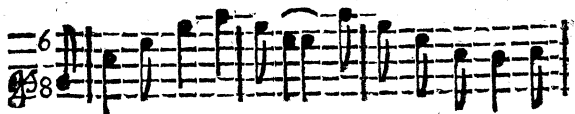


HArk the Cock crow'd, 'tis Day all abroad,
 And looks like a jolly fair morning;
 Up *Roger* and *James* and drive out your *Teams*,
 Up quickly to carry the Corn in:
Davy the drowzy and *Barnaby* bowzy,
 At Breakfast we'll flout and we'll jear boys;
 Sluggards shall chatter with small-beer and water,
 Whilst you shall tope off the March beer, boys.

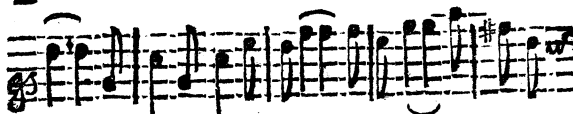
Lasses that snore for shame give it o'er,
 Mouth open the flies will be blowing;
 To get us stout Hum when *Christmass* is come,
 Away where the Barley is mowing:
 In your Smock sleeves too, go bind up the Sheaves too,
 With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry*;
 Then when works over, at night give each Lover,
 A Hugg and a Buss in the Dairy.

Two for the Mow, and two for the Plow,
 Is then the next labour comes after;
 I'm sure I hired four, but if you want more,
 I'll send you my Wife and my Daughter:
Roger the trusty, tell *Rachel* the lusty,
 The barn's a brave place to steal Garters:
 'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow then,
 And take it at Night for your Quarters.

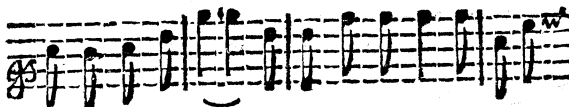
A SONG, Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.



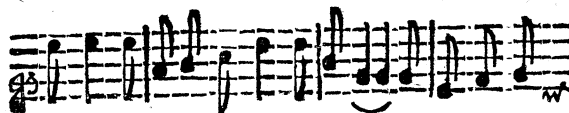
TO Kifs, to Kifs is pretty, 'tis pretty, it makes us



Gay; to Kifs, to Kifs is pretty, is pretty, is pretty



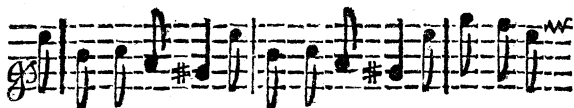
to frolick and play; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no 'tis folly to Kifs, 'tis folly; no, no, no, no,



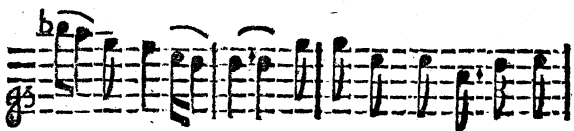
no, no, no, no, no, no ; 'tis jolly to kifs, 'tis jol--ly ;



'Tis pretty to Kifs, 'tis pretty to Kifs, 'tis pretty I'll



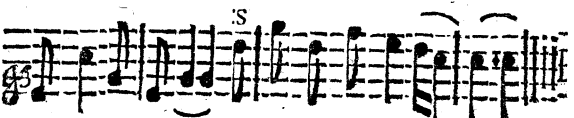
tell you why, 'tis pretty to Kifs, 'tis pretty to Kifs to



Love, but not to dye ; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



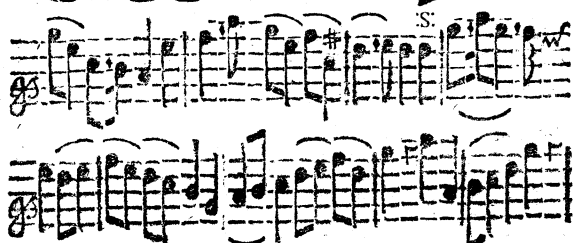
no, no, Kissing till you're out of breath, 'tis foolish



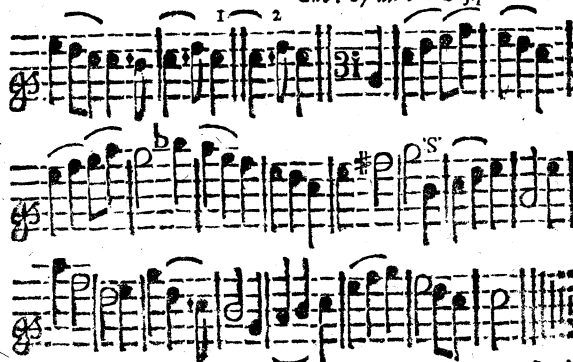
to Kifs, 'tis foolish, 'tis foolish to Kifs to death.

The

The Midwives Christening Song.



Cho: by all the Gossips.



Let's

Let's consecrate a mighty Bowl,
On this our solemn meeting :
To recreate those Female Hearts,
That sometime since were weeping,
The Lady's pangs are now no more,
All grief is banish'd from her;
The lusty Boy has made his way,
And nothing now can wrong her.

Cho. *By all the Gossips.*

O Mighty gower of active love,
How bravely hast thou wrought;
From something done, there's something come,
While many Toyl for naught.

Then dish about the Mothers health,
The Lads shall soon come after;
Nor shall the Father be forgot,
In hopes the next — a Daughter :
Go on brave pair obey command,
And multiply together;
May strength increase,
And Wealth ne'er cease,
Nor may you part for ever.

Cho. *O mighty power of active love, &c.*

A Song on a Lady's going into the Bath.





When *Sylvia* in Bathing her Charms does expose,
 The pretty Banquit dancing under her Nose;
 My Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,
 And leap from the Gal—'ry into the Bowl:

Each day I provide too,
 A bribe for her guide too;
 And gave her a Crown,

To bring me the Water where she sat down:
 Let crazy Physicians think pumping a Cure,
 That Virtue is doubtful but *Sylvia's* is sure.

The Fiddlers I hire to play something Sublime,
 And all the while throbbing my Heart beats the Time;
 She enters, they Flourish, and cease when she goes,
 That who it is adrest'd to, straight ev'ry one knows.

Wou'd I were a Vermin,
 Call'd one of her Chairmen,
 Or serv'd as a Guide:

Tho' I shou'd as they do a damn'd tawny Hide;
 Or else like a Pebble at bottom cou'd lye,
 To Ogle her Beauties how happy were I.

A SONG.



O Raree Show, O brave Show,
O pretty Show, who see my fine a Show?
O Roree show, O brave show,
Who see my preety show?

*Quand la Cigala Canta fa pasboun travailiar,
Fadoun estr'a 'lombretta a 'lombretta,
Fa boun estr'a 'lombretta Calignar.*

Here's de *English* and *French* to each oder most civil,
Shake Hands and be friends, and hug like the Devil:
O Raree show, O brave show, O pretty gallant a show.

Here be de *Savoyards* a trudging through *France*,
To sweep ade Shimney, to Sing and to Dance.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here

Here be de great *Turk*, and de great King of no land;
 A Galloping bravely from *Hung'ry* to *Poland*.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here's de brave *English Beau*, for the packet boat tarries,
 To go make his his Campaign vid his Taylor at *Paris*.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de honest Captain a cursing the Peace,
 Here's another disbanding his Coach and his Mifs.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de *English Ships* bring plenty and Riches,
 And here be de *French Caper* a mending his Breeches.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de Jacks set out Lights and dissemble,
 And here be de Mob make um squitter and tremble.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de sea Captain a reeling on shore,
 Here's one spend all his Pay and boarding a Whore.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de brave Trainbands a dringing Carouses,
 And here be de Soldiers a storming their spouses.
O Raree Show, brave Show, who see my fine Show.

A New Scotch SONG, or a Game at Pam.





When *Phillida* with *Jockey* play'd at Pam,
 The bonny Lad nea whit cou'd heed his Game,
 But sighing in his doleful dumps,
 Leuk'd at her and lost his Trumps,
 Ah! a blither sport was *Jockey's* chief aim.
 Those bright Eyes,
 The Loon heart wounded cries,
 Ah welladay, Dear *Phillida*
 Joy and yet destroy me,
 I'll ne'er win by Mournival or blaze,
 Or conquering Knave whilst on my Queen I gaze.

Thus *Phillida* with Beauty, Wit, and Art,
 His Money won, who had before his Heart,
 Until the laughing God of Love,
 Packt the Cards and made 'em prove,
 All combin'd to take poor *Jockey's* weak part:
 No kind Knave,
 The Charmer now cou'd have,
 Her Lover too, Recover'd too,
 More than lost before too,
 Till to please them love chang'd the wrangling Garre,
 To Wedlock Joys, and *Jockey* was her Pam.

A SONG in the Morose Reformer.

YOU Ladies who are young and gay,
 Since Time too swiftly flies away,
 Bestow your hours of leisure, bestow your hours of leisure
 On Courts, on Gardens, Springs, and Groves,
 On Conversation lawful Loves,
 And ev'ry harmless pleasure, ev'ry, ev'ry harmless pleasure

Be you the finest shows at Plays,
 Alluring Youth to Love and Gaze;
 But try no mad Conclusions:
 Be ev'ry where and often shown,
 But Vision like be touch'd by none,
 Be only fair Delusions.

For pleasure ramble round the Town,
 But give your Friends no cause to frown;
 From Honour never fall:
 How they're condemn'd who were admir'd,
 In Courts had all their Hearts desire,
 For ev'ry Kiss a tally.

The

*The 2d. Part of St. George for England, by the
late John Grub, M. A. of Christ's-Church
Oxon, to the same Tune, P. 135.*

THe Story of King *Arthur* it is very memorable;
The Number of his valiant Knights, and roundness,
of his Table;

His Knights around his Table in a Circle sate, d'ye see,
And altogether made up one large Hoop of Chivalry;
He had a Sword both broad and sharp, yclyp'd *Calliburn*;
Would cut a flint more easie, than Penknife cuts a Corn;
A case Knife does a Capon carve, so it would carve a
Rock,

And split a man at single slash, from noddle down to nock,
He was the Cream of *Brecknock*, and the flower of all the
Welch,

But *George* he did the Dragon fell, and gave him a pla-
guy squelsh;

St. George he was for fair England,

St. Dennis was for France,

Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Tamerlain with *Tartarian* bow, the *Turkish* Squadrons slew,
And fetcht the *Pagan* Crescent down, with half moon
made of Yew;

His trusty Bow Proud *Turks* did gall, with show'rs of Ar-
rows thick,

And Bow-strings without throtling sent, Grand *Visier* to
old Nick;

Much Turbants and much *Pagan* pates, he made to tum-
ble in dust,

And heads of *Saracen's*, he fixt on Spear as on a sign post;

He coop'd in cage grim *Bajazet*, prop of *Mahomets* Religion,
As if he'd been the whispering bird that prompted him
the Pidgeon;

In *Turky* leather Scabbard, he did sheath his blade so
trenchant,

But *George* he swing'd the Dragons tail, and cut off ev'ry

St. George he was, &c.

Achilles of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horse for to ride,
 Was taught by th' *Centaurs* rational parts the Hinnible to
 besstride;
 Bright Silver feet and shining face had the stout Hero's
 mother,
 As Rapiers Silver'd at one end, and wound us at the other;
 Her feet were bright, his feet were swift as hawk pursu-
 ing Sparrow,
 Her's had the metal, his the speed of *Brabant's* Silver
 Arrow;
Thetis to double Pedagogue commits her dearest boy,
 Who bred him from a slender twig to be the Scourge of
Troy;
 But e'er he lash'd the *Trojans* was, in *Stygian* water slept,
 As birch is soaked first in piss when boys are to be whipt;
 His skin exceeding hard, he rose from Lake so black and
 muddy,
 As *Lobsters* rising from the Sea, with shells about their
 body;
 And as from *Lobsters* broken Claw, pick out the flesh you
 might,
 So might you from one unshell'd heel dig pieces of the
 Knight;
 His *Myrmidons* rob'd *Priams* Barns, and hen roosts say the
 Song,
 Carry'd away both Corn and Eggs, like Ants from which
 they sprung;
 Himself tore *Hector's* Pantaloon, and sent him down bare
 breech'd,
 To *Pedant Radamanthus* in posture to be switch'd,
 But *George* made the Dragon look as if he'd bin bewicht;
 St. *George* he was, &c.

The *Amazon Thalestris* was beautiful and bold,
 She fear'd her Breasts with Iron hot, and bang'd her foes
 with cold;
 Her hands were like the tool wherewith *Jove* keeps proud
 mortals under.

It shone just like his Lightning, and batter'd like his Thunder;

Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blast the proudest he that swagger'd,

And melt that Rapier of his Soul, in its corporeal Scabbard;

With Beauty the great *Lapland* Charm'd, poor men she did bewitch all,

Still a *blind* whining Lover had, as *Pallas* had her screech-owl;

Her beauty and her Drum to foe, did cause amazement double,

As timorous Larks amazed are, with light and with a low-Bell;

She kept the Chastness of a *Nun*, in Armour as in a Cloyster,

But *George* undid the Dragon, just as you'd undo an Oyster;
St. George he was, &c.

Full fatal to the *Romans* was, the *Carthaginian Hannibal*,

Him I mean who did them give a devilish thump at *Canne*;
Moors thick as goats on *Penwinmaur* stood on the *Alpes's* front,

Their one ey'd guide like blinking Mole, bor'd through the hindring mount;

Who baffled by the massy Rock, took Vinegar for relief,

Like Plow-men when they hew their way, through stubborn rump of Beef;

As dancing Louts from humid toes, cast atome of ill favour,

To blinking *Hial* when on vile croud, he Merriment does endeavour;

And on harmonious timber saws, a wretched tune so quiver,
Just so the *Romans* stunk, at sight of *African* conniver;

The tawny surface of his Phiz, did serve instead of Vizard,

But *George* he made the Dragon have, and a grumbling in his gizzard;
St. George he was, &c.

Pendragon like his Father *Jove*, was fed with Milk of Goat,
And like him made a noble shield of the Goats shagged,
Coat;

On top of burnish'd Helmet he, did wear a Crest of leeks,
And Onions-heads with dreadful nods, drew tears down
hostile cheeks;

Itch and Welch blood did make him hot, and very prone
to ire,

Was ting'd with brimstone like a match, and would as
soon take fire;

And brimstone he took inwardly, when Scurf gave him
occasion,

His postern puff of wind, was a Sulphureous exhalation;
The *Britain* never tergivers'd, but was for adverse drub-
bing,

Nor ever turn'd his back to ought, but to a post for
Scrubbing;

His Sword would serve for Battle, or for dinner if you
please,

When it had slain a *Cheshire* Man, 'twould toast a *Cheshire*
Cheese;

He wounded and in their own blood, did Anabaptize
Pagans,

But *George* he made the Dragon, an example to all
Dragons;

St. George be was, &c.

Gorgon a twisted Adder wore for knot upon her shoul-
der,

She kemb'd her hissing periwig, and curling Snakes did
powder;

These Snakes they made stiff Changelings, of all men that
they hiss'd on, [stone;

They turned Barbers into Hones, and Masons into free-
Sworded Magnetick *Amazon*, her shield to load-stone
changes;

The amorous Sword by mystick Belt, clung fast unto her
hanches;

This

This shield long Village did protect, and kept the Army
from Town,
And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks, that came to invade
long *Compton* ;
The postdiluvian Stone unmans, and *Pyrrha's* work un-
ravels,
And Stares *Deucalions* hardy boys, into their primitive
pebbles ;
Red Noses she to rubies turns, and noddles into Bricks,
But *George* made the Dragon laxative, and gave him a
bloody flix ;

St. George he was, &c.

Brave *Warwicks* Guy at Dinner time, challeng'd a Giant
Savage,
And straight came out the unweildly lout, brim full of
Wrath and Caobage ;
He had a Phiz of I titude, and was full thick i'th' midd'le,
The cheeks of puffed Trumpeter, and paunch of Squire
Beadle ;
But the Knight sell'd him like an Oak, and did upon his
back tread,
The Valiant *Guy* his Weason cut, and *Atropus* his pack-
thread ;
Besides he fought with a Dun-Cow, as say the Poets
Witty,
A dreadful Dun, and horned too, like Dun of *Oxford*
City ;
The fervent dog-days made her mad, by causing heat of
weather,
Syrus and *Procyon* baited her, as a Bull-dog did her
Father ;
Grasiers nor Butchers this fell beast, e'er of her frolick
hinder'd,
John Dorset she'd knock down as flat, as *John* knocks
down his Kindred ;
Her heels would lay ye all along, and kick into a Swoon,
Cow heels at *Frewins* keep up your Corps, but here 'twould
beat you down ;

She vanish'd many a sturdy Knight, and proud was of the
 honour,
 Was pufft by mauling Butchers so, as if themselves had
 blown her ;
 At once she kick'd and push'd at Guy, but all that would
 not fright him,
 Who wav'd his whinyard o'er her loyn, as if he'd gon to
 Knight him ;
 He let her blood her frenzy to cure, and eke he did her
 gall rip,
 His trenchant blade like Cooks long Spit, ran through the
 monsters bald rib ;
 He rear'd up the vast crook'd rib, instead of Arch Trium-
 phal,
 But *George* hit th' Dragon such a pelt, which made him on
 his Bum fall ;

St. George he was, &c.

Great *Hercules* the off-spring, of *Jove* and fair *Alcmene*,
 One part of him celestial was, the other part Terrene ;
 To Scale the Walls of's Cradle, two fiery Snakes combin'd,
 And just like unto Swadling cloaths about the Infant
 twin'd ;
 But he put out these Dragons fires, and did their hissing
 stop,
 As red hot Iron with hissing noise, is quench'd in black-
 smiths Shop ;
 He cleans'd a stable and rubb'd down the Horses of new
 comers,
 And out of Horse dung he rais'd Fame, as *Tom Wrench* does
 Cucumbers ;
 He made a river help him through, *Alpheus* was under
 Groom,
 The stream grumbling at Office mean, ran murm'ring
 through the room ?
 This liquid Ostler to prevent, being tired with a long
 work,
 His Father *Neptunes* trident took, instead of three tooth'd
 dung folk ;

This

This *Hercules* as Soldier, and as Spinster could take pains,
 His Club it would some times Spinn flax, and sometimes
 knock out brains ;
 He was, forc'd to Spin his Miss a shift, by *Juno's* wrath and
 her spite,
 Fair *Omphale* whipt him to his wheel, as Cooks whip bark-
 ing turnspit ;
 From man, or Churn, he well knew how to get him lasting
 fame,
 He'd baste a Gyant till the blood, and milk to butter
 came ;
 Often he fought with huge battoon, and oftentimes he
 Boxed,
 Tap'd a fresh monster once a month, as *Harvey* doth fresh
 Hoghead ;
 To stiff *Anteus* he gave a hug, such as folks give in *Corn-*
wall,
 But *George* he did the Dragon kill, as dead, as any door-
 nail ;

St. George he was, &c.

The valour of *Domitian* it must not be forgotten,
 Who from the Jaws of worm-blowing Flies, freed sup-
 pliant Veal and Mutton ;
 A Squadron of Flies Errant, against the foe appears,
 With Regiment of buzzing Wights, and swarms of Ve-
 lunteers ;
 The Warlike Wasp encourag'd them, with's animating
 hum,
 And the loud brazen Hornet, he was their Kettle-drum ;
 The *Spaniards don Cantharido*, did him most sorely pester,
 And rais'd on skin of ventrous Knight, full many a plaguy
 blister ;
 A Bee whipt through his button hole, as through key-
 hole a Witch,
 And stab'd him with a little Tuck, drawn from his Scab-
 bard breech ;
 But the undaunted Knight, lift's up an Arm so big and
 brawny,

And flasht her so, that here lay head and there lay bag of Honey;

Then 'mongst the rout he flew, as swift as Weapons made by *Cyclops*,

And bravely quell'd seditious Buz, by dint of massy fly flaps;

Surviving Flies did Curses breath, and Maggots too at Caesar,

But *George* he shav'd the Dragons beard, and Askulon was his Razor;

St. George he was, &c.

The *Gemini* sprung of an Egg, were put into a Cradle, Their brains with knocks and bottl'd Ale, were ostentimes full addle;

And scarcely hatch'd these Sons of him, that hurls the bolt trifurcate,

With helmet shell on tender head, did bustle with red Ey'd Polecat;

Castor a horseman, *Pollux* tho' a boxer was I wist,

The one was fam'd for Iron heel, the other for leaden fist;

Pollux to shew he was a God, when he was in a passion,

Would first make Noses fall down flat, by way of adoration;

This Fist as sure as *French Disease*, demolisht Noses ridges; [bridges;

He like a certain Lord, was fam'd for breaking down of *Castor* the flame of fiery speed, with well spur'd Boots

took down, [Town;

As Men with leathern Buckets, do quench Fire in a His Famous Horse that liv'd on Oats, is furg on Oaten

quill,

Ay *Bards* immortal provender the Nag surviveth still:

This brood of Eggs on none but rogues, employ'd their brisk Artillery,

They flew as naturally at a rogue, as Eggs at Knaves on Pillory;

Much sweat they spent in furious flight, much blood they did effund,

Their

Their whites they vented thro' their pores, their yolks
thro' gaping wound;
Then both from blood and dust were cleans'd to make a
heavenly sign,
The lads just like their Armour were scow'rd and hang'd
up to shine;
Thus were the heav'nly double Dicks, the sons of *Jove*
and *Tinder*,
But *George* he cut the Dragon up, as't had bin Duck or
Winder;

St. George he was, &c.

By Boar Spear *Meleager* acquir'd a lasting name,
And out of haunch of basted Swine he hew'd eternal fame;
The beast the Heroes Trouzers ript, and rudely shew'd
his bare breech,
Prickt but the Wem and out their came; Heroick Guts
and Garbadge;
Legs were secur'd with Iron boots, no more than peas
by peas-cods,
Brass helmets with inclosed Skulls, would crackle in's mouth
like chefnuts;
His tawny Hais erected were, by rage that was resistless,
And wrath instead of Coblers wax; did stiffen his rising
bristles;
His Tusks lay'd dogs to sleep, that whip nor bugle-horn
could wake 'em,
It made them vent both their last blood, and their last
Albumgreum;
But the Knight gor'd him with his spear, to make of him
a tame one,
And Arrows thick instead of Cloves, he struck in Monsters
gammon;
For Monumental pillar, that his Victory might be known,
He rais'd up in Cylindrick form a Collar of the brawn;
He sent his shade to shades below, in *Stygian* mud to
wallow,
And eke the stout *St. George* oft soon he made the Dragon
follow;

St. George he was &c.

A Scotch Song.



‘T Was in the Month of May Joe, when Jockey first I
(spy’d ;

He luk’d as fair as day too, Gude gin I’d bin his Bride :
With Cole black Eyne and Milk white hand,

Is’e ne’er yet faw the Like ;
I wish I had gin aw my Land,
Is’e ne’er had seen the Tike.

He fix’d his Eyne upon me, with aw the signs of Love ;
Is’e thought they wou’d gang thro’ me, so fiercely they
He tuke me in his eager Arms, (did move :

Is’e made but faint denials ;
Is’e then alas found aw his Charms,
Woe worth such fatal trials.

The Bonny Lad at last Joe, was forc’d toll gang away ;
But Is’e had eane stuck fast tho’, full Nine Months from
And now poor Fenny’s Maiden-head, (that day :

Shame on’t they find its lost ;
The little brat has aw betray’d
Was ever last thus cross’d.

POEMS,

On Several Occasions.

The FRYER and the MAID.

AS I lay musing all alone,
A merry Tale I thought upon;
Now listen a while and I will you tell,
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Lads well.

He came to her when she was going to bed,
Desiring to have her Maiden-head;
But she denyed his desire,
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou need'st not doubt,
If thou were't in Hell I could sing thee out:
Why then, quoth the Maid thou shalt have thy request;
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his Nest.

But one thing more I must request,
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire,
That is for doing of the thing,
An Angel of Money you must me bring.

Tush, tush quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree,
No Money shall part thee and me;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the gray Gown off my back,

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,
How she might this Fryer beguile;

Where

When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well.

The Fryer came as his bargain was,
With money unto his bonny Lads;
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow quoth she;
Here is the Money I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and she took the money:
Now let's go to't my own dear Honey:
Nay stay a while some respite make,
If my Master should come he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maid my master doth come;
Alas! quoth the Fryer where shall I run;
Behind yon Cloth run thou quoth she,
For there my Master cannot see.

Behind the Cloth, the Fryer went,
And was in the Well incontinent:
Alas! quoth he, I'm in the Well;
No matter quoth she if thou wert in Hell.

Thou saidst thou could sing me out of Hell,
I prithee sing thy self out of the Well;
Sing out quoth she with all thy might,
Or else thou'rt like to sing there all night.

The Fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,
Oh! help me out or I shall be drown'd:
She heard him make such pitiful moan,
She hope him out and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was serv'd so before;
Away quoth the Wench come here no more:
The Fryer he walk'd along the street,
As if he had been a new wash'd sheep.
Sing hey down a derry; and lets be merry,
And from such sin ever keep.

The Virtue of SACK, by Dr. Hen. Edwards.

Fetch me *Ben. Johnson's Skull*, and fill't with Sack,
 Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack,
 Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree,
 It was no sin to be as drunk as he :
 If there be any weakness in the wine,
 There's virtue in the Cup to mak't divine ;
 This muddy drench of Ale does taste too much,
 Of earth, the Mault retains a scurvy touch,
 Of the dull hand that sows it ; and I fear
 There's Heresie in Hops ; give *Calvin Beer*,
 And his precise Disciples, such as think
 There's Powder treason in all *Spanish drink* ;
 Call Sack an Idol, nor will kiss the Cup,
 For fear their Conventicle be blown up
 With superstition ; give to these Brew-house alms,
 Whose best Mirth is Six shillings Beer, and Psalms :
 Let me rejoyce in sprightly Sack, that can
 Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that dost inspire
 And actuate the Soul with heavenly fire ;
 That thou sublim'st the Genius making Wit
 Scorn earth, and such as love or live by it ;
 Thou makest us Lord, of Regions large and fair,
 Whilst our conceits build Castles in the air :
 Since fire, earth, air, thus thy inferiors be,
 Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee :
 Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes !
 Welcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes,
 Such is the worth of Sack ; I am (methinks)
 In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks :
 And do esteem my venerable self
 As brave a fellow, as if all the pelf
 Were sure mine own ; and I have thought a way
 Already how to spend it ; I would pay
 No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,
 And change the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk :

And

And so by consequence till rich *Spains* wine,
 Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine :
 And when my Brains are once a foot (heaven blefs us !)
 I think my self a better Man than *Craſus*,
 And now I do conceit my self a Judge,
 And coughing laugh to ſee my clients trudge
 After My Lordſhips Coach unto the Hall,
 For Juſtice and am full of Law withal.
 And do become the Bench as well as he,
 That fled long ſince for want of honeſty :
 But I'll be Judge no longer tho' in jeſt,
 For fear I ſhould be talk'd with like the reſt,
 When I am ſober; who can chuſe but think,
 Me wiſe, that am ſo wary in my drink !
 Oh admirable Sack ! here's dainty ſport,
 I am come back from *Weſtmiſter* to Court ;
 And am grown young again ; my Ptifick now,
 Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow,
 Is ſmooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
 When ſhe invites young lovers forth to play,
 Upon her flow'ry boſom I could win,
 A Veſtal now, or tempt a Queen to ſin,
 Oh for a ſcore of Queens ! you'd laugh to ſee,
 How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould raviſh me.
 Three Goddeſſes were nothing : Sack has tipt
 My Tongue with charms like thoſe which *Paris* ſpt,
 From *Venus* when ſhe taught him how to kiſs,
 Fair *Hellen*, and invite a fairer bliſs :
 Mine is *Canary-rhetorick*, that alone,
 Would turn *Diana* to a burning ſtone :
 Some with amazement, burning with loves fire,
 Hard, to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.
 Ineſtimable Sack ! thou mak'ſt us rich,
 Wiſe, amorous any thing ; I have an itch
 To t'other Cup, and that perchance will make,
 Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy ſake ;
 If I be once inflam'd againſt thy Noſe,
 That could preach down thy worth in ſmall-beer proſe,
 I ſhould do Miracles as bad or worſe,
 As he that gave the King an hundred Horſe.

T'other odd cup, and I shall be prepar'd,
To snatch at 'tars; and pluck down a reward,
With mine own hands from *Fave* upon their backs,
That are, or *Charles's* his Enemies or Sack's,
Let it be full if I do chance to spill,
Ov'r my Standish by the way, I will;
Dipping in this diviner Ink my pen,
Write my self sober and fall to't agen.

On a Combat of Cocks, the Norfolk, and the
Wisbich, by Dr. R. W.

GO you tame Gallants you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to shew for't and can crow,
And count all dang-bill breed that cannot shew
Such painted Plumes as yours; that think no vice,
With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice:
Tho' Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If you're not fighting Cocks y'are not for me:
I of two feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' life means to express the fight,
Must make his Ink o'th' blood which they did spill,
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO sooner were the doubtful People set,
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful Judges of the play,
Bring forth their sharp heel'd Warriors and they,
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they dy'd to have their winding sheet.
With that into th' pit they are put, and when they were
Both on their feet, the Norfolk Chanticleere,
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe
And like a challenger begins to crow,
And shakes his wings, as if he would display,
His warlike colours which were black and gray:
Mean time the wary Wisbich walks and breaths
His active body, and in fury wreaths.

His

His comely crest, and often looking down,
 He whets his angry beak upon the ground :
 With that they meet, not like the Coward breed
 Of *Æsop*; these can better fight than feed:
 They scorn the Dunghil, 'tis their only Prize,
 To dig for pearl within each others eyes.
 They fight so long that it was hard to know,
 To th' skilful whether they did fight or no,
 Had not the blood which died the fatal floor,
 Born witness of it; yet they fight the more,
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick
 Their fury forward; lightning's not more quick
 Nor red then were their eyes: 'twas hard to know
 Whether it was blood or anger made them so :
 And sure they had been out, had not they stood,
 More safe by being fenc'd in by blood.
 Yet still they fought but now (alas!) at length
 Altho' their courage be full try'd their strength
 And blood began to ebb. You that have seen
 A watry Combate on the Sea, between
 Two roaring angry boyling billows, how
 They march and meet and dash their curld brow,
 Swelling like graves as if they did intend
 T' intomb each other, e're the quarrel end :
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather,
 They are made friends and sweetly run together,
 May think these Champions such; their blood grow low,
 And they that leapt before, now scarce can go:
 Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt,
 (As if they did applaud themselves) now flap;
 And having lost the advantage of the Heel,
 Drunk with each others Blood they only reel.
 From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
 As if they wept them for their Funeral.
 And yet they fain would fight, they came so near,
 As if they meant into each others ear
 To whisper Death; and when they cannot rise,
 They lie and look blows in each others eyes.
 But now the Tragick part after the fight,
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it.

And

And *Wisbich* lay a dying so that none,
 Tho' sober, but might venter seven to one,
 Contracting (like a dying Taper) all
 His force, as meaning with that blow to fall;
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,
 Ventures a blow and strikes the other blind.
 And now poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,
 Fights only guided by Antipathies:
 With him (*alas*) the proverb holds not true,
 The blows his eyes ne'er saw his heart must rue.
 At length by chance he stumbled on his foe,
 Not having any power to strike a blow,
 He falls upon him with his wounded head,
 And makes his conquerors wings his Feather-bed:
 Where lying sick his friends were very charic
 Of him, and fetcht in haste an Apothecary;
 But all in vain his body did so blister,
 That 'twas incapable of any glisten;
 Wherefore at length opening his fainting bill,
 He call'd a Scriv'ner, and thus made his will.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
 My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,
 Decently to be boil'd, and for its tomb,
 Let it be buried in some hungry womb:
 Item. Executors I will have none,
 But he that on my side laid seven to one:
 And like a Gentleman that he might live,
 To him and to his heirs my Comb I give,
 Together with my brains, that all may know,
 That oftentimes his brains did use to crow:
 Item. It is my will to the weaker ones,
 Whose Wives complain of them, I give my stones;
 To him that's dull I do my Spurs impart;
 And to the Coward I bequeath my heart:
 To Ladies that are light it is my will,
 My feathers should be given; and for my bill
 I'd give't a Taylor but it is so short,
 That I'm afraid he'll rather curse me for't:

*And for the Apothecaries see who meant,
To give me a Glister, let my rump be sent.
Lastly because I feel my Life decay,
I yield and give to Wisbich Cock the day.*

On a FART in the Parliament-House,

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

DOwn came Grave Ancient Sir John Crooke
And read his message in a Book,
Very well quoth *Will. Norris* is it so,
But Mr. *Pym's* Tayl cry'd no.
Ere, quoth Alderman *Atkins*, I like not this Passage,
To have a Fart intervolutary in the midst of a Message;
Then up starts one fuller of Devotion;
Than Eloquence, and said a very ill motion:
Not so neither quoth Sir *Henry Jenking*,
The Motion was good but for the stinking;
Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick,
To Fart in the Face of the Body Polittick;
Sir *Ferome* in Folio swore by the Mass,
This Fart was enough to have blown a Glass:
Quoth then Sir *Ferome* the lesser such an abuse,
Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.
Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Justice ith' *Quorum*,
Would tak't in Snuff to have a Fart let before him:
If it would bear an Action quoth Sir *Thomas Holecraff*,
I would make of this Fart a bolt or a Shaft;
Then quoth Sir *John Moor* to his great Commendation,
I will speak to this House in my wonted fashion,
Now surely says he, for as much as how be it,
This Fart to the Serjeant we must commit.
No quoth the Serjeant low bending his Knees,
Farts oft will break Prisons but never Pay Fees:
Besides this Motion with small reason stands,
To charge me with what I cant keep in my Hands:
Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas so readily let,
I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet. Why

Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
Speak no more of it but bury it with Sweetwood,
Grave Senate, quoth *Duncomb*, upon my Salvation
This Fart stands in need of some great Reformation.
Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my Conscience,
It would be reform'd with a little Frank-incense.
Quoth Sir *Roger Aston*, it would much mend the matter,
If this Fart were shaven and wash't with Rose-water,
Per verbum principis, how dare I tell it,
A Fart by here-say and not see it nor smell it.
I am glad quoth Sir *Sam. Lewknor*, we have found a thing,
That no Tale-bearer can carry it the King.
Such a Fart as this was never seen,
Quoth the Learned Council of the Queen,
Yet quoth Sir *Hugh Beston*, the like hath been
Let in a Dance before the Queen.
Then said Mr. *Leak*, I have a president in store.
His Father Farted last Sessions before.
A Bill must be drawn then quoth Sir *John Benne*.
Or a selected Committee quickly to Pen it.
Why quoth Dr. *Crompton*, no Man can draw,
This Fart within the Compass of the Civil Law :
Quoth Mr. *Jones*, by the Law't may be done,
Being a Fart intayl'd from Father to Son ;
In troth quoth Mr. *Brook*, this Speech was no lye,
This Fart was one of your *Pest Nati* :
Quoth *William Paddy*, he dare assure 'em,
Tho' 'twere *Contra Modestiam*, 'tis not *præter naturam* :
Besides by the Aphorisms of my Art,
Had he not been deliver'd h'ad been sick of a Fart,
Then quoth the *Recorder*, the mouth of the City,
To have smother'd that Fart had been great pity.
It is most certain quoth Sir *Humphry Bentwizzle*,
That a round Fart is better than a stinking Fizzle.
Have Patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*,
There's none of us all but may be mistaken :
Why right quoth the Great Attorney I confess,
The Echo of ones A— is remediless.

*The Geneva Ballad, By the Author of
Hudibras.*

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
 Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemish Wheels*,
 None treads *Religion* upside down,
 Or tears *Pretences* out at heels,
 Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,
 Whose Conscience might be scan'd perhaps,
 By the Dimensions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
 Counting his Actions all Divine,
 Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
 And if occasion serves can whine ;
 Nay he can bellow, bray or bark,
 Was ever like a *Beuk* learn'd Clerk,
 That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark.

To draw in *Profelytes* like Bees,
 With *pleasing Twang*, he tones his Prose,
 He gives his Hand-kerchief a squeeze,
 And draws *John Calvin* thro' his Nose ;
 Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
 With *Slip-stockin Similitudes*,
 Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
 And *Treason* had a fine new name ;
 When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
 And Pulpits did like Beacons flame ;
 When *Jeroboam's* Calves were rear'd,
 And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
 This Gospel Comet first appear'd.

soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd,
 His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,
 And having smote his Master, slip'd
 His Sword into his Fellows hand :

But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oftimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then,
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary's* many grains;
His very Preaching flew more men,
Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-star* Zeal and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught, and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament*;
As if the Wind could stand *North South*,
Broke *Moses's* Law with blest intent,
Murther'd and then he whip'd his mouth,
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an *Aethiopian's* Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins,
To rally up the Saints in Swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins*,
But whispers, *Boys stand to your Arms*,
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
Money, I mean, and Multitude.

Magistrates he regards no more,
Than *St. George* or the Kings of *Colen*;
Vowing he'll not conform before
The Old-wives wind their Dead in Woollen,
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-beard Goff*,
And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
As *Dagon* when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME,
Cowards that are afraid to die,
Thus make domestick Broils at home.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

How quietly Great *CHARLES* might Reign,
 Would all these Hot-spurs cross the Main,
 And Preach down Popery in Spain.

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
 There's no dissention in the Sky :

And can there be a Mean betwixt
 Confusion and Conformity ?

A Place divided never thrives :

'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,

But worse where Children play with Knives.

I would as soon turn back to Mafs,
 Or change my phrase to *thee* and *thou* ;

Let the Pope ride me like an Ass,

And his Priests milk me like a Cow :

As buckle to *Smeethymnau* Laws,

The bad effects o'th' the Good Old Cause,

That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that Nurs'd—
 The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew ;

Foul Errors motly Vesture first

Was Coated in a Northern Blue.

And what's th' Enthusiastick breed,

Or Men of *Knipperdoling's* Creed,

But Cov'nanters run up to Seed ?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
 And make boast of their Innocence :

There cannot be so vile a thing,

But may be colour'd with Pretence,

Yet when all's said, one thing I'll Swear,

No Subject like the Old Cavalier,

No Traitor like *Jack*—